

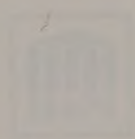
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The Religious Songs
of Connacht

Edited by
J. H. D. O'NEILL



DOUGLAS HYDE
An Chraoibhín Aoibhinn

Abhráin Diadha Chúige Connacht

THE RELIGIOUS SONGS OF CONNACHT

being the sixth and seventh chapters of
THE SONGS OF CONNACHT

Introduction by
DOMINIC DALY, O.S.A.



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INTRODUCTION

Among the many paradoxes in the life of Douglas Hyde not least is the fact that he, the direct descendant of five generations of Church of Ireland clergymen, and himself a life-long Protestant, should have devoted himself to the task of rescuing from oblivion the traditional prayers and spiritual practices of the Catholic people of Gaelic-speaking Connaught. On the other hand, the action is typical of the man. A traditionalist in all things, the centuries of common history that the Christian churches shared meant more to him than the details of dogma that divided them. His birth and upbringing in the 'reformed' church was a fact that he accepted conscientiously, but first and foremost he was a Christian. In a word, he was an ecumenist par excellence long before ecumenism became a household word.

He was about fourteen when he first became aware of Irish and set himself to learn it because, as he wrote in the diary he began to keep about the same time, he 'thought it was a fine worthy language'. As he sought out the relatively few among his neighbours who still spoke Irish, eager to catch and jot down new words and phrases, it is interesting to note, through the pages of his diary, the extent to which he adopted, perhaps unconsciously, the ready, unself-conscious piety of the native Irish speaker.

An early example of this is his record of the death of James Hart, the keeper of the bogs, from whom he gained his first knowledge of Irish:

29 December 1875. . . . Sémuís bucht rina mé foghlamin gaodoilig uet. . . Shocht seravid leat agus go mae do ainim banni ar neamh anis.¹

- 1 . . . Poor Seamus, I learned Irish from you. . . . May God seven-fold-prosper you and may your blessed soul be in heaven now. (Note, below, vol. I, p.3: 'If you are parting from him he says: "May God seven-fold-prosper you."'')

Again,

12 March 1877. Ochon, a Mhuire's truagh, ní raibh me abalta dul amach aít ar bith bhi se co gaoitheach. . . .²

On 31 December 1878 he began a practice which he continued through the years of reviewing the year that had passed:

Atá an bliadhan so tart anois, & glóir & moladh do Dhia tá-maid uile fós a m-beatha & a sláinte. Glóir do'n Tighearna' na b-fhlaites air son a mhaiteas uile. B'iomdha an rud nuadh & eastach d'éirigh dam ann san m-bliadhain cuaidh tart & tá mé sabhála go fóil faoi dhidean an Athar chorpordha. Go mbeidh me fós & go siorruidhe faoi didean & fásghadh an athar áird a neamh. Amen. . . .³

31 December 1881. Buidheachas le Dia go ndeacaidh an bliadhain seo tharm co maith sin, agus tharruinn uile. . . . Tá mo mháthair go mór nios fearr ann a sláinte anois (saoilim) 'na bhí sí bliadhain no do o shoin . . . Mo thaoibh féin, ta me anois, glóir do Dhia, go mór nios fearr am' shláinte 'na bhi me bliadhain o soin, agus 'na bhi me o fuair me an 'pleurisi'. . . .⁴

1 January 1885. Buidheacas le Dia tá an tseanbhlíadhain tharruinn & an bhliadhain úr againn arís & sinne go maith & ann ár shláinte, go gcoinneóchaidh Dia mar so sinn . . .⁵

- 2 O Mary it is a pity, I was not able to go out anywhere today it was so windy. (Note, *ibid*, p.5: 'If he makes a complaint, what he says is: "*O Wírrastru*," i.e., "*O Mary it is a pity*."')
- 3 This year is now passed, and glory and praise to God we are still alive and well. Glory to the Lord of the heavens for all his goodness. Many a new and strange thing happened to me in this year that has gone by and I am still safe under the roof of my earthly father. May I be yet and forever under the roof and in the embrace of my father high in heaven. Amen. . . .
- 4 Thanks be to God that this year passed so well for me and for all of us. . . . My mother is much better in her health now (I think) than she was a year or two ago. . . . As for myself, I am now, glory be to God, in much better health than I was a year ago, or than I have been since I got the pleurisy. . . .
- 5 Thanks be to God, the old year is past, and the new year finds us happy and in our health; may God keep us so. . . .

In December 1887 his very dear friend and fellow-student at Trinity College, 'Maci' Wilson, died of tuberculosis. After the funeral Hyde wrote in his diary:

. . . Bhi me cráidhte a cailleadhain. Go dtugaidh Dia cómhnuidhe annsan bhflaitheas do & go gcúitig Dia do an bheatha so as nár bhain se mórán sásadh. Budh mhór an nidh d'éirig dhom andiú é do dhul sa g-cré. A Chríost deun misi co maith cóir criostuighe leis, & tabhair dom áit ann do ghlóir cho maith leis an áit atá aige-sean!⁶

His boyhood experience among the people combined with his natural candour and impartiality enabled him to be perfectly at ease in Catholic company. As a youth of eighteen he records a casual encounter with a priest on his way home by train from Dublin:

7, Dara Mi Foghmhair 1878 Fuair [mé] ticéud de'n dara ceim ag Mainisdear & cuaidh me asteach i seomra le sagart aite anaice le Beallach & neart cainte do bhi agam leis a ttaoibh an Gaedheilge &c. Chraith se lámha liom nuair bhi me ag sgarramhúint leis . . .⁷

A few months later his travelling companion on the train to Dublin was a bishop:

7, Ceud mi na bliadhna 1879. Tháinic O & misi suas go Blaclíath, O go dí a seomradha a g-coláiste & misi chum Carric Dubh mar caithfidh me fearléighis súil feiscint atá mo súile comh nimhneach sin. Thancamar suas leis an easbog Catoileach Slighigh, fear an deas, lán curtéise . . .⁸

- 6 . . . I was heart-broken at losing him. May God grant him a home in heaven, and may God reward him for his life on earth of which he himself had so little joy. His burial today was a milestone in my life. O Christ, make me as good and upright a Christian as he was, and grant me a place beside him in your glory!
- 7 7 September 1878. . . . I got a second-class ticket at Boyle and went into a room [compartment?] with a local priest from around Balla. I had a lengthy conversation with him about Irish, etc. He shook hands with me when I was leaving.
- 8 7 January 1879. O [his brother Oldfield] and I came up to

On one occasion we find a humorous reference to the religious difference. He was out exploring the countryside several miles from his home:

24 May 1877. . . . d'imthigh me asteach a dteach ann sin agus leig me orm a beith Romanach, agus dubhairt an fear a tigh domh, 'bu choir leat a beith do sagart.'⁹

In his life and work Douglas Hyde embodied the admonition of Vatican II ('The Church Today', n. 28, in *Documents of Vatican II*. Dublin and London: Chapman, 1966): 'Respect and love ought to be extended also to those who think or act differently than we do in social, political, and religious matters . . .' His attitude to religious differences is summed up in a public statement he made in 1910, when some Protestants were apprehensive about their future as a minority under Home Rule:

Mr. Douglas Hyde, LL.D., D.Litt.
(President of the Gaelic League)

I have for the last seventeen years taken part in a great popular organisation, spreading over every county in Ireland, and consisting of 600 or 700 branches, and, perhaps, some 50,000 members. I may say with absolute truth that during all this time none of us who were working in this organisation ever thought of inquiring what was the religion of his fellow-worker. A gentleman with whom I have been co-operating for years, under the impression that he was a Catholic, turned out to be a Protestant; and one whom I had taken to be a Protestant turned out to be a Catholic. I myself am a

Dublin, O to his rooms in college and I to Blackrock because I must go to an eye-specialist, my eyes are so very painful. We came up with the Catholic bishop of Sligo, a very pleasant man, full of courtesy. . .

(In his teens and for several years Hyde suffered from the eye-trouble he mentions here. This was one of several visits he made to the specialist in Dublin; he made a number of visits to London to consult an oculist there. The condition gradually improved during his years at Trinity and does not seem to have bothered him in later life.)

- 9 I went into a house there and pretended to be a Roman [Catholic], and the man of the house said to me, 'You should be a priest. . . .'

Protestant, yet I have been annually re-elected President of the Gaelic League for the last seventeen years. Indeed, I do not believe that there was a single vote in any of our 600 or 700 branches which was affected by religious or polemical considerations. The only thing asked for was that a man should be a good Gaelic Leaguer and a good Irishman.

I have often heard people talk of religious bigotry, so I suppose it exists. But if it does exist, it is not in the Gaelic League. And I thank God that I have myself been fortunate enough never to have come across it to any extent, even in private life.

Frenchpark, Co. Roscommon.¹⁰

How very fitting it is that, almost thirty years later, this honourable, impartial, Protestant Irishman was unanimously chosen as the first President of an independent Ireland.

Douglas Hyde was about fifteen years old when he began to jot down in a notebook odd scraps of songs and sayings he heard from the people around the district. This was the beginning of his distinguished career as a folklorist. His first published work on the subject was an article in the *Dublin University Review*, October 1885, entitled 'Unpublished Songs of Ireland'. From April to November 1890 in the columns of the *Nation* he published a series of songs, with English translation, arranged in categories: 'Carolan and His Contemporaries', 'Songs in Praise of Women', 'Drinking Songs' and 'Love Songs'. The series was resumed in the *Weekly Freeman* in 1892. It was in the *New Ireland Review*, from June 1895 to June 1905, that the 'Religious Songs' first appeared, in Irish and English. They were then published in book form in 1906.

These 'Religious Songs' are not as well known as they deserve to be; they have always tended to be overshadowed by the earlier and enthusiastically acclaimed 'Love Songs'. And yet, charming and felicitous as the 'Love Songs'

10 Jeremiah MacVeagh, comp., *Religious Intolerance under Home Rule: Some Opinions of Leading Irish Protestants* (London: Irish Press Agency, n.d.).

undoubtedly are, they cannot, of their nature, be as authentic and comprehensive a reflection of the native Irish ethos as these religious songs are. No other single work of Hyde's exemplifies so clearly the words of Yeats:

He [Hyde] knows the people thoroughly. Others see a phase of Irish life; he understands all its elements. His work is neither humorous nor mournful; it is simply life.¹¹

These 'songs' faithfully reflect the traditional Irish attitude to life in all its aspects. They come from a people for whom active living faith was a positive factor of daily life. There is nothing posed or formal about them. For the men and women who recited them, prayer was not an occasional exercise; it was a state of mind. Life was lived under the shade of God's outstretched arm; His protection was constantly sought, His will unquestioningly accepted. They have in them something of the breadth and depth of the psalms. Awe and dread of the might of God and of His anger at sin is more than balanced by trust in His love and mercy.

The Passion of Christ is the cornerstone of the faith and hope of the people who composed these verse-prayers. Of several examples one may cite 'Fíoghar na Croise Naomhtha: The Sign of the Cross Forever' (vol. I, pp. 150-53), or the humble, hopeful cry of "S Mé An Créatúr Lag" which Hyde translates:

WEAKLY I GO

Weakly I go from the load within,
Deeply repenting with woe my sin.
I acknowledge the faith of my God this day
With love from my heart and with hope always,
From the foot of Thy cross I call to Thee
O Jesus Lord, bow down to me.

Love and reverence for the Mass and the Eucharist are movingly expressed in 'Fáilte An Domhnaigh: Welcome to Sunday', 'Go mBeannuightheair Dhuit A Altoir: Hail to

11 W.B. Yeats, *Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry* (London: Walter Scott, 1888) p. xvi.

Thee, O Altar', 'Míle Fáilte Romhad a Chuirp An Tighearna: A Hundred Thousand Welcomes', (I, 380-85), and in the 'Chapel Prayers', especially the respectful familiarity of:

Farewell, O Mary;
O Christ, farewell,
And keep my soul
Till I come again. (II, 211-13)

The many prayers to Mary bear witness to the tender regard for the Mother of God which is so characteristic of traditional Irish piety: 'A Naomh-Mhuire: Holy Mary' (I, 41-45); 'A Mhuire na nGrás: O Mary of the Graces' (II, 160-61).

Love of neighbour and generosity towards the poor are recognized as essential qualities of true Christianity:

Be to the poor man mild and good,
Warm him, clothe him and give him food,
Let alms to the poor be freely given,
For in poor man's shape came Christ from heaven.
(I, 375).

Humour is not lacking either. Respect for the clergy does not preclude making fun of their occasional human weakness, as in 'Cómhrádh an tSagairt agus an Dhuine Bhoicht: Dialogue between the Priest and the Poor Man', 'Mar Tháinig an tSaint annsan Eaglais: How Covetousness Came into the Church' (I, 157-69) and 'Mac na Sgolóige agus an tEasbog: The Farmer's Son and The Bishop' (I, 180-89).

Curses are given a small corner in the collection for, as Hyde says, 'A curse is a sort of prayer also; it is an evil prayer. . . . This book would not be complete without one or two of them being in it.' As it happens, it is in this small section that we find one of Hyde's most powerful translations, the relentless, mesmeric beat of 'Bruadar and Smith and Glinn' (II, 275-83).

As Hyde himself admitted of folksongs generally, 'one will find some rubbish certainly, but very much more real ore' (*Nation*, 26 April 1890). Some may regard as rubbish,

in a collection of religious songs, pishogues and superstitious incantations such as 'Charm against the Evil Eye', 'Charm against the Fairies' and so on. Nevertheless, they are part of the religious tradition of the countryside, and their inclusion here proves that Hyde aimed to present not a stylized anthology but rather a faithful mirror of the mores of a people.

To savour these 'songs' to the full they must be read in Irish, for their artless spontaneity can scarcely be conveyed in translation. Nevertheless it must be said for Hyde that he spared no effort to convey to the English reader as much as possible of the spirit and flavour of the collection. His prose translations are faithful renderings of the sense of the Irish, while his verses, in metre and diction, are close copies of the originals, occasionally rising to the level of true poetry in their own right.

Dominic Daly

Δημιῶν Διάδ' Ὑμνεῖ Κοῦνᾶτ

OR

THE RELIGIOUS SONGS OF CONNACHT

[IRISH MADE PAPER].

ΔΗΡΑΙΝ ΔΙΑΤΑ ΟΥΙΞΕ ΚΟΝΝΑΧΤ

OR

THE RELIGIOUS SONGS OF CONNACHT

*A Collection of Poems, Stories, Prayers, Satires,
Ranns, Charms, etc.*

ΟΥΙΟ Ι.

(BEING CHAPTER VI. OF THE SONGS OF CONNACHT)

Now for the first time Collected, Edited, and Translated

BY

DOUGLAS HYDE

(ΔΗ ΚΡΑΟΙΘΙΝ ΔΟΙΘΙΝΝ)

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IN MEMORIAM

Rev. Eugenií Uí Gbrambnuígb,

MIHI DILECTISSIMI, NECNON IN HONOREM

SACERDOTUM CONNACIÆ, QUI

LIBERTATIS, LINGUAE, LITTERARUM, MUSÆ,

MORUM HIBERNIÆ, STUDIOSI SUNT.

R O I M - R Á D .



Ar gcruinnuighaíod tánta Cúige Connacht tam—
obair air ar toraigh mé fiche bliadhán ó roin—connairc
mé go raib na tánta do bain leir an gcráibtheacht no
leir an gceirdearh, an-iomaíomhail. Connairc mé go
raib na h-urraighthe i bpoim táin, na paitheaca
binne, agus na h-actuingiúe gearra do bí cumta
i pannaireacht, an-iomaíomhail mar an gcéanna,
Cuirtear mé roin, riad, ríor, ríar, agus cruinnis mé
an méid aca do carad liom. Fuair mé inr an am
céanna “arairde” no “ortanna” no “amraide,”
fuair mé giotairde i tairde na h-eaglaise, fuair mé
giotairde ag molaíod no ag uimolaíod daoine ar fon a
gceirdearh, fuair mé rgéalta do bain leir an eaglaí,
no do bain le gear-leanaíomhail na h-eaglaise, nó do
bain le naom éigin, fuair mé beannaíod, fuair mé
mallaíod, agus do cuir mé iad ro ríor leir an
gcuid eile. Cuirim amad anoir an t-iomlán, tánta,
urraighthe, paitheaca, actuingiúe, ortanna, amraide,
rgéalta, beannaíod, mallaíod, agus gac níod eile
de’n éineál céanna fá tíodal “Abraín Diaíod Cúige
Connacht.”

Tá na neite seo go léir meargta tne na ceite
inran leabair ro. Ní ’l don eagar ná ortuighaíod ar leir

PREFACE.

WHILE collecting the Poetry of the Province of Connacht—a work which, I began some twenty years ago—I found that those Poems which touched upon piety or religion were very numerous. I found, moreover, that prayers put in a setting of poetry, melodious “paidirs,” and short petitions composed in metre were very numerous also. I searched east and west, up and down, and collected all that I met with. I found at the same time charms or “orthas” or “amhras,” I found pieces concerning the Church, I found pieces praising or dispraising people for their religion, I found stories about the Church, or about the persecution of the Church, or about some saint or other, I found blessings, I found curses, and I put all these things down here with the rest. I now publish them all—poems, prayers, “paidirs,” petitions, “orthas,” charms, stories, blessings, curses, and everything else of the kind, under the title of “The Religious Songs of Connacht.”

These things are all mixed together in this book. There is no special order or arrangement on them,

oṛṇa, áct, páiṛiṛi ṛḡéal aḡur ṵán, ṵán páiṛiṛi ṛḡéal, maṛi ṛuaṛi mé féin iao ó béal na ṛeandúirde aḡur na ṛeandaoine, no aṛi nóṛ na “mḃolḡ-an-ṛpoláṛaiṛ” ṵo bí cōm coitḡionṛa ṛin ’n áṛi meafḡ céao bliáḡan ó foṛn.

B’éiṛiṛi ḡo bṛuil coṛṛ-ṛuo inṛan leaḡaṛ ṛo ḡo mḃ’ ṛeapṛi le curo ṵe mo léiḡṛeóṛiḃ ḡan a ṛeicṛinṛ ann. Áct nuaiṛi ṛoṛaiḡ mé aṛi an obaiṛi ṛeo, ṵo cúṛi mé ṛiómam ḡaḡ uile niḡ ṵ’á bṛuaṛi mé ṵo ṛḡṛiobaḡ ṛiṛoṛ ḡo ṵiṛi aḡur ḡo ṛiṛinneac, aḡur ṵo ṛinneap ṛin. ṵo cúṛi mé ṛiṛoṛ ḡaḡ aon niḡ ṵ’á bṛuaṛiṛeap áct aḡáin na ḡiṛaiḡe leaḡa naḡ ṛaiḃ cṛuḡ ná cuma ná bliap oṛṇa. Iṛi ṛeíṛiṛi le mo luḡṛ-léiḡṛe anoṛiṛi beṛṛ cinnṛe ḡo bṛuil an ṛ-iomláṛn aca ann ṛo ḡo ṵiṛeac maṛi ṵo ṛuaṛiṛeap féin é, ḡan aon ṛuo ṵo cúṛi leiṛi no ṵo baṛnṛ ṵe. An molaḡ aḡur an ṵi-molaḡ, an ṛeapṛiḃ aḡur an mṛiṛi, an ṛ-aṛi aḡur an ṛ-aḃṛáin-molṛa, an beannaḡṛ aḡur an mallaḡṛ, ṛá ṛiao ḡo léiṛi ann ṛo aṛiḡe, aḡur ṛá ṛé anoṛiṛi aṛi a cúmup a bṛeṛṛeaḡṛnaṛi ṛéin ṵo cṛeapḡ, ṛuo naḡ bṛeupṛaḡ ṛé a ṵéanaḡ ṵá ḡceillṛiṛinn, aṛi, aon ṛuo ṵo bí ḡaṛiḃ ṛeapṛiḃ amaṛiṛeac leaḡ-ṛaḡáṛṛa no mṛi-ṛaiṛṛeanaḡaḡ.

Iṛi ṛiṛiṛi-beaḡán ṵe na neṛiḃiḃ ṛeo ṵo cúṛiṛeac aṛi ṛáṛiṛeap aṛiuaḡ ḡo ṵṛi anoṛiṛi, aḡur beṛḡ ṛiao aḡ éiṛiḡe níṛoṛ ḡainne ó lá ḡo lá. Óṛi mḡ ṛá na h-aḃṛáin ḡiáḡ, na h-aḃṛáin óil, na caoinṛe, aḡur na ṵánṛa eile ṵo bí aḡ na ṛeandaoiniḃ aḡ ṛáḡail báṛi ḡo luac, iṛi luaiṛe ’nḡ ṛin aṛá na h-aḃṛáin ṵiaḡa aḡ imṛeaḡṛ uaiṛn. Má mṛill na “ṛḡoiṛṛe náṛiṛiṛnṛa” an liṛiṛiṛeacṛ ṵúṛṛaiṛi

but prayer, story, poem, or again poem, prayer, story, just as I myself got them from the mouths of the shanachies and old people, or after the manner of the Bolg-an-tsolàthairs, or miscellaneous collections that were so common amongst us a hundred years ago.

Possibly there may be an occasional piece in this book which some of my readers would sooner not see there. But when I began this work I determined to write down faithfully and truly everything that I found, and I have done that ; I have put down every single thing I came across, except only insipid pieces which have neither shape nor form nor taste upon them. My readers can now be certain that they have the whole thing before them exactly as I got it myself, without my adding anything to it, nor taking anything from it. The praise and the dispraise, the bitter and the sweet, the satire and the laudation, the blessing and the curse, he has them all here, and it is now in his power to form his own judgment—a thing which he could not have done if I had concealed from him anything that was coarse, bitter, foolish, half-Pagan, or otherwise displeasing.

Very few, indeed, of these things have ever been put upon paper until now, and they will be becoming more scarce from day to day. For, if the love songs, the drinking songs, the keenes, and the other poems that the old people had, are dying out rapidly, the religious songs are departing from amongst us with still greater rapidity. If the “national schools”ruined

do bí, ó náóúir, aḡ na dooinib, do réab ríad na
 h-abráin diaḡa ro amac ar na fréamhácaib ar fáo.
 Níor máir na dánta ro ríam i n-aon áit ar cuiread an
 Déarla i n-áit na ḡaeḡeilḡe. Ir fáda fáda ó céile
 ríoríad an dá ceangain. Ní bíonn fáilte ar bíḡ aḡ
 luḡ an Déarla roim na rean-dántaib diaḡa, aḡur
 níor cuiread ar ríam Déarla oíra mar do cuiríḡir
 go minic ar na h-abráinaib ḡráḡ. Ní cuimníḡim go
 ḡruair mé níor mó 'ná ḡiota no do de'n tḡorḡ ro do
 bí de nieadair aḡ duine ar bíḡ i mDéarla, aḡḡ rḡríḡḡ
 mé ruar le cúpla céad ḡiota diaḡa i nḡaeḡeilḡ.
 Tá ríad ro, mar duḡairḡ mé, ar ríḡe a beir caillte
 anoir, aḡur íad bainte amac ar cḡorḡe aḡur ar
 cuimne na ndaoine aḡ na rḡoilḡib ḡailḡa, aḡḡ ní
 feicim ḡur cuir na rḡoilḡe céadna ro aon ruo eile i
 n-a n-ionad. Dainpíḡ mé blúirín amac, ann ro, ar
 lítir ḡaeḡeilḡe do rḡríḡḡ an t-áḡair Uáitḡar
 O Congmácaín o ḡleann-na-maḡ-ḡuḡ cúḡam go
 déiḡeannaḡ, aḡur cuiríḡ ré i n-úmáil do'n leiḡ-
 ḡeóir níor fearr 'ná o'réadḡainn féin a déanaí
 mar aḡá an rḡéal anoir. "Im' óiḡe," arḡa an
 t-áḡair Uáitḡar, "ní ríalḡe aḡ bíḡ náḡ nḡeirḡí an
 raiḡirín ann ḡaḡ oíḡe fearḡ na bliadna. Nuair
 táinḡ mé do'n párráirḡe reo ta oḡḡ no naoi mbliadna
 ó íoin, bí an ḡnáir ro tḡḡḡa ruar aḡ urmóir na ndaoine.
 O'fíarḡuḡḡear go minic an fáḡ, aḡur ní ḡruair mé aḡḡ
 aon fréaḡra amáin ó ḡaḡ uile duine "ní ḡis linn-ne
 é fáḡ i mDéarla aḡur ní haḡríḡáíḡ an t-aor
 óḡ linn é i nḡaeḡeilḡ." Ir é rín go oíreac an

the indigenous literature which the people possessed by nature, they have torn these religious songs up out of the roots altogether. These poems have never lived on in any spot where the English language has been substituted for the Irish. The geniuses of these two languages are very very far apart from each other. The English speakers have no welcome for the old religious poems, and they have never "put English on them" as they used often to do with the love songs. I do not remember that I ever found more than one or two pieces of this sort which anyone knew by heart in English, but I have written down some couple of hundred religious pieces in Irish. These last are now, as I said, on the way to be lost, plucked out of the hearts and memories of the people by the "National" schools, though I do not see that these same schools have put anything in their place. I shall give here a scrap of an Irish letter which Father Walter Conway, of Glenamaddy, wrote me lately, for it will explain to the reader far better than I myself could do it, how matters now stand. "In my youth," says Father Walter, "there was no house in which the 'Paidirin' or Rosary, used not to be said every night throughout the year. When I came to this parish some eight or nine years ago this custom had been given up by the majority of the people. I frequently inquired the cause, and never heard any answer except the one from everybody. 'We cannot say it in English, *and the young people will not repeat it with us in Irish.*'" This is exactly the

rgeul céatona do éualar féin inr gac don áit ar feadh na cúige reo, agus ní dóig liom go bfuil ádarrac rgeil aca inr na cúigib eile. Níl amhar ar bith ag an ádair O Congmádaín nac móir an ádail do éreideam na tíre, é reo. “Ní h-é an páirpín amáin” aoiré pé arír (agus buró dóir pior a beir aige-pean óir ir beag ragarit i gConnaédaib do’oirpíg in an oipead parráirte leir féin) “ní h-é an páirpín amáin do tugadh ruar le teact arteaó an bdearla. Tugadh ruar, ppeirín, na h-urruigíte agus na dánta diaða do cum agus do cleact ár rinnirín naomta, do táinig ó éiride an té do cum iad agus do cuaid víreac ó éiride an té aoubairt iad irteaó i gcluidir Dé. Agus cao tá agaimn in a n-áit?—Ráiméir nac otuigeann a leir do’á mbionn do’á ráo, agus nac bfuil coradh na cairde aca do’á báir.”

Ir caint láirpín i rin, aóit ní láirpé i ’ná a gcualar ó ragaritáib eile. Ag ro mar cúipeann Tomár Bán O Condeanainn pior ar an níó céatona. Tar éir gac don áit i n-éirinn a raib an gaeveilg beo innit, do riubal do, go mion agus go minic, do rgríob pé litiir éugam i ngaeveilg agus mbainim airtí an t-ailtín reo: “Ir iomda ruo úir-íreall ruarac do connairc mé ar feadh mo ragoail aóit ní facar don ruo amam níor úir-írele agus níor ruaraiqe ’ná beir bpeactnugadh ar comluadair tige ar a nglúnaib ag ráo an páirpín páirteaó—na cúirmígteoirí do’á ráo le tuigrinc le dúctraóit agus le lán-éiríbeact in a oteangaid féin, agus na páircí do gcall dia dóib, do’á

same account that I myself have heard in every place throughout this province, and I have no reason to think that they have anything different to relate in the other provinces. Father Conway is in no doubt but that this is a great loss to the religion of the country. "It is not the Rosary alone," says he again (and he ought to know, for there are few priests in Connacht who have intimate knowledge of as many parishes as he), "it is not the Rosary alone that has been given up on the introduction of the English language. The prayers and the Religious Poems which our pious ancestors composed and used to repeat, have been given up also; pieces which came from the heart of him who composed them, and which went straight from the heart of him who said them to the ear of God. And what have we in their place? *Ráiméis*, which half of those who repeat it do not understand, and from which they reap neither fruit nor profit."

This is strong language, but it is no whit stronger than what I have heard from others of the clergy. Here is how Tomás Bán O Concannon speaks of the same thing. After having frequently and minutely travelled through each separate place in Ireland in which the Irish language is alive, he wrote me an Irish letter, from which I extract the following passage :—"Many is the pitiful, mean thing that I have seen during my life, but I never saw anything more pitiful or mean than to be looking at the people of a house on their knees, saying the *Páidirín Páirteach*, the parents saying it with understanding, fervour, and devotion in their own language, and the children that

b'pneagairt i n'ceangairt nár tuig an cúro eile de'n teaglaó, agus nár tuigeadar féin go ceart, aó an oiread. 'Do bíod na páirtí go minic ag flic-magaó agus ag caiteam táir agus tapcuirne ar na rean-daoinib nuair bíod ríad-ran ag ráó na rean-páirneaca. Gaedheilge agus na rean-dánta diaóda do táinig anuar éuca, b' éirir ó aimpirí naoinm páirais. I' ar leac an teallais leagtar cloó-buin ná diaódaóta agus na náiruntáóta, agus i' trias na rgoileanna Gallóa beir ó'a millead. I' anuar ó na rean-daoinib éagann an diaódaó go dtí na páirtí in' gac tír eile. I' amlaio bí pé i n-éirinn i n-aimpirí ar rean-aicneaca. Aó tá rreangáin an éreirim do bí iorir an sclainn agus na tuirmígeóirib gearrta anoir i n-éirinn, aó i gcoir-dit ran n'gaeóaltaó i'aróúla."

Tá an ceart ag Tomár Bán ann ro, agus ar an áóbar rin fáoil mé gur óeart dam na neite reo do fáóáil, rú gearrtar ná rreangáin rin ar fáó. Má camann an Connaótaó ós a béal le rgiotáil gáire inoiu, ar n-éirteaó na rean-dánta ró óó, ní cóir óúinn-ne beir ró-óruaio air, nuair cuimnígmio gur in' na rgoileannuib náirunta do ruair pé a cúro oirdeaóir. Aó ní'l don eagla oim go n'óeapáio mo luóó-leigte an nio céadna, óir tuigirí ríad-ran an ruo naó ótuigean reiréan (mar níor duópaó ariam leir é) gur cúro de rtair na tíre an leábar ro, má tuigear i gceart é, 7 gur duilleós é atá bainte amac ar leábar na Cpiortuigeaóta rú éangamar go dtí an cáibioil úó air a ótuigeari "Aic-leapugaó an éreirim."

God had given them, in a language that the rest of the household did not understand, and which they themselves did not rightly understand either. The children used to be frequently humbugging and mocking, and disparaging the old people, when they would be saying the ancient Irish prayers and the old religious poems that had come down to them, perhaps, from the time of St. Patrick. It is upon the flagstone of the hearth that the foundations of piety and of nationality are laid, and, alas ! that the foreign schools should be destroying them. It is from the old people downwards that piety comes to the children in every country. This is how it was in Ireland in the time of our grandfathers, but the strings of the Faith that went between the children and the parents are now cut in Ireland, except in an occasional spot of remote Gaeldom."

Tomás Bán is correct in this, and for that reason I thought it right for me to save these things before the strings are cut entirely. If the young Connachtman crookens his mouth to-day with a jeering laugh on his hearing these old poems, we ought not to be too hard upon him when we remember that it was in the "National" Schools he got his education. But I am not at all afraid that my readers will act like him, because they will understand what he does not understand (because it has never been told him), that this book, if it be looked at rightly, is part of the history of the country, and that it is a leaf plucked out of the Book of Christendom before we come to that chapter which is called the "Reformation."

I have placed an asterisk as a mark, in the Index, to every poem which came wholly from the mouths of the people, but there are few of the others (to which I placed no asterisk) that I have not heard either more or less of them also from the old people.

I would wish here to express my gratitude to the friends from whom I collected these things, both rich and poor, priests and laymen. There is no necessity to mention them individually here, as each name will be found in the body of the book, alongside each thing which I got from them.

There is an occasional form of a word or an occasional mode of orthography in this book which I would change now if I were re-writing it, as *ann* for *in*, etc. But it is more than ten years since I began to print this work, and the orthography of the language is more settled now. I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that there are fifty people in it now as against the one who was in it then, who are able to read this book. And this means that there is a New Ireland arising in our midst; a thousand thanks and laudations to God. May this New Ireland never be overthrown.

AN CRAOIBHIN.

CLÁR.

na vánta a bfuil méiltín (*) pompa do cuimead ríor go
cuimead ó déal na n-aoine iad, agus i' vóig naé maib ríad ariatá
an páiréar go dtí anoir, áit a'áin ceann nó vó áca.

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ADBRÁIN DIAṬA CÚIGE CONNACT.

Iṛ cṛáibṛeac an cine an cine Ṣaoṁalac. Tá an Ṣaoṁal Éireannac cṛáibṛeac ó náúir. Cíṛ ré lámṁ Dé ann r Ṣac áit, ann r Ṣac am, aṣur ann r Ṣac níṁ. Ní 'i aon Éireannac 'ran ṣcáo a ṽṽuít áṁṁar uíne-ṣan-cṛeíṁam ann. Iṛ mó a ṛṽéir 'ran anam aṣur 'ṛna neitibṁ ṽaineap leir an anam, 'ná 'ran ṣcoṛp aṣur 'ṛna neitibṁ ṽaineap leir an ṣcoṛp. An níṁ nacṁ ṽṽeiceann ré, ní lúṣarṁe cṛeíṁíṁ ré ann; an níṁ cíṁṁar ré, cíṁíṁ ré níṁr mó ann 'ná ṽeap ṁe cine ar bíṁ eile. An ṽuṁ atá ṁóí-ṽeicṽe ṁó áoinibṁ eile iṛ ṽóí-ṽeicṽe ṁóṛan é. Aṣur iṛ níṁ cínnte, ṽíṁr, ṽó-ṁuigṁe leir, 'Dia. Moṁ-aiṣeann ré cúṁacṁ ṁó-ṽeicṁe ṽoíṁe aṣur le n-a ṁaíṁ aṣur ar a cúṁ ar ṽeáṁ an laé aṣur ar ṽeáṁ na h-oiṁṁe. Iṛ ó'n moṁṁṁáṁ ṽo ṁíṽeap ṽáíṁṁe coitṁíonna aṣur ṽoṽáin na Ṣaeṁṁṁṁ. Nuáir caṽṽar uíne ar uíne eile i n-áit "bon jour" no "good morning" ṁó ṽáṁ, ar níṁr na ṣcineáṁ eile, iṛ é ṽeíṽ ré "ṣo mbeannaiṣíṁ 'Dia ṁuít." Má cíṁ ré uíne aṣ obáir, ṽeíṽ ré "ṁáil ó 'Dia oṽṽ," má tá tu aṣ ṽṽaṽaṽaínt leir, ṽeíṽ ré "ṣo ṽeacṁ ṽoíṽíṣ' 'Dia ṁuít," má tá ré ṁó ṁ'ṽeannu-ṣáṁ ṽeíṽ ré "ṣo ṽaoṣalaíṣíṁ 'Dia tu," má cúíṽeann tu ṽṽaṁṁ aṽṽ ṣlaṁṁṽaíṁ ré "ṁia linn," aṣur nuáir cúíṽeann tu ṽoṽán aír aṣ ṽáṁ "ṣo mbeannaiṣíṁ 'Dia ṁuít," iṛ é a ṽṽeáṽṽaṁ-ran "ṣo mbeannaiṣ' 'Dia aṣur Muíṽe ṁuít." Nuáir ṣlaṁṁ ré ṽníṽín uáit ṽeáṽaíṁ ré "ṽeannacṁ Dé le h-anam ṁó ṁáṽṁ," má ṁaṣann íoṽṽanṽar obann aír, ṽeáṽaíṁ ré "míṁe alṁṁṁáṁ le 'Dia," má ṁaíṽeannṽar ṁó leannṁ

RELIGIOUS SONGS OF CONNACHT.

A PIOUS race is the Gaelic race. The Irish Gael is pious by nature. He sees the hand of God in every place, in every time, and in every thing. There is not an Irishman in a hundred in whom is the making of an unbeliever. The spirit and the things of the spirit affect him more powerfully than the body and the things of the body. In the things he does not see, he does not believe the less for not seeing them; and in the things he sees, he will see more than a man of any other race; what is invisible for other people is visible for him. God is for him a thing assured, true, intelligible. He feels invisible powers before him, and by his side, and at his back, throughout the day and throughout the night. It is from this feeling that the ordinary expressions and salutations of the Irish language come. When he meets a neighbour instead of saying *Bon jour* or *Good morning*, like other races, he says: "God salute you." If he sees a person at work he says: "Prosperity from God on you." If you are parting from him he says: "May God seven-fold prosper you." If he is blessing you he says: "May God life-lengthen you." If you sneeze he will cry: "God with us;" and when you salute him saying "God greet you," his answer is "God and Mary (*i.e.*, the Virgin) greet you." When he takes snuff from you he will say: "The blessing of God be with the souls of your dead." If a sudden wonderment surprise him, he will cry: "A thousand laudations to God." If he be shown a young child or anything else for

óg no níð eile an céad uair, veip re "baile ó Dia
 air," ma tagann buairéad obann air, veip ré
 "cúip Críort oírainn," nuair goipeann an coilead,
 'ré an níð éuinear peipean ann a glao "Mac na
 h-óige plán," agus má deunann ré ceapact, ip é veip
 ré "A Muir ip truaig," agus ní 'l cine eile ann ran
 doimán, mar tug, trát, mo éara an t-ádaip O Spia-
 mna pá deara, a bfuil dá ainm aca ar mlaia, ip
 é rin "Máire" nuair baipcear é ar mnaoi, áct
 "Muir" nuair labhann riad i ttaoib mātair an
 tSlánuigteóra. Tá Dia mar rin ann a beata agus
 or cómaip a fúl, do lá agus o' oirde, agus ip fíor-
 mac é do na pean-naomáib rin do rgar polar Críort
 ar pead an traogail. Ip Críortairde ó náduip anoir é,
 ó lá a bpeite go h-uair a báip. Ip ionnann an
 rpioiaó atá ann agus an inntinn éromio ann ran
 dá riad rin, riad na h-eaglaire óige, *Tà ápxaia*
κρατεῖτο .i. "bíor an buair ag an níð tá ápxa," agus
 an riad rin Naomh Aiprtin credo quia impossibile,
 "cpeirim é mar geall ar é do veit oí-deunta."
 Níor cum an Náduip é le tuine san cpeirdeam do
 déanam dé; ip anagair a inntinne agus a cpeirde-
 pean rin. Do cpeutais rtaip na h-éipeann le ceitpe
 ceut bliadain, nac bfuil dúil ar bit ag an éipeannac
 coitcinnna ann rna h-iaipactaib rin do rinnead i
 neólaip ar pead na h-aimprie rin le foirme eugr-
 amla an cpeirim do éoluigad, do lagtougad, do
 lagugad, agus do deunam níor rimplide. Tug an
 tpean-eaglaip níor mó óó le cpeirdeamaint 'ná na h-
 eaglaipde nuada, agus leam ré di. I neitib báinear
 leip an scpeirdeam ní maic leip an leat, ip peapir leip

the first time he will say: "Prosperity from God on it." If there come sudden trouble upon him he will say: "The Cross of Christ upon us." When the cock crows what he hears in its note is "*noc na ho-ya slaun*," "the son of the Virgin safe." If he make complaint, what he says is: "*O Wirrastru*," i.e., "O Mary it is a pity." There is no other race in the world, as my friend Father O'Growney once observed, which has two names for Mary—"Maurya," when the name is given in baptism to a woman; Mwīrya when they speak of the mother of our Saviour. God is, then, in his mouth and before his eyes day and night; he is the true son of those old saints who spread the light of Christ throughout the world. He is now by nature a Christian from the day of his birth to the hour of his death. His mind on the subject may be summed up in those two sayings, that of the early Church *τὰ ἀρχαία κpareĩro*, "let ancient things prevail," and that of St. Augustine *credo quia impossibile*. Nature did not form him for an unbeliever; unbelief is alien to his mind and contrary to his feelings. The history of Ireland for the last four hundred years has proved that the ordinary Irishman has no liking for the efforts that were made in Europe during that period to attenuate and diminish certain forms of faith, to weaken and to simplify them. THE OLD CHURCH GAVE HIM MORE TO BELIEVE THAN DID THE NEW CHURCHES, and he followed it. In things that concern belief he does not like the half, he prefers the whole; and we find accordingly that he never took any pleasure in that teaching which denies, for example

an t-íomlán; agus fághmaíocht, mar rin, nár éirí ré
 ruim ariamh ann ran teagars rin féunap, mar íompla,
 fíunne an Úrúg-átraište, áct aomúigear bñíş
 mñoribúiltéad eile, bñíş ír lúşá 'ná rin, do beít 1
 şcorp Ćríoré, ná ann ran teagars rin féunap úş-
 oapap na h-eaglaire áct aomúigear şur ar úşoapap
 na h-eaglaire do fuair riad féin canoin na řşuor-
 túpa, ná ann ran teagars rin oruúigear an tñorşad
 áct meapap şo ró-mñic náć bñuil ann ran tñorşad
 oruúigear ré féin áct rórit cñeioim-bñéişe. Ní h-eaó
 şo veimñin; 1 neitib baineap le n-a cñeioeamñ nñor
 şab an t-Eiřeannać ariamh an tñlişe meadonac; "tá
 an cñeioeamñ," ađeiri ré, "'na iúin-oiamñair, agus
 mar do cñeio mo řinnriř cñeiořio mñre." Ar an
 aóđap rin 1 n-aimñdeóin şac nió do řinne an Uacć-
 ariánaćť agus a cñeio máiřiriř le cñeioeamñ nuad do
 eadairé do, o'řan an cñeio íř mó de'n éine ar an
 tñean-bóđap. Áct bí cúmaćť na h-Uacćariánaćta ró
 mñor agus bí na Ulişte do řmaćťaiş iad ró-şeur le
 beít şan aon éiřeacć ar bić, agus fághmaíocht, mar rin,
 şo bñuil cñeio meurúnta o' Eiřeannaíşib maiře ann, o'
 říorřliocćť na n-şaođal, de mñuinnriř Uí Úriain, Uí
 Néill, mñic şeapailćť, agus móřán eile, do tñéiş an
 řeancñeioeamñ;* áct do řinne an cñeio buó mñ aca an
 nió rin le n-a n-anam no le na maoin řaoşalćta do

* Bí mé aş Cambriře 1 Saćřana 1 mbliadña (1892) agus řuair
 mé şur uine de mñuinnriř Uí Ruairé uacćarián "aonodacćť" na
 móř-eoláiriře rin, agus uacćarićťan na h-aonodacćť 1 n-Ořřořio
 buó uine de éloinn mñic aodá é, áct do bí an veiriř aca 'na b
 řñořeřtúnaíşib, 'na şConřeřivaćib, agus íř oíiş, anaşaió řéin-
 maşla na h-Eiřeann.

the truth of transubstantiation, but admits another though lesser miraculous effect in the Eucharist; nor in that teaching which denies the authority of the Church, but acknowledges that it was on the authority of the Church that it got its canon of scripture; nor in that teaching which ordains fasting but seems to think that there is in the very fasting which it ordains only a kind of superstition. No, indeed! In things concerning faith the Irishman never took the middle track. "Faith," he says, "is a mystery, and as my ancestors believed so shall I believe." For that reason, in spite of everything which the Government and his masters did to impose on him a new religion, the greater part of the race remained upon the old road.

But the power of the Government was too great, and the Penal Laws were too sharp, not to produce some effect. Accordingly we find that there are a considerable number of good Irishmen, of the true race of the Gael, of the O'Briens, O'Neills, Fitzgeralds, and many others, who forsook the old faith.¹ Many of these did so in order to preserve their lives or worldly possessions, but as a rule the people of the country

¹ Thus while writing this in 1892 I happened to be in Cambridge, and found that the President of the University Union was of the clan of the Ui Ruairc (an O'Rourke), and the President of the Oxford Union one of the clan MacAodha (Mackey or M'Gee), both of them I believe, Protestants and "Unionists."

íáðáil, nuair o'ían muinntir na tíre beag-naé go h-
iomlán ar an tsean-trlige, gur ab uime rin duðairt
an file.

Criús an Crieveam 'r Crioirt go deó,
má'r mian leat do beit buan deó,
mór an baogal muirne a fíir
má'r maít leat raogal raibíir.*

Buó mór an congnaí o'Éirinn a sean-crieveam do
congáil go daingionn, fíor do beit aici go raibí
ar an don trlige leir na ríogáctaió móra rin, an
írainc agus an Spáin, do bí com fáda rin caréanaé
léite. Tá an focal "oileánac" áis teangtaib nuada
na h-Eóipa le cur i g-céill caol-raðarc agus innctinn
dóirca na ndaoine rin naé bfaígan a n-áit ná a
n-oileán féin, agus naé meafgan leir an domhan móir.
Ní raibí na h-Éireannaíis aríam "oileánac" ar an
g-cuma ro, agus ní'l raio anoir. Búdeaó móran
ceannaígeacta dul ar aiaíó roir íaóðalaib agus
móir-éir na h-Eóipa, agus do éógaíde a g-claí ann
rha coláirtib móra ar an móir-éir, agus éugaíóir
a-baile leó rmuáinte agus rpioíao agus léigean na
h-Eóipa ann ran t-reactmaó agus 'ran oéctmaó doir
deus, mar éíomuo ó'n meuo leabair o'iompaíis raio
o lotáir o íraincír agus ó Spáinír go íaédeilg.
Agus anoir féin, ní'l cine ar bit ir lúga "oileánac"
'ná íao, óir ní 'l fear ná bean 'ran tír, éis linn a
ráó, naé bfuil íaol aca ann ran móir-éir eile rin,

* Duðairt an file béarla Tomár O móra an ruo céana i
dpoclaib eile. Ás ro íaédeilg oíra.

Tá clann Éireann ían clú muna ndéuntar leó feall,
ar náiríuáó a rinníear éis feun agus rós
Cia'n íolur o'á oíreóíuáó aét oíiríe na nÍall,
a ííioíaro ó'n teine 'na bfuil Éire o'á oós'?

remained almost entirely on the old lines. It was for this that the poet sang :—

Forsake the Faith and Christ for ever
If thou desirest to be long lived,
A great danger is Mary O man
If thou desirest a rich life.¹

It was a great aid to Erin in holding fast her old faith to know that she was, in this, at one with the great kingdoms France and Spain, who were for so long her friends. The modern languages of Europe have the term “insular” to express the narrow sight and darkened mind of those people who do not leave their own place or their own island, and do not mix with the great world. The Irish were never insular in this sense, and they are not so now. There was much traffic carried on between the Gaels and the Continent of Europe, and their clergy were trained in the great colleges on the Continent, and brought home with them the thoughts, the spirit, and the literature of Europe, during the 17th and 18th centuries. This is shown by the numbers of books they translated from Italian, French, and Spanish into Irish. Even now there is no race less insular than they, for there is, we may say, neither man nor woman in the country, who

¹ Thomas Moore expressed later on the same idea, in English :
Unprized are her sons till they learn to betray,
Undistinguished they live if they shame not their sires ;
And the torch that would light them through dignity's way
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

America,* agus ció go raoilpead duine go mbeirdear rinn-ne níor oileánaisge agus níor caoil-inntinnige 'nā na Sacpanais, ní h-amháid atá, áit contrárda ar fad; ír ríad na Sacpanais atá, mar veir an domhan iomlán áit iad féin, cúmang caol-raðaricad oileánac, agus ní rinne. Tuigeadar na h-Éireannais rin i g-cóinnuidé, ció nár tuig na Sacpanais é, agus tug an tuigrint rin cabair mhóir dóib ann ran fearaí do rinne ríad anaisaí an éireoirí Gallta.

Ír iongantac nuair pmuáinigimí ar an méad o'fulaing na h-Éireannais ó na oligéib "Penálda" nac raib ríad níor reirbe agus níor géire anaisaí muinntire an éireoirí nuair 'nā mar bíodar. Áit ír i an fírinne nac bfuair mé ariam amearg na n-daime-tuaithe don dbrán nā don rann amáin ag mallugaí na bphrotercúnac mar phrotercúnaigib, áit i g-cóinnuidé ag mallugaí na "n-Gall" no "luct an béarla." Ann rna dántaib do rinne na nuad-báirto léigeannta no leat-léigeannta, ír fíor gur iomda buille tugaí do "máirtan" agus do "séagán," agus labraí do minic ar

"an omong ro do raímaí doime,"

áit ír i an t-éirí do bí roir a gcine agus a teanga agus a gcleactad do goill oirí níor mó 'nā t-éirí an éireoirí. Agus tá an sean-focal ro coitcionn fós, "ír minic Gall maí."

Nuair corais cuir de na h-Éarboagaib agus de na ríaríarí ar a g-cuiream do éirígean i n-aimeirí Elirabet, do bhorcáigead na báirto 'nā n-aisaí, óir

* Veir an t-áitir O Spáinná liom go bfuil baile láim leir an muilinn Gearr i n-lár mhíde ann a bfuil a lán daime a tuis leó Spáinní do labairt o beir i nveirceairt America. Cuairt ré go minic iad ag labairt Spáinní ar an t-áitir.

has not relatives on the Continent or in America.¹ Though it might be expected that we should be more insular and narrow than the English, it is not so; the exact contrary is the case. The Irish always felt this, although Englishmen did not understand it; and that feeling gave them great help in the resistance they made against the faith of the "Galls."

It is wonderful, when we think of all the Irish suffered from the Penal Laws, that they did not become more embittered than they were, against the followers of the new faith. But the truth is I have never found amongst the country people one single song or even one single rann cursing the Protestants, as Protestants; they always curse the "Galls," or the people of the *béarla*, *i.e.*, the English language. It is true that in the poems which the educated or half-educated later bards composed, they gave many a blow to "Martin" and to "John," and they often speak of

"This lot who fatten on Friday;"

but it was the difference between the races, the languages, and the customs, which irritated them more than the difference in religion. The old proverb is still common amongst them, "[Even] a Gall is often good."

When some of the bishops and priests began to forsake the old faith, in the time of Elizabeth, the bards were irritated against them, for they understood that it was from fear

¹ Father O'Growney tells me there is a village near Mullingar, in Westmeath, where the people can speak Spanish, from so many of them going to South America. He has often heard them speaking Spanish in the streets.

tuigeadar gur faicteoir no faint do bí orra. Tá láimh-risibhinn agam ann a bfuil d'án fada do sinne Eógan O Dubháig, brátair boet d'orro San Ppóinriair ag glaothac ar a capait Maolmhuire Mac Craite, áirio-earbog Cairil, an cpeideamh Galltha do tréigean agus a bean do cup uair. Bí an Maolmhuire rooc-éilúdaínil reo 'na brátair d'orro San Ppóinriair mar an s-ceudna, aet tionntaig ré, mar du-bairt h-uile duine, ar ron airgto. Leigean d'án Uí Dubháig polar móir ar an mbairamhail do bí ag na daoine ar na h-earbogaid agus ar na ragaraid d'fás cpeideamh a pinnreair. Ní ar ron Dé aet ar ron óir do sinneadar é, do réir an Dubháigis, agus beir ré rooc-cáil ar an gcuroir móaca. Tá mbuó daoine fíor-éirísteaca do bí ionnta, daoine d'iompaig ar ron a s-cóinriair agus do sinne a noicéioll—mar curo de 'n éleir, i Sacrana agus i nálbain—na daoine do bí 'na oiméioll do tabairt leó, b'éirir go bfeutrad riad ruo beas do déanamh 'ran trlige rin, aet nuair sinneadar mar Mac Craite reó, ag pórad ban, ag ól' ag feurta, ag cuirugad le Sacrana, agus ag líonad a bpóca féin, ir beas an t-iongnad gur éir na daoine 'na n-agaid ó'n uair rin amad. Nuair bí an sean-laoc uair rin Urian na Múirca O Ruairc ag uil d'á bair i Londún táinig an Maolmhuire gnóthac lúrtarac ro éirge ag iarrad fádbair na h-uaetaránaeta d'fágail do féin, agus du-bairt ré ruo éirgin leir i taois a peacair. Déar Urian na Múirca go fuair air agus du-bairt ré, "feictear dam," ar ré, "go bfuil aicne agam ort-ra, agus gur brátair San Ppóinriair tu do bair a móirde," agus

or from covetousness that they changed. I have a manuscript in which there is a long poem by Eoghan (Owen) O'Duffy, a poor friar of the order of St. Francis, calling on his friend Maolmhuire (Miler) MacGrath, Archbishop of Cashel, to forsake the foreign faith, and to put away his wife. This Miler had been also a Franciscan friar, but changed his religion, as everyone said, for money. This poem of O'Duffy's throws much light on the opinions the people had of the bishops and priests who forsook the faith of their ancestors. "Not for God but for gold," did they do it, according to O'Duffy; and he gives the most of them a bad character. If they had been really pious people who changed for their conscience's sake, and who did their utmost—like some of the clergy in England and in Scotland—to bring with them the people who were round about them, perhaps they might have been able to effect a little in that direction. But when they acted like this MacGrath, marrying wives, drinking and feasting, helping England, and filling their own pockets, it was little wonder that the people opposed them instead of going with them.

When that noble old hero Brian O'Rourke of the Battlements was going to his death in London, this same busy wheedling Miler approached him, and seeking to gain for himself the favour of the Government, says something to him about his sins. Brian of the Battlements looked coldly at him. "It seems to me," he said, "that I know you, and that you are a friar of St. Francis who has broken his vows;" and he turned his back upon him without

cuḡ ré a cúl leir, ḡan focal eile do cailleadhaint.
 "Do leigir amúḡa," deir Eóḡan O Dubhdaig leir,

Do leigir amúḡa párrictar Dé
 aḡur párrictar mhuiré, olc an ceairt,
 Oé! mo náiré, a éiríde fáilíra
 párrictar áinne ír annra leat.

Ír é rin, b' fearr leir áinne a bean, 'nā mhuiré.

féoil cairḡir a'í bean ar bóro
 ír olc an t-óro aḡ áirio-eairbog

airr an brádaí.

Rainnce imiré aḡur ól
 aḡur bean óḡ o'á fárgaó ruot,
 bhuigíon, meirḡe, fíon spáinne,
 ní hionntríum* cóirí crádaíó rin.

Deir an Dubhdaigteac ḡo raib an éliar nuab ro
 fáilíra, náir éiríeadar ruim ar bit i n-aon ruo aét
 ionnta réin, ḡur leanaídar rompla áaim Collaig,
 aḡur tíg linn a éirírint uab ḡur éiríó ré ḡur
 éairíeadar—cuio aca, ar mób ar bit—beata mí-
 maḡaíta.

ní éiríab tígíarua éiríó (.i. mac éiríó)
 cia bē fáé fá éiríó a rún
 ar éiríó marc de'n óir ír áille
 máiríear áinne do séadan bhuín.

Eairbog eile do éionntaig buó h-eab an Séadán Bhuín

* focal béaríla=instrument. bhuigíon=tríóir. ruot=leat.

losing another word. "Thou hast let go," says O'Duffy to Miler,

Thou hast let go God's paradise,
And Mary's paradise let go,
For Annie's *pleasures*, O false heart,
For *part* in *treasures* here below.

This meant that he had preferred Annie his wife to the Virgin Mary.

Meat in Lent and a woman at table
That is bad order for an archbishop,

says the friar.

Dancing playing and drinking,
And a young woman embraced by thee,
Ructions, drunkenness, Spanish wine,
Those are no proper pious instruments.

O'Duffy says that the new clergy were lazy, that they cared for nothing except themselves, that they followed the example of carnal Cam (Ham); and we can gather from him that he believed they led—some of them at all events—an irregular life.

The Lord of Cashel (*i.e.* *MacGrath*) would not entrust
Whatever the cause be for which he is so minded,
For a hundred marks of the finest gold
Mistress Annie to John Brown.

This John Brown was, I think, another bishop who turned.

ro. Deir ré le fear eile aca, de fliocht mhatghánna.

Δ mhatghánnaí do fuaite gac baile,
Dá bfeudá do fuaitead an uile,
ní buadaili tu, ná fear faine,
níl t-aire ar dhia ná ar mhúire.
ní cinnte tu mar úine
Δ máigirteir millte gac baile,
ní gairmto díot aet fear buile,
Do meic múire ar feoil 'r ar éaile.

“Δ élaí na mban,” bíð ré ΔS ríor-máð “nac n-ab-
pánn tídé,”

buí g-cneideam dáma ná molaíð
Δ élaí fáilra o'fás anurraíð,
tátaoi de fliocht éaim éollaið
ní cpaínn tómað (?) ríð na tomaíð.

Dubairt an Dubtaigtead no brátaí eile i tdaíð
an mlaolmúire reo, uair eile, an pánn

má'r brátaí boet an brátaí méit
maí Δ gne 'r Δ tuíran teann,
aet má'r le pámpužad geabtar neam
ir úine leam an brátaí reang.*

Do rghíob pghíom-eapbog éireann, Mac Uí Catmaoil
(no Caulpíel) obair fáda díada nuair bí ré
oibíte go tíoréaíð eile ar éirinn, dar b' ainm
“Sgatan Spioraóálda na h-aítrige,” ann Δ n-abpánn
ré nac páíð don úine buð gáire anaíar lueta an
éireomí nuair 'ná an brátaí boet ro Eógan O Dub-

* no mar éalaíð mo éara Seágan plémion é i gconoaé
porclaire “ir geal Δ gne 'r Δ pearra pámaí; má'r mar rúo
pátar [rágátar] plaitear Dé ir ar míre do bí an brátaí reang.

¹ Literally:—“If the fat friar is a poor friar, good is his appearance

He says to another man of them,

O Mahon who hast troubled every village,
 If thou wert able thou wouldst trouble the whole,
 Thou art not a shepherd nor a watchman,
 Thou payest heed neither to God nor Mary.
 Thou art not certain as a man,
 O destroying master of every village,
 We can only call thee a madman
 Who hast sold Mary for flesh and for an old woman.

“O ye clergy of the women,” he is always crying, “who do not observe the canonical hours of prayer, do not boast of your religion to me,”

Do not praise your religion to me,
 Ye lazy clergy, who left [us] last year,
 Ye are of the race of Carnal Cam.
 Ye are not trees of fruit or produce.

O'Duffy or some other friar, made on another occasion this rann I think on this same MacGrath—

If yon fat friar be a poor friar
 Then a fat desire is his life's rule;
 But if man by fat to heaven may aspire,
 Then the lean friar is a lean fool.¹

The Primate of Ireland, MacCawell,² Caughwell or Caul field, when he was banished out of Erin into other countries, wrote a long religious work in Irish called the *Spiritual Mirror of Repentance*, in which he says that there was nobody more bitter against the people of the new faith than the poor friar,

and his stout girth. But if it be by fattening that heaven is gained, a foolish man is the lean friar !” My late friend Mr. John Fleming heard a somewhat different version of this in Waterford.

² I have not met this myself in the Primate's work, but I have seen a letter from a priest in which he mentions the fact.

taig.* Fuair mé rgeul i tsaobh an Eóghain reo, gur
 gabhad é faoi deire i n-éinfeacht le ragaric eile dár b'
 ainm póil, agus é ag reanmóireacht anaíobh an
 chreidim nuair. B'é Tomár Dubh Duicléar, Iarla
 Uíríthuman, do gab é, agus cuireadh é féin agus a com-
 ráda i bpríosún i gCairleán Cille-Chainniú le n-a
 g-crochadh lá ar n-a mára. Aet táinig tuine uasal
 eua ann ran oirde agus d'innir fé d'oir gur cuir an
 t-Iarla eua é le riad leó go raorparde idir d'á
 t'péiríoir an creideam Rómánach, agus ní rin amáin,
 aet go b'páiríoir áit máit 'ran easlaig agus móir-cuir
 raibíoir. Uí raicéir ar comráda Eóghain agus
 duibair fé go ndéanadh fé rin, aet rinne Eógan O
 Dubhtaig a d'icéil le n-a bacadh, agus rinne fé d'án
 rada le n-a congáil ó n-a anam do raoruga ar an
 maraigh rin. Níor 'cuadar aet d'á rann de'n d'án rin.

náir breagha duit do beir reo an traogail móir
 bata ann do láimh a' r ciseóg t'oir
 'ná clóideam beir teannta ar do éoin
 ag éiríocht le glóir an mhuirteóga
 fill fill óra póil, fill a rtoir 'r beir mipe leat.

O! éirí tu peadar agus póil
 éirí tu éoin a' r micheál rór,
 a' r éirí tu bainríogán na glóire,
 1r í d'ídeadh ag suirde d'áinn i gcóinnuirde,
 fill fill óra póil
 fill a rtoir 'r beir mipe leat.

* Ní fácaid mé féin an cúntar ro ar an Dubhtaigead, aet
 donnaig mé luir o ragaric ann a n-abhann fé rin.

Owen O'Duffy. I have heard a story about this Owen, that he was captured at last, together with another priest, of the name of Paul, while he was preaching against the new faith. Black Thomas Butler, Earl of Ormond, it was who took him ; and Owen and his comrade were shut up in the Castle of Kilkenny under sentence to be hanged the next day. A gentleman came to them in the night and said to them that the Earl had sent him to tell them that they might be saved if they would forsake the Roman faith, and furthermore, that they would get a good place in the Church and be rewarded with riches. Fear had seized on Owen's comrade, and he said he would do what was asked. But O'Duffy did his best to hinder him, and made a long poem to dissuade him from saving his life on those conditions. There are only two ranns of this poem remembered.

You were better to roam through the world so wide,
 With a stick in your hand, though it finish you,
 Than a sword to be buckled so smart to your side,
 And you listening wide-eyed to the minister.
 Return, O Paul, return astore, return and I will stay by you.

You're forsaking Peter, forsaking Paul,
 Forsaking Michael, forsaking John,
 And you're forsaking the Queen of Glory,
 Who prays for you in the heaven o'er you.
 Return, O Paul, return astore, return and I will stay by you.

†=πλουτο, no ρεαν-εότα, ρocal coitcionn fóp vo méiri an aτari
 eoζan O Σμαίηna i ζ-cúis ulab, aet ni eualar miañ i ζConnadetaib é.

Ácť b'í paitéioir ar íóól, ásur éiréiz ré a éreirdeam.
 Ói Eógan le beic croceta ann rin, ácť éáinig aingiol
 ó neamh o' forghail geata a p'íorúin ásur do leis
 amac é, mar íreadar a b'rao ó.

Am éigin eile b'í an t-Ácťir Eógan, mar glaoó
 ríao air go coitc'ionn, áz ríábal tré Conoae an
 Cábáin ásur connairc ré minirtéir do b'í 'na íazart
 noime rin, ácť o' íompaiž tré gráó airgíao no tré
 paitéioir (mar pinne móran eile), áz oéanaíh féir
 le n-a luét oibpe lá féil m'uire 'ran b'róghmar.
 'Se Máéghamain O Cléiríúž b'áinnm do'n minirtéir,
 ásur b'í a éota óé ásur é áz obair le píce. Dubairt
 Eógan leir.

Súo Máéghamain O Cléiríúž a'r é ar m'ire,
 áz tairraing féir lá féil m'uire,
 ní h-é rin ír oéine, ácť éuz ré a m'ionna
 nac raib ácť tráill i mácťir m'íž na c'minne.

Nuair éualao Mac Uí Cléiríúž rin, teirž ré an píce
 ar a láim, dubairt ré le n-a luét-oibpe out a-baile,
 ásur éuz ré a móio 'r a m'ionna nac mburp'ead ré an
 t-ráoirpe go b'rácť.

Ácť ír beaz do goill oán ná aéir ar Mac Craicť.
 Máir ré go h-aoir móir—ceuo bliadóin, beaz-nacť,
 —ásur ní raib don n'ó do bain le raib'brear ná le

* *Literally*:—"There's Mahon O'Cleary, and he in madness,
 drawing hay on Lady Day. That's not the worst, but he took his

But Paul was afraid and forsook his faith. Owen remained in prison awaiting execution, but there came an angel from heaven who opened the gate of his prison and set him free, like Peter long ago.

On a certain other time Father Owen, as he was generally called, was travelling through the County Cavan. Here he saw a minister who had been once a priest, but who had turned like many others, for love of money or for fear of his life, making hay with the workmen on Lady Day in harvest. Mahon O'Cleary was the name of the minister; his coat was off, and he working with a pitchfork. Owen said to him:—

There's Mahon O'Cleary a-drawing hay,
The man must be mad, upon Lady Day,
The man who swore—is he brute or human!—
That the mother of God was a common woman.*

When O'Cleary heard the rebuke he flung the fork away, and bade the workmen to go home, and took an oath and a vow that he would never break a holiday again.

But poem or satire weighed little with MacGrath. He lived to a great age—almost to a hundred—and on all kinds of wealth and worldly goods did he lay his hands.

oath—That there was only a thrall in the mother of the King of the Universe.”

maoin fáogalta náir leas ré a lámh aih. Aghur
fuair ré vóioionn aghur cúmáct móir ó'n uaétarán-
áct ar fearó an ama rin. Duó móir an rḡannail eug
cuio de na rḡarḡarḡaib vóiomḡarḡ, do na vaoiḡib tuáda
náir iomḡarḡ. As ro mar laḡḡar báro i vḡarḡib na
cléire 'ran am rin.

Olc an t-ádhair vighici *

Do éioim as cuio de'n eaglaip
fuat v'eineac á'r v' fíinne
ḡráó do dhéir á'r do dhéabair.

D'éir ḡac cion v'á dhacamar
Riamh ar na dháiribh bocta
folcáio ríao a n-aibíoiḡ
D'eagla ḡo nḡeobḡarḡe oirra.

Ni vóion mūr na mainirḡir
Ná tairmon aora vána,
Dúinn ir iomḡlán aicḡirḡear
Nac ríú pḡḡin an pára.

* Dáin mé an ván 'ro ar rḡrḡibinn do rinne Eóḡan O Coimḡarḡ,
ata anoir ann mo fíilb-re, áct ni'l fíoir aḡam cá dhairi reirḡan é.
Ir mi-éoiḡionn an miorḡm no an toḡar ann a dhairi ré cumḡa,
toḡar aih a nḡlaóḡarḡ "áe-rḡi-rḡḡe." atá reáct ríolḡarḡe ann
r ḡac líne aghur cḡiḡcḡuḡḡear an ceuro aghur an tḡear líne le
focal tḡi ríolḡa, áct cḡiḡcḡuḡḡear an vaira aghur an ceáḡarḡarḡ
líne le focal v'á ríolḡa. D'áḡarḡ mé an t-oḡiḡuḡarḡ ann a
vḡáinḡ na ríainn.

¹ I extract this poem from a MS. which Eugene O'Curry made,
and which is now in my possession, but I do not know the source
whence he took it. It is composed in a curious metre called "Ae-fri-

Throughout all that time he received protection and favour from the Government. Some of the priests who changed their religion were a great scandal to the laity who did not. Here is how a bard speaks of the clergy at that time:—

Clerics turn their dignity¹
Often now to gibling;
I see many clergymen
Taking bribes—and bribing.

After all the reverence
Once shown each holy friar,
See them now go habitless,
Fearing blows and mire.

Bad the day for Popery,
We have heard full many
Say it, and right openly,
“Pope’s not worth a penny.”

slighe.” There are seven syllables in each line, and the first and third lines end in trisyllables, the second and fourth in dissyllables.

*Literally:—*Bad the makings of dignity, I see with some of the clergy,
A hatred of generosity and truth, A love for the lie and for bribes.

After every regard which we have seen Always for the poor friars,
They now conceal their habits, For fear they should be beaten.

No protection is wall or monastery Or sanctuary of the poets, To
us it is completely told That the Pope is not worth a penny. . . .

Great is the case for counsel, If there be danger on a man Who shall
undertake his protection, His preservation where shall he find ?

The spoiling of the laity is no-wonder, The Church is being utterly
spoiled. Where shall the kerne go Since the clergy are flying ?

agusar do bí cloítheamh an tSacranaigh noéta anagaid
na "briuneun Catoilce," buð cuma cia aca é, tuadac
no cléipeac.

Ir móir an cáir cómaisle
Da mbeir' gádað ar úaine
Cia geobar a coimisce
A óion cia h-áit a bfuigfir.

Sgrior na tuata ir neim-iongnad
Atá an eaglaír o'á léir-rsrior,
Ca h-áit a ngeobair an ceitearínac
As teitead ó tá an cléipeac.

Ir marí rin tórais an eaglaír nuad amearg na
nḡadad, le Maolmhuire Mac Crait agus leir na
ḡaoinið o'iompais i n-éinpeact leir, agus ni tinnear
cóinriair do bí orra 'gá n-iompod! Act nuair íocrais
an tír ruo-beas agus nuair o'eiuis na parhairtíde
agus na h-earbogaidheacta níor rábálda agus níor
raibíre, buð gnát leir an Uactarínac Sacranais do
éir ann rna h-áiteadair buð mío tairíre, ní(-an éir
ir mó aca-)aríon a maíir ná a bfoḡlamta ná a
nḡadad, act marí duair aríon congnaimh politicis
ruair an Uactarínac uata péin nó ó n-a gáiríre.
Cia bé ar mian leir o'feicirint cia an róir ḡaoine
do éir Sacrana anonn ann ro leir na Románais
o'iompod, léigead pé Déan Suir o'á ḡaoib no
úḡdar ar bí eile, ní áit i reo le cúntar níor raíre
tadairíre orra. Da Sacranais iad éir mío aca, náir
tuig an tír ná na ḡaoine ná teanga na ḡaoine na
gnátair na ḡaoine ná don níre do bain leó.
U'fada rui táinís aḡruḡad ann ran eaglaír rin, act
táinís pé fá deiréad, agus ní'l don duine ann anoir
nac n-aomáigeann gur páir ó'n eaglaír nuair 'ran

The sword of the Sassanach was bared against the
 "Catholic Just," whether they were lay or cleric.

'Tis a cause for pondering :
 Driven by the stranger,
 If a man go wandering
 Who shall help in danger ?
 Spoiling laymen's natural
 To their brutal orgie,
 Where may fly the cateran
 When now they chase the clergy ?

It was thus the new Church began amongst the Gaels, with Miler MacGrath and the people who followed him ; it was not difficulties of conscience that impelled them to the change. When Erin settled down a little, and the parishes and bishoprics became safer and richer, it was the custom of the Government to put Englishmen into the places of most profit, not, as a rule, on account of either their piety, their learning, or their divinity, but as a reward for political help which the Government had received from them or from their friends. Whoever desires to see what sort of people England sent over here to convert the Roman Catholics may read Dean Swift about them, or other authors ; this is no place to give any longer account of them.

The most of them were Englishmen who did not understand the country nor the people, nor the people's language, nor the people's customs, nor anything else that concerned them. It was long before a change came, but it came at last, and there is no one now who does not acknowledge

aoir reó móráin ó'fíor-Eipeannaighib a n-áib ghláó agus meap na n-aoine go léir oirra agus do éuill rin uaíta.

Tar éir an poimh-náir mactanaigh reó carrmadoir ar na dántaib féin agus ar na h-abránaib diaída do bí agus atá ag muinntir Chúige Connaéct. Do éus an Chúige rin do'n náiríun an file diaída ir mó agus ir fearr, b'éirir, do bí ariam i n-Eirinn, ré rin Donncaó O Dálaigh, do bí, mar oubráó, 'na ab ar mainirtir na Búille i gconradé Rorcomáin; áct ni cinnite rin. Buó móir agus buó bpeágh an mainirtir, mainirtir na Búille, agus rgar pí a cpaóda roir agus riar. Níl i rpan-mainirtir bpeágh Cnuicmuairde, riar i gconradé na Gaillime, áct cpaóó ó mmainirtir na Búille. Áct má'r móir clú na mainirtre, buó mó clú an aba do bí uirri i otopac na tríoimad aoire deágh. Buó h-é, an t-ab rin air ar glaoódaó Oibí na h-Eipeann, ni mar gheall ar a com dána agus do bí a cuio filídeácta, áct do éaoib a binnir. Agus do bí bpió ar Eirinn go léir ar an bfile bpeágh rin, Donncaó Móir O Dálaigh. Do beir O Raíallai ghmanna níor mó na deic-ar-píóir o'á dántaib ann a bfuil timéioill 4200 líne, agus ir corhmúil go bfuil tuilleat o'á oibpeácaib le rághail go fóil. Ir dánta diaída an cuio ir mó de na dántaib rin, agus buó móir an clú do bí oirra ar fearó an oileáin. Bí ríat com coitcíoionn i gcúige Mumhan agus do bí ríat i gConnaéctuib, agus tá cuio aca ar beul na n-aoine go oti an lá ro féin, óir do éualair mé ó rpan-daoinib i gconradé Rorcomáin, (a conradé féin mar cpeirtear) níor mó 'na don píora o'á píoraib. Do fuair ré báp 'ran mbliadain 1244. Ni

that there grew out of the new clergy in this century many true Irishmen, who had the love and respect of the entire people, and deserved this from them.

After this necessary preface, we turn to the poems and religious songs themselves, which the people of Connacht had and have amongst them. That province gave to the nation the greatest and best religious poet that perhaps Erin has ever had, Donough O'Daly, who was, it was said, Abbot of Boyle, in the county of Roscommon, though this is not certain. The monastery of Boyle was a large and important institution; it scattered its branches east and west. The fine Abbey of Knockmoy, in the west of Galway, was only a branch from the Abbey of Boyle. But if the fame of the monastery was great, greater still was the fame of the Abbot who ruled over it in the beginning of the thirteenth century. That Abbot was called the Ovid of Erin, not for the freedom of his poetry, but for its sweetness. All Erin was proud of its splendid poet, Donagha More O'Daly. O'Reilly gives us the names of more than thirty of his extant poems, in which there are about 4,200 lines, and it is likely that there are more of his works which may be yet found. Most of these are religious poems, and they were held in high esteem throughout the Island. They were as well known in the province of Munster as they were in Connacht, and some of them are in the mouths of the people to this very day. I have heard from old people in the County Roscommon, his own county as it is believed, more than one of his pieces. He died in the year 1244. I shall here give

tñúðraro mé ann ro aét píoraro do bí an-ðoitðionnta
 i n-ðipunn i toparæ na h-aoipe reð aður atá le fágail
 ann a lán ve na rðrúðinnib do bí ađ na ðaoiñib fém
 ann r ɣaæ aít i n-ðipunn, ɣo véiðeannaæ, aét tá caillte
 no tðbirte anoip. Ađ ro ar toúr dán do minne ré,
 dán do mair i ɣcuimne na noðoine ar feað cúis
 ceuto bliaðain, ðir fudair mire curo vé o fear-ríúðail,
 i n-aice le ðeul-múileao, fiar i ɣconðae muið-eð
 veic mbliaðain ó þoin. Do cumað é 'ran tomar no
 'ran miopúr rin air a nɣlaotat Rannaiðeæc mðor,
 atá reæc riollaio ann ran line aður cpiocnuisðear
 ɣaæ line le focal aoim-riolla. Mi'l "Uaim" no
 coim-litreaðar ann, mar atá ann ran ɣcuro ip mó ve
 na dántaib do minne na fíor-ðáirto ann ran tomar ro.
 Do rðriob Seáðan O Dálaið an dán ro ar ðruinniugað
 do minne an t-æðair O Caoim, fear pðɣlamæa aður
 rðoláipe breáð clirte 'ran nðæðeilɣ, do ruðað tim-
 cioll na bliaðna 1655 i ɣcúisge Múman. Cuipum focal
 no do arteaæ, ann ro aður ann rin, i rlaðraðað
 [] leip an þrao ceart do ður ann rna lintib.

na tréið mo ðeasas.

ná tréið mo ðeasas a míc

Cið baog'laæ lá an ðirt do ææ

ađ rðaoileað óðib[-rean] ó'n trliað

Ræðaro tu le 'ðia na nðir.

¹ *Literally*—Do not forsake my teaching, my son, Though dangerous the day of right to all On their being let loose down the mountain, Thou shalt go with God of the graces.

The way to heaven of the saints, Though it seem to thee confined, narrow, hard, (Yet) shun the road of the house of the pains, Many to it have journeyed from us.

Against us was treachery designed To bring us down from the artificer of the elements. In banishment from the land of the living, In a valley of tears art thou.

only pieces of his that were very common in Ireland at the beginning of this century, and which are to be found in many of the manuscripts which, until lately, the people treasured in every part of Ireland, but which are now lost or banished.

Here, to begin, is a poem which he made, and which lived in the memory of the people for five hundred years; I got part of it from a "travelling-man" near Belmullet, in the west of the County Mayo, ten years ago. It is composed in the metre or measure called Great Rannuigheacht, [Rann-ee-ächt]. There are seven syllables in the line, and each line must end with a monosyllable. There is no "Uaim" or alliteration in it, as there is in most of the poems which the true bards composed in this metre. Shaun O'Daly transcribed this poem from a collection which Father O'Keeffe (a learned man, and an accurate Irish scholar, born about the year 1655) made in Munster. Some of the lines of the original have eight syllables instead of seven, which is incorrect, but in my translation I have given each line this number.

MY SON REMEMBER.¹

My son, remember what I say,
That in the *day* of Judgment's shock,
When men go stumbling down the *Mount*,
The sheep may *count* thee of their flock.

To the world do not give love For is it not un-lasting the blossom
of the branches? Do not follow the track of those who are journey-
ing To hell from God of the saints.

Hope, Faith, and Love Let thee have in God forever, Humility
and patience, without anger, Truth without deception in thy walk.

Love as thine own self from the will Thy neighbour both east and
west, A love that is greatly greater than each love, Give thou forever
to God.

For there doth not go to the house of the pains Any person of

Αν τριψε γο νεαή na naοή
 Όαη λεατ ciò cúmang caol cμuaíò
 Seaóain μiόo τiζε na b-pian;
 iomúa éuize vo éμiall uaiunn.

Οημαινν-ne vo h-innleaoó cealz
 Ό'άη mbreit [ríor] ó éeipvo na noúí,
 Αη [n]óibiret ó éip na mbeó.
 í ngleann na nveóri aτά tú.

Ό'η τραοζαí ná ταθαíη ημiό
 Α'í naó vío-mbuan blát na ηcμαοb!
 ná lean loηg a épuil aη ημiall
 γο h-íμμionn ó vía na naοή.

Όóéαη cμειvoeαή aηup ημiό
 bíoó aηao γο bμiát í n'vía,
 úmleat [a'í] φοiηve ηan φeαηg,
 φíμμne ηan éealz í o'* éμiall.

ημiόaiη μαη tu φéin ó τοil
 Όo éómαηpa τ-φοiη aηup τ-riαη,
 ημiό íη μiό mó 'ná ηαé ημiό
 ταθαíη-φe γο bμiát vo vía.

Οiη nι téíó γο τiη na bpiαν
 ηeac o'á mbi aη ηiαη† na mboéτ,
 Όéan τμopηaoó uηnαιηéte 'í véηic,
 ná leiη a τοil φéin vo'n éoηp.

Seaéτ φaiηve an ηíolla naó cóiη†
 le μαηbέαη na φlóiη φó φeac,
 Α φeacnaó má 'í é vo éμiall
 Raóaió tu le vía aη neaή:

* "Όo éμiall." MS.

† "neac aηa mbi a ηiαη." MS.

‡ 1. φeacéτ bpeacaió μαηbέαα an viαbail.

those who are distributing (?) to the poor. Practise fasting, prayers, and almsgiving. Do not allow its own will to the body.

The seven shafts of the Gillie who is not just, By which the hosts are slain separately, To shun them if thy path be, Thou shall go with God to heaven.

Shun sloth, luxury, and sensuality, (Keep) thy heart and eye from

And narrow though thou find the path
 To heaven's high rath, and hard to gain,
 I warn thee shun yon broad white road
 That leads to the abode of pain.

For us is many a snare designed,
 To fill our mind with doubts and fears;
 Far from the land where lurks no sin
 We dwell within our vale of tears.

Not on the world thy love bestow,
 Passing as flowers that blow and die;
 Follow not thou the specious track
 That turns thy back to God most high.

But oh! let faith, let Hope, let love
 Soar far above the cold world's way;
 Patience, humility, and awe—
 Make them thy law from day to day.

And love thy neighbour as thyself,
 (Not for his pelf thy love should be),
 But a greater love than every love
 Give God above who loveth thee.

He shall not see the abode of pain
 Whose mercies rain on poor men still:
 Alms, fastings, prayers, must aid the soul;
 Thy blood control, control thy will.

The seven shafts wherewith the Unjust
 Shoots hard, to thrust us from our home,
 Can'st thou avoid their fiery path,
 Dread not the wrath that is to come.

covetousness, Shun pride, anger, and hatred, And thou shalt be in heaven above without loss.

To the son of Mary, the King of the graces, Who did not shun death on thy behalf, Since it is He is thy help and thy provision, Proclaim (*i.e.*; commit) to Him thy soul and thy body.

With the hosts of hell since the rush (is made) Against us, both lay and cleric, Be not thou deceived like others, My teaching do not forsake forever.

Seádain leirge cmaid o'r oimír,
 'Do éiríde a'r do fúil ar fáinte,
 Seádain díomar fearis 'r fuat,
 'S béirí ar neam fuar san áill.
 'Do m'ac mhuir m' na ngráir,
 náir seádain báir ar do fion
 —O'r é do ádhair, 'r do lón—
 rógaí* t'anam do 'r do éor.
 A's fuaig ímhin ó tá an muais
 Oghairín roir tuat 'r cléir,
 ná mealltar tura mar éac
 mo teagarz go b'at ná tréir.

A's ro d'án rriora-dálta eile, rgríobda ar an móó
 ceurda, ar rgríobinn atá a'sam. Leapaig mipe an
 litruigad. Ir corráil le Rannai-geat m'oir, tomár
 an d'án reo, óir cgríobnuigtear gac líne le focal doin
 t-ríolla. Aet ni bídeann aet reat ríollaíó ann ran
 Rannai-geat m'oir a'sur atá reat oet, naoi, no
 deic ríollaíó, ann rna líntib reo. Ir corráil gur
 cuimníg an té do cum an d'án ro ar Rannai-geat
 m'oir, a'sur go raib an tomár rin a's gur ann a ceann,
 aet dhearmad pé an áoi ceart le n-a deunam, a'sur i
 n-áit na ríollaíó do c'omairnam níor c'omairnig pé
 aet na ríollaíó ar ar tuir b'ig an g'ota. No b'éirí
 gur cumad go ceart é i otopac a'sur gur tpuail-
 ligead é le dooinib aineólaá do tug anuar leó é ó
 doir go h-doir.

naomh-smuainté.

Cuimníg ar an gcoir gac lá
 A'r ar m' na ngráir do bí uirí fuar,
 Cuimníg rúo, a'sur ar a páir,
 Cuimníg go b'at ar do d'ul 'ran uais.

* Aliter págaí=págaí (p).

¹ *Literally*—Remember (or think of) the cross each day, And the

Shun sloth, shun greed, shun sensual fires,
 (Eager desires of men enslaved),
 Anger and pride and hatred shun,
 Till heaven be won, till man be saved.

To Him, our King, to Mary's son,
 Who did not shun the evil death,
 Since He our goal is, He alone,
 Commit thy soul, thy life, thy breath.

Since Hell each man pursues each day,
 Cleric and lay, till life be done,
 Be not deceived, as others may,
 Remember what I say, my son.

Here is another spiritual poem, written after the same manner taken from a manuscript in my possession. I have corrected the orthography of the original. The metre of this poem is like the Great Rannuigheacht; each line ends with a monosyllable. But there are only seven syllables in each line of the Great Rannuigheacht, while there are eight, nine, and even ten in these lines. Probably he who composed this poem had a remembrance of the Great Rannuigheacht, and that metre was running through his mind, but he had forgotten the proper way of composing it, and instead of counting the number of syllables he only counted the syllables on which fell the stress of the voice. Or perhaps it was originally composed in strict metre, but became corrupted by ignorant people, who handed it down from age to age. It is called "Holy Thoughts."

HOLY THOUGHTS.¹

Think of the cross of Christ each *day*,
 Think how he *lay* on that fell tree,
 Think of the boon his passion *gave*,
 Think of the *grave* that gapes for thee.

King of the Graces who was (raised) upon it, Think upon that and
 on His passion, Think for ever of thy going into the tomb.

Cuiúnniḡ tui' ari m̃ac Dé. an uaiṛ
 'Do cuiṛeas é ari an ḡ-croir rin fuaṛ,
 nuaiṛ t̃r̃eṛiḡ a c̃áiṛe é ḡo léiṛ
 áet a m̃áetari oo bí aḡ ḡol ḡo t̃r̃uáḡ.
 Cuiúnniḡ ḡo utiucfaió aing̃eal Dé
 'Na f̃iaónuir̃e ḡeui ari an utaoiḡ ó óeap,
 á'ṛ ḡo mbéiḡ an uiaḡal ari an utaoiḡ c̃lé
 aḡ cui ari ḡac aon oo f̃éiṛ a óeap.
 Cuiúnniḡ i n-ir̃uoñn ḡo ḡruil an ḡleó
 aḡur cui ari an ḡróin naḡ utaz̃etari aṛ.
 Cuiúnniḡ an ait̃uḡe óeit̃ maṛi ir̃ c̃óiri
 á'ṛ ni maḡfari 'ṛan ḡcoir̃e ñime aṛteac̃.
 Cuiúnniḡ ari an ḡ-coir̃e atá b̃réan,
 Cuiúnniḡ ḡo ḡruḡann f̃é ḡan ṛḡit̃,
 aḡur ari an anam maḡlaḡṡte uaoṛi
 aḡ ḡol á'ṛ aḡ éiḡme 'ṛan ioc̃etari f̃iṛor.

Think thou upon the Son of God, in the hour He was placed on the cross on high, When His friends forsook him altogether, Except His mother who was weeping pitiably.

Remember that the angel of God shall come, A sharp witness on the right-hand side, and that the devil shall be on the left side, Putting upon (*i.e.*, controlling) each one according to his actions.

Remember that in hell there is the strife, And the pit of grief, out of which men cannot come (*literally*, "it is not come"), Remember repentance to be as it is right, And thou shalt not go into the poison-cauldron.

Remember the cauldron that is foul, Remember how it boils without rest, And the cursed condemned soul Weeping and howling at the bottom below.

Remember thou, and do not do (tell) a lie, Remember and leave by thy strife, And let not great oaths be in thy mouth, Remember that the death shall come to silence thee.

Remember that the one Son of God came, Remember that He was crucified for thy sake, Remember the sharp nails That went through His limbs for thy sake.

Remember the spear that was sharp, which went through His side, Remember the foul gall, Remember that it was with it He quenched His thirst.

Think of the Son of God,—His state
 Put off, the fate of thieves to share—
 By friends forsaken, betrayed, alone,
 His mother only weeping there.

Think how an angel shall alight
 Hard by thy right, in death's dark hour,
 Think how a devil shall come and stand
 At thy left hand to work with power.

Think upon hell, the house of woe,
 And the pit below whence none return,
 Think—and thy tears for grace shall flow—
 Whoso repents shall never burn.

Think of the cauldron, foul and great,
 Set in hell's gate, that boils for aye,
 Think of the souls that far below
 Howl in their woe from day to day.

Remember how Christ was crucified, Remember the blood of His heart which gushed, Remember that it was in a flood (running) down with (*i.e.*, from) Him, And that we were saved by the deed.

Remember good repentance in time, And that the time is going by, Remember that the Death shall come truly And shall cast his arrows through thy body.

Remember constantly the conditions of death. Remember, that hard is the case, it's coming, Remember that thou shalt lose thy force, Thy strength, thy memory, and thy power.

Remember the shape of the (winding) sheet, Remember that the body was laid out, Remember that the teeth were blackened, Remember that the eye was broken.

Remember the shape of the grave, Remember that thy body is ashes, Remember that thou shalt be placed in the clay, Remember that the beetle shall gnaw thy body.

Remember the Judgment of God, And the Day of the Mountain (*i.e.*, Judgment Day) overtaking thee, Remember Repentance at end of every day. Remember, and forsake completely every evil.

Remember on going to thy bed of repose The tomb in which thou shalt early be, Give thyself up to the one Son of God, And forgive each one what he has done against thee.

Cuimhniḡ tura, 'r ná veun bneuz,
 Cuimniḡ, ar léiz o' iomaibbáiré tōre,
 aḡur ná bíod mionna móra i o' beul,
 Cuimhniḡ vo vtiucpaíó an t-éas vo o'cōrḡ.

Cuimhniḡ ḡo vṡáinḡ don mḡac 'Dé
 Cuimhniḡ ḡur céapaó é ar vo fōn,
 Cuimhniḡ ar na tairmḡnib ḡéur'
 Cuairé tpe n-a ḡéasḡaib ar vo fōn,

Cuimhniḡ ar an tpleiḡ bí ḡeur,
 'Dó éuairé tḡío a taeó arteaé,
 Cuimhniḡ ar an vtiombiar bḡéan,
 Cuimhniḡ ḡur leir vo mḡú a tairt

Cuimhniḡ mar vo céapaó Cḡíorṡ,
 Cuimhniḡ ar fḡuil a émoiré vo rḡairt,
 Cuimhniḡ ḡo maib 'na rḡuṡ leir ríor
 'S ḡur paorpaó rinne leir an mbeairt.

Cuimhniḡ ar aitéḡe mḡaíṡ i n-am
 aḡur ar an aimirḡ aḡ vail tairt,
 Cuimhniḡ ḡo vtiucpaíó an bḡar ḡo ríor
 S ḡo ḡ-caitérío a fḡaigḡeava* tpe vo éorḡ.

Cuimhniḡ vo ḡnát ar éor an vḡáir,
 Cuimhniḡ ḡur cḡuairé an cḡar a tēaéṡ,
 Cuimhniḡ ḡo ḡ-caillṡrío tu vo bḡiḡ,
 'Dó éiall vo éuimne a'r vo neairt,

Cuimhniḡ ar éuma na bḡairṡlíne,†
 Cuimhniḡ ḡur ríneaó an corḡ,
 Cuimhniḡ ḡur vḡuḡaó‡ an vḡéav,
 Cuimhniḡ ḡur mḡéabaó an mōrḡ.

* Saiḡir, no raigḡeava.

† Tá mḡo éigin amúḡa ran líne reó óir cḡiódnuigḡeair ḡaé líne
 eite le focal doin fiolla-

‡ "ḡo vḡuḡaíó" 'ran MS.

Think of the future ; speak no lie ;
 Think, and put by ambition's strife ;
 Speak not with oaths lest angels sigh,
 Think that to die means naught but life-

Think of the Son of God, how He
 Died on the tree our souls to save,
 Think of the nails that pierced Him through,
 Think of Him, too, in lowly grave.

Think of the spear the soldier bore,
 Think how it tore His holy side,
 Think of the bitter gall for drink,
 Think of it,—think for us He died.

Think upon Christ who gave His blood
 Poured in a flood our souls to win,
 Think of the mingled tide that gushed
 Forth at the thrust to wash our sin.

Think of repentance timely made,
 Think like a shade our time flits, too,
 Think upon Death with poisoned dart
 Piercing the heart and body through.

Think of that hour of coming death,
 Failure of breath and ebbing life,
 Vanishing strength and failing power,—
 Think of the hour of final strife.

Think of the grave-clothes wrapped around
 Our bodies bound in cere-cloths white,
 Think of the blackening teeth, and sigh,
 Think of the eye that sees no light.

Cuirinnis ar euma na h-uais',
 Cuirinnis gur luaithe do éirp,
 Cuirinnis go gcuirfeair tu 'ran g-cré,
 Cuirinnis go gcuirfeair an daol do éirp.
 Cuirinnis ar breiteamhar Dé
 A' ar lá an trléide as breit ort,
 Ar an aitéirge i gceann gac laé.
 Cuirinnis; a' tréir go léir gac olc.
 Cuirinnis as dul ar do leaba fúaim
 Ar an uais mar a mbéir go moé,
 Tabair tu féin do don mhae Dé
 'S mar do gac don a nveairnaid ort.

As ro d'an eile le Donncaid Mór O Dálais do
 bain mé ar rghibinn do pinne Sedgan O Dálais
 Dhaile-at-cliait, ar loir an aitar O Caoim. Deir
 an Raigallac mar an gceutona gur b'e Donncaid Mór
 do pinne an d'an ro, aet ma' r ead ni breirim gur o'a
 taoib féin aet i taoib duine éigin eile do bi ré as
 labairt. Aet, go veimhin, ni cinnte rin, oir ó
 t'ar an breirim breiroraide anuar, ir iomda file
 cráibteac do cuir 'na leit féin na coirca na
 nveairnaid ré asur na nveunrad ré ar oir na
 cruinne. Ir cineál úmleata, gan amhar, do-beir
 ar duine rooc-clail do tabairt air féin mar ro,
 nuair do éir ré go mbeir ré féin com h-olc le cad
 muna mbeir gáarta Dé o'a rtiurugad. Cuirneodair
 an Gaedhal Albanac ann ro ar an bfile diaida ir fearr
 do réir mo bairmle-ra, do bi ariam i n-Alban; ir
 é rin Dúgalh Doconnan, do rugad ran mbliadain 1716
 asur do rghioib a "Deata asur iompaad" féin
 i nGaedeil ar nór Naomh Aibrtin. Do cumad an
 d'an ro i Rannigeaet mór ar oir. Duó éir reat
 riollaib do beir ann gac line, asur críochnuigear

Think of the grave where thou must stay,
 Turning to clay thy body fair ;
 Soon into dust must change thy form,
 Gnawed by the worm and beetle there.

Think of the awful Judgment mount,
 Think of the fount of grace and rest,
 Think on repentance made betimes,
 Think on thy crimes and beat thy breast

When on thy couch—thy soul to save—
 Think that the grave shall gape ere long,
 Give thyself up to God and live,
 Live, and forgive who doth thee wrong.

Here is another poem by Donogha More O'Daly, which I took from a manuscript which Shawn O'Daly of Dublin copied from one of Father O'Keeffe's. O'Reilly, also, says that it was Donogha More who composed this poem, but if it was he, I hardly believe that it is about himself, but rather that it is about some one else he is speaking in it. Though, indeed, this is not certain, for from the beginning of Christianity down, many is the pious poet who ascribed to himself crimes that he never committed and would not commit for all the gold of the universe. It is undoubtedly a sort of humility which makes a man disparage himself thus, when he sees that he himself would be as bad as any one else if it were not for the graces of God steering him. The Scottish Gael will here think of the best religious poet—in my opinion—who ever arose in Alba, Dougald Buchannan, who was born in the year 1716, and who wrote his "Life and Conversion" in Gaelic, after the manner of Saint Augustine. This poem was originally composed in Great Rannuigheacht metre. There should be seven

ḡaḉ līne le fōcal aoin fīolla, aḉṡ ṡā ré fuo-beaḡ
ṡpuailiḡṡe i n-áiteaḉaib, aḡur fáḡmaoio níor mo 'nā
na peaḉṡ fīollaib ann ro aḡur ann rin.

Δ naom̃-m̃uire.

Δ naom̃-m̃uire, Δ m̃áṡaiṡ Ṳé,
ḡuib liom féin, an peaḉaḉ boḉṡ,
'noir aḡur aṡ uaiṡ mo báir
ir ṡpuaiṡ an cáṡ aṡá anoḉṡ.

ḡuib ḡo oíḉṡaḉ ṡo m̃ac féin
fá beir ṡo ṡ' péir,* Δ ḡnúir ḡlan,
m'fóirḡin ó ir é ṡo m̃ian
ḡuib ṡo ṡ' péir,* ḡo mbéirṡ ṡo m̃ac.

ḡuib an ṡ-ḉaiṡ 'ṡ an ḡpioraṡ naom̃
aṡir am' ṡaob Δ ḡmian ban,
ṡṡi peaṡṡanna a'ṡ aon Ṳia
ḡuib an m̃iḡ-ṡmaḉ aṡ mo fon.*

Ṳioḡaṡṡar ṡibṡeirḡe Ṳé
m̃i h-ionḡnaṡ é 'n Δ uam̃ant oṡm
le 'ṡi ṡuilleaṡ fala aḡur fíḉṡ†
muna ṡṡaḡaib oíḉ Δ ṡṡi ṡoṡm.‡

ḡeaḉṡ bpeaḉaib maṡḉṡaḉ' am' ḉlí||
fuam̃aṡaṡi rliḡe—ṡiṡ cúmaḡ an ṡṡeaḉ,—
a'ṡ cúmaḉṡa aṡ an méaṡ buṡ liom
ḡan ṡṡéan of Δ ḡ-ṡionn am' ḉṡeaṡ.||

* Ṳo ṡ' péir=úmal ouir, no aṡ aon innṡinn leaṡ.

† "uam̃an"=ṡḡannṡaṡ. "ṡlān ṡom ḉaṡ"—ms.

‡ "fala aḡur fíḉṡ"=nám̃ṡeaṡ aḡur peaṡḡ.

§ ṡoṡm=ṡaṡm. || ḉlí aḡur ṡṡeaṡ=ḉliab aḡur coṡṡ.

¹ This translation is almost in the metre of the original. *Literally*:
O Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray with myself, the poor sinner,
Now and at the hour of my death, Hard is the case which is to-night.
Pray earnestly thine own Son, Him to be of thy mind (!) O clear

syllables in each line, each line ending in a monosyllable, but it is a little corrupt in parts, and we find in the Irish more than the seven syllables here and there.

HOLY MARY.

Mary, mother dear of *God*,¹

Hear this *clod* that prayeth—I—

Now and at the hour of *death*,

When the *breath* is forced to fly.

Pray unto Thy Son, that He

Like to thee be minded still,

Thy will is to succour me,

Pray that He be of Thy will.

Pray unto the Father most,

With the Holy Ghost, for me,

They, together with thy Son,

Three in one are, One in Three.

God's avenging wrath I dread,

O'er my head His sword I see,

I have worked its edge to earn,

If thou turn it not from me.

Seven deadly sins ; each sin

Lurks within my aching soul,

All my thoughts are terror-tossed.

I have lost my own control.

countenance ; My succour, since that is thy desire, Pray that of one mind with thee thy Son may be.

Pray the Father and the Holy Spirit, Again concerning me, thou sun of women, Three persons and one God alone, Pray the king-chief for me.

The vengeance of the wrath of God, It is no wonder it to be a terror to me, Considering all the enmity and fierceness I have deserved, Unless of thee there come the putting of it aside.

Seven deadly sins in my breast, Have found room, though narrow the place (*literally* "though narrow the tribe") And power over all that appertains to me [have they won] Without a strong [master] over them in my body.

uabhar, saint, cheadar, a' r' Dhuir,
 leirge, tnuit, formais, fearg,
 luic-leanaidna atá am' uéoi^g
 Dá utu^gar de m' uéoin an tpeailb.

Deic n-aiceanta uilge Dé
 —Do dhur mé gac aicne ar fad,
 Crieveam uainzionn aet amáin *
 Do deic agam má tá glan.

Ainn Dé le h-ábhar fad
 a' r' tairpe naomh i múr ceall
 ir mionca eug mipe miam
 'ná muibe liat ar mo ceann.†

níor onómaidear rinnreap miam
 mar u'ómuais Dá, veapb an rgeul,
 a' r' ció anbhann dhig mo lámh
 Do díot a lán marb le m' deul.

níor obar (?) caipao na cill
 fá 'n méao air ar éinn mo lámh,
 San goio ann ar cuireap uúil,
 a' r' do goio an trúil cuio u'ar fá^g.

'na líontaib do gáib an Dhuir
 'S do goin mé i utúir mo maé,
 mná cuil, a' r' cómharrain, a' r' cáe,
 Dá utu^gar gmaó náir úlig mé.

* .1. Dhur mé an h-aiceanta uile, aet amáin go dhúil crieveam uainzionn agam, má tá an crieveam rin glan.

† Euc mé "tairpe" na naomh atá faoi mhúir (balla) ann rna rean ceallaid (muilgib) mar mhóio, níor minice 'na bain mé muibe liat ar mo ceann, agus rin faoi ábhar (fát) beag.

Pride, covetousness, greed and lust, Sloth, envy, jealousy, anger [Are] the followers that are after me, To whom I have given possession, of my own accord.

The Ten Commandments of the Law of God, I broke every Commandment of them altogether, But only firm faith, To be with me, if it is pure [i.e., that was the only thing I had?].

Covetousness, Lust and Pride,
 Stalk beside me, led by Greed,
 Enmity and heavy Sloth
 Follow both where e'er they lead.

God's Commandments, all the ten,
 From their den they bid me break,
 Only, like a fluttering breath,
 Faith is in my breast awake.

Lightly would I take God's name,
 Take in vain the holy dead,
 Thoughtless as my hand would tear
 Whit'ning hair from out my head.

Parents found not honour due,
 Though I knew their hearts have bled,
 Though my arm is weak and vain,
 Yet my mouth has slain instead.

When I wished to gain my end
 Church or friend I spared them not,
 Greedy looks my fierce eye sent
 Not content with what it got.

Lust did take me in the net
 Which she set for me in youth,
 Women, neighbours, near-of-kin,
 Ah! my sin hath brought them ruth.

The name of God, for light cause, And the relics of saints within
 the walled precincts of churches, Have I taken [i.e., sworn by]
 more often ever Than a grey hair out of my head.

I never honoured an elder, As God ordained, sure the story [i.e., the
 thing is true] And though feeble is the power of my hands Many
 used to be slain by my mouth.

I did not refuse? [*perhaps read "nior choigleas," "I did not
 spare"*] friend or church For all that my hand seized, Without
 stealing everything to which I took a fancy, And the eye stole a
 portion of what [the hand] left.

In her nets did lust take me And wounded me, at the beginning
 of my career. Women-within-prohibited-degrees, and neighbours,
 and everyone to whom I gave love that I ought not, [suffered].

ῥιαδὸννιρε θῥέιξε ῥαοι ὅδε
 Le ῥonn ὅο m' ἡαίτ ὅο ἔαετ λέ'
 Οὐ! ἱρ μαίρη ὅο ῥιnn ῥιαδὸν
 Ο' ῥ mipe an τί ὅο ῥinn é.

ἡι ῥαα[ῥ] bean áluinn óγ,
 Οἰξῥεαετ, ὀρ, no θῥύξ * ῥionn,
 Δγ don-neac naé ῥannτόεαιnn ιαο
 Ὅά nθεόηῥαὸ Ὅια γο mbuò liom.

ἱρ mipe ἀρ cáηθε ὅο εῦρη
 An αἰῥηξε, ciò τειγῥε ῥαοθ,
 ἀρ ιοετ† mo ῥαέ ὅο θεῖτ buan,
 Οὐ! ἱρ τῥηαξ mo ῥιοετ α naom.

Δγ ῥο impiðe eile le báηθo ῥῥιοῥαὸάλτα. ῥυαιρ
 mé ainn Ὅhonnέαιὸ Ὑι Ὅhάλαῖξ op α cionn ἱ ῥγῥiðinn
 ὅο ῥinne ῥάοῥαῖξ Ο ῥῥonnταὸ ῥan mbliaðain 1763
 áετ θ' éιοῖρη naé Ὅonnέαιὸ Μόρ áετ Ὅάλαε eile ὅο
 ῥinne é, ὀρη ni εῡγann Ε Ο Raγallaiξ an ὅan ῥο amearγ
 ὅan Ὅhonnέαιὸ Mhóρη. Τά ῥé ῥγῥiðéα ἱ ὅτοmῥ
 an θεααῖρη "an Rannaiγeáετ Ὅheαγ:" τά ῥεαετ ῥioll-
 laiὸ ann γαé line αγῥ ῥῥiðénuῖγτεαῖ γαé line le
 ῥocal ὅά ῥiolla.

ογγαιλ an ὅorus α ῥεαὅαιη.
 ογγαιλ an ὅοῥαῖ α ῥεαὅαιη‡
 Ο' ῥ ouit ὅleaγτεαῖ α ὅéanaη,
 ἀῥτεαé γο ὅτι an éolann
 leiγ an τ-anam 'na donari.

* =τεαé μόρη, no ῥάλαῖρ bán.

† =ἀρ uέτ, ἀρ uέτ, ἱ. ἀρ ῥon.

‡ ἡι cóρη níοῥ mó ná ῥεαετ ῥiollaiὸ θεῖτ ann γαé don line, ἀρ an
 áððari ῥin léῖξ an line μαῖ ῥο "ογγαιλ ὅοῥαῖ α ῥεαὅαιη." (?)

Lying witness, beneath [specious] colour Through desire of my
 own good to come out of it [did I bear] Och! it is a misery that I
 ever did it, For it is I was the person who did.

Witness, specious but untrue,
 Worked to do myself a good,
 Ah ! how often have I wrought,
 —And the thought is bitter food.

Never saw I woman fair,
 Never heir, nor house, nor gold,
 But my greedy hand has sought
 If it thought that it could hold.

Long, too long, have I put off
 With a scoff, repentance due,
 Not rememb'ring death nor pain,
 —Now in vain my scorn I rue.

Here is another prayer by a spiritual bard. I found Donogha O'Daly's name to it in a manuscript which Patrick O'Prunty wrote in the year 1763, but possibly it was not Donogha Mór, but some other O'Daly who composed it, for O'Reilly does not give this poem amongst those of Donogha Mór. It is written in a very difficult metre, the Little Ranneeacht. There are seven syllables in each line, and each ends with a dissyllable.

OPEN THE DOOR O PETER !

Peter, in at thy *portal*¹
 Let a poor *mortal* venture.
 Let unto Body *waiting*
 Soul through thy *grating* enter.

I never saw beautiful young woman, Inheritance, gold or white mansion With anyone, that I would not covet them, If God would consent that they should be mine.

It was I who put off Repentance, Though it was foolish understanding [made me], Hoping that my career would be lasting, Och, pitiful is my condition O Holy [Mary].

¹This is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :

Open the door O Peter, Since it is for you it is lawful to do it, In, to the body, Let the soul by itself.

Dá breuorainn dul ardeac*
 leis an trlige do m' cumar,
 atáir anoir le tamall
 tuiúir do m' éarraigis ó'n uorair.

Ir de 'n tuiúir rin an diaðal
 asur miana na colla,
 'S an raozal bíor o' ár millead,
 a dé go s-cinnir orra.

Ó'n ueruiúir atá 'gam' feiteamh
 ní eis liom teiteamh 'ná cornamh,
 ní forair o'feair san éiríad
 Dul ar éigin 'ran uorair.

Orzail a muike mátair
 freazair látair an corzair,†
 má bíonn peadar go rioctair
 Sad an eodair a'r forzail.

As ro dán do rinne fear air ar goill díomáoinear
 an traogail reó, dán atá as cur i s-céill naé bfuil
 i s-carctanar na n-daoine acé mar rzáile iméigear
 ar raðaric nuair éuitear tuine i mboctanar. Ir
 cúir i rin air a n-dearraid mórán de na bárdair
 dánta díad, asur dbráin binne bríogmáir, asur
 rannra ro-geura. Tá a lán de bíorair ann, as déan-
 aih an searáin ceudna, i mbríatáir eile. Thar-
 raing mé an dán ro ar rzuibinn ann mo feilb do

* tá fuo éigin amuza ann ran líne reo.

† Ir é rin "bí as an áit a bfuil an triois, asur tabair buille
 a n-dzáir peadar air mo fionra?"

If I were able to go in, Leave the way free to me, There are now
 this some time back Three drawing me from the door.

Of those three is the devil, And the desires of the flesh, And the
 world which does be destroying us, O God that thou mayest over-
 come them.

Oh, if it thus may venture,
 Enter let without hindrance,
 For there are three now working
 Jerking it from the entrance.

One of these is the Devil
 Living for evil solely,
 World and Flesh too are vieing
 Trying to have it wholly.

And through these three thus waiting
 In their hot hating malice,
 Hard for a soul to venture
 Or to enter God's palace.

Open O Mary Mother,
 None other have I hope in,
 His keys—if cross—'twere meeter
 Take from Peter and open.

Here is a poem which some man composed who felt keenly the vanity of this world, giving us to understand that in the friendship of men there is only, as it were, a shadow, which passes out of sight when one falls into poverty. This is a subject upon which many of the bards made religious poems, and melodious pointed songs, and very sharp ranns. There exist a number of pieces which make the same complaint in different words. I took this one from a

From the three who are waiting for me, I cannot fly nor guard [myself], It is not easy for a man without armour, To go forcibly through the door.

Open O Mary mother, Be present (?) at the place of battle, If Peter be surly, Take thou the key and open.

pinne Máirtan O Sruibéa, fada buí i gcill-Roig i
 g-conradé an Chláir, agus leadais mé an litneadh
 beagán. Do cumadh an dán ro i Rannaisgeacht Mhóir
 áit tá ré truaillighe go móir.

an saogal slim. file gan ainm cecinit.

De cleadaib an traoisil filim
 'O' fear raióidh naé baogal tair,
 má 'r raióidh—atá gan éill,
 mar naé utéir* an ceart 'na ceann.

Dám-ra buí fíor an rgeul,
 an t-am buí h-aoibinn mo nóir
 buí móir mo éaraid 'r mo fad;
 —O'f boét, ní éirí don vo m' éoir.

Lá raimh a éiríge na gheim'
 —Tuis féin chéad é an fát—
 ní feicim-re mo ríat féin,
 ar ríat donneir,† ní feicim ríat.

Do éirí mé, 'r ní feicim mé.
 'S má cíó‡ mé ní feicim mé
 saoirí fíad, iad noul vo m' ríat,
 síó mife mé naé mé é.

* "utéirgeann" MS.

† "don noul," fán MS.

‡ "cíó." MS.

¹This is nearly in the metre of the original. *Literally*: It is one of the tricks (peculiarities) of the sleek (or flattering?) world, That to a rich man there is no danger of disgrace. (But) if he is poor, (then) he is without sense, since the right does not penetrate into his head. [*This last line seems corrupt.*]

To me it was true, the story, At the time that my mode-of-living was delightful, Great (numerous) were my friends and kinsfolk.— Since it is poor no one comes near me.

manuscript in my possession made by Martin O Griobhtha or Griffin, a blacksmith in Kilrush, Co. Clare, and I have amended the orthography a little.

THE SLEEK WORLD.¹

(*An anonymous poet sang.*)

Sleek and *unhealthy* this world is,
Where "*wealthy*" means "wise" and "good"
and "free,"
Where if a man is only *poor*
All men are *sure* a fool is he.

I, too, have found the story true,
That wealth means glory, honour, cheer.
Flocks of friends once thronged my door,
I grew poor—and none come near.

These summer days, since coarse my dress,
(Easy to guess the cause at last !)
I see no more my shadow thrown
On shadows others passing cast.

The men I saw, they saw me not,
Or, if they saw they would not see.
They thought, I think, I was not I,
But something different from me.

On summer day, from the rising of sun,—Understand yourself what is the reason,—I do not see my own shadow (falling) On the shadow of anyone (else) (for) I see no shadow (of another).

I see, and they do not see me, Or if they see me they see me not, They think after the departing of my fortune Though myself am I, that I am not I.

If I were myself (as I was) My way would be brighter than brightness (in their eyes) Although now they pay no heed Either to my death or my life any more.

Ὡά mbuð mipe mipe féin
 Duð žile 'ná žile mo nóρ,
 Bíoð anoir nað ž-cuimio cáρ
 Am' báp ná am' beata fóp.

Ὡά mbuð líonta u'óm mo éμunc
 A'ρ mé žan únnpa oe 'n céill,
 Ὡéappaið an maið a'ρ an t-olc
 m' eagna éap Solam žo utéro.*

ní bfuil ašam cμut† ná réao,
 ní bfuil ašam tμéao ná táin,
 Ὡo claoélað mo éion anoir
 ní bfuil ašam μop na μáib.‡

Ir é meap an tμaožail míoρ
 O bμaiðio mo pτόρ žo žann
 Ὡá utazμainn ceapic ašup cóρ
 nað bfuil acé žlóρ aμio' ann.

Feap ouaμic paiðbρ—μáð žan céilt—
 Aρ pín bionn feilc ašup féioμ,
 Aρ féin a ceann a'ρ a tóin
 Aρ a utis žac žlóρ žo tμeun.§

* "žo teann." ms

†=ní'l oμeao ašup píoł lín ná píoł μáib ašam? "claoélað"
 =claoélaμžeo? .i. uo h-aéμaižeo, uo mίlleao.

‡ "cμoð" ms. cμut=μaiðμeap, éallac.

§ "žo teann," ms.

If my trunk were filled with gold ! And I without an ounce of
 sense They would say, both good and bad, That my wisdom goes
 beyond Solomon's.

If I myself again were I,
 Bright in their eye myself would be,
 Though now they care not if I rot,
 They heed not what becomes of me.

If I had gold for all their clan
 —And I not man but brute—yet such
 Creatures would swear, and loudly too,
 “Solomon knew not half as much.”

Now I have neither herd nor flock,
 Jewel in stock, nor steed in stall,
 And all men think of me, I swear,
 As one not there, one dead to all.

The world begins to gibe at me
 Because men see my store is gone,
 Though I should like an angel speak
 They say, “the weak, the prating man.”

The purse-proud churl, the wealthy boor,
 The world is sure with him to bear,
 Praising his boasts and foolish lies,
 “His voice is wise,” they say, “and fair.”

(Now) I have neither cattle nor jewel, I have neither flock nor herd, My reputation has now been upset, I have neither flax-seed nor rape-seed [neither *rus* nor *raub*, a proverbial expression meaning I am quite cleaned out. I have no crops of any sort.]

It is the opinion of the great world (i.e., the public) Since they perceive my treasure to be scarce, Though I were to argue (what was) right and justice, That there was nothing in it but the voice of a fool.

A churlish man and rich,—a saying not concealed—On him there is jauntiness (?) and power, (?) His own are his head and his hips From which every sound comes out strongly.

Δ Όια εὐρη ἰαὸ ἀμ' ἥιοῦτ
 (Ἀγυρ μίρε γὰν γερυῖ ἀτάιμ)
 Ἰόννη ἀμ' ἐαίλλ μέ οὐ μο ἡεαρ
 ἰαρηαίμ ορη-γὰ μ' ἀναμ ὀ' φάξαιλ.

Ἀς γο ὡάν εἰλε ἀμ' νεῖμ-νιὸ ἀν τραοξάιλ ἀγυρ ἀν
 τραϊὸβριρ. Ἀτά ὡάν εἰλε ἀνν, ἀν-ῶορμῆιλ λειρ ἀν
 νῶάν γο. Τορμυγεαὐν πέ μαρ γο,

Τριύρ ἀτά ἀς βρετ ἀμ' μο δάρ
 Ἰὸ τάρ οὐ γνὰτ ἀμ' δυν
 ἱρ τρυαξ γὰν ἀ γερῶαὸ λε γὰν
 ἀν Ὀιαδελ ἀν ἐλαὐν 'ρ ἀν ἐνυμ.

Ἀττ Ἰὸ γο ὡεγανν Ε Ο Ραξάλλαιξ ἀν ὡάν γο
 ἀμεαρξ ὡάν Ὀνῶαὶὸ ἡῖοιρ ὡειρ πέ γο βρεῖλ γάτ ἀιγε
 γὰ ἀ γερῶεαὐν πέ νὰτ εἰρεαν ὡο ἥννε ἐ. Ἀς γο
 μο ῶοιρ-ρε ὡε. Ὠο ἐλὸβυαίλ Σεάξαν Ο Ὀάλαιξ ῶοιρ
 εὐγρῆαίλ ὡε ἰ λεαβὰρ ἀβράν "Ἰαὶὸξ Ἰαολαίξ" ἀς
 γὰὸ γυρ Ὀνῶαὸ Ο Ὀάλαιξ ὡο ἥννε ἐ. Τὰ πέ
 γρηῖοβτα ἰ Ρανναίγεαττ ἡῖοιρ

να ἐνυμῆ, ἀν ἐλαὐν 'ς ἀν Ὀιαδελ.

Τριύρ ἀτά 'ς βρετ ἀμ' μο δάρ
 Ἰὸ τάρ οὐ γνὰτ ἡμ δυν;
 'ρ τρυαξ γὰν ἀ γερῶαὸ λε γὰν
 ἀν Ὀιαδελ ἀν ἐλαὐν 'ρ ἀν ἐνυμ.

* This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally*: Three there are watching for my death Though they are always with me (?) It is a pity that they are not hanged with a gad [*the Irish mode of hanging traitors*] The Devil, the Children, and the Worm.

Those who now jeer and mock my word,
 Make them, O Lord, most poor like me,
 But for my honours flown away
 Grant me some day to dwell with Thee.

Here is another poem on the nothingness of the world and of riches. There is another poem very like this one, beginning

Three there be, watching for my death,
 Although they are ever with me (?)
 Alas that they be not hanged with a gad,
 The Devil, the children, and the worm.

Although O'Reilly gives us this poem amongst those of Donogha More's he says that he has cause for believing that it was not he who composed it. The following is my version of it. Shawn O'Daly printed a different copy of it in the book of songs of "Teig O Sullivan the Gaelic," and says it was Donogha O'Daly wrote it. It is in the Great Rannuigheacht metre.

THE WORMS, THE CHILDREN, AND THE DEVIL.*

There be three—my heart it saith—
 Wish the death of me infirm,
 Would that they were hanged on tree,
 All three, Children, Devil, Worm.

The worms—though unhappy that—When my back is placed
 beneath the clay, They would rather have my body Than my poor
 soul and my wealth.

My children would rather my wealth To be with themselves to-
 night—Though near their kinship is to me—Than that my soul
 should remain at one with my body.

The Devil, of gloomiest deeds, The man who likes nothing but
 fault, For the jewels of the whole world He has no desire, nor for
 my body [only for my soul].

na cumta, ció aḡḡaraḡ rúo,
 Tan* cuirítear mo éúl 'ran ḡḡré,
 Do b'ḡearr leó aca mo éorḡ
 'ná m' anam boét a'r mo ḡḡré.

Do b'ḡearr le mo élainn mo ḡḡré
 Do beit aca féin anoét,
 —Daḡ-ra ció ḡoḡar a ḡḡaol—
 'ná m' anam mar don 'r mo éorḡ.

An oiaḡal ir ooirḡe oáil
 An ḡearr me naḡ áil áct loét,
 Ar ḡéaḡaib an beaḡa cé †
 Ní ḡḡuail a ḡḡéir ná 'nn mo éorḡ.

A ériort do ériotá i ḡḡann
 'S do ḡoineáḡ le oáil ḡan rúil,
 O táro aḡ ḡraḡ ar mo ḡlaḡ,
 Ir ḡḡuaḡ ḡan ḡao ar an oḡriúr.

Do tḡḡ mé anoir ḡo leór de na oáḡaib do ḡi
 cumta le ḡior-ḡáḡoaiḡ ḡiaḡalta, ann ran Oán Oḡreáḡ,
 aḡur do máir, (curo aca) ameapḡ na ḡoaoine ḡo oḡi
 toḡaḡ na h-aoirḡe reó. Ní tiubḡaiḡ mé áct don éeann
 aḡáin eile de'n ḡróḡe ro, mar ḡompla ar an ḡcaol

*=an t-am.

†an beaḡa cé=an oḡman iomlán.

O Christ who wast crucified upon the tree And who wast wounded
 by the blind without an eye, Since they are watching to despoil me
 Alas that there is not a gad (noose) upon the three !

²The translation of this verse is much more in the metre of the
 original than that of the first verse, for though many of the Irish
 lines, and even whole ranns, may be found composed of trochees
as triúr á | tá'g bráth | ar mó | bhás, i.e., *Thréithère | bé my | héart it |*
sáth, yet the majority of the Irish lines will not read as trochaic
 ones at all, but the necessary seven syllables are made up of trochees,
 spondees, dactyls, and iambs—if one may use these terms of Latin
 prosody—indifferently, which gives the Irish verses a great deal of
 variety in the scansion of them. Thus the line *Thé worms | it is |*
á sáḡ | thóught is an iambic one, while the following line contains
 two spondees and a trochee, and the third of the same rann is a still
 more compound line, to the scansion of which Latin terms of prosody
 are unequal. Though these verses are always written in ranns of

The worms—it is a sad thought—
 When I am brought under clay,
 My body they make their goal,
 For wealth or soul nought care they.

My children care for my wealth
 More than my health, when all's done,
 They'd give, to get its control,
 My body and soul in one.

The loathly devil, I wis,
 Whose business is to sow tares,
 Not for body, not for gold,
 Only for my soul he cares,

Now O Christ, for us who died,
 Crucified upon the tree,
 These three wait for me to die,
 —Swing them high in death all three.

I have now given enough of the poems which were composed by the regular bards of the "Straight Metre," and which survived—at least some of them—amongst the people until the beginning of this century. I shall only give one

four lines with seven syllables in each line, they might perhaps be better read in some such way as this

The worms,
 (It is a sad thought)
 When I am brought
 Under clay,

My body
 They make their goal,
 For wealth or soul
 Nought care they.

My children care
 For my wealth
 More than my health
 When all's done,

They'd give to get
 It's control,
 My body
 And soul, in one.

I have, however, in my translations usually made the lines of these poems either wholly iambic or wholly trochaic. The scansion of Irish *Dán Direach* metres is a great crux to continental scholars. I hope to examine them more fully in my "*Báird agus Bárdúigheacht*."

other poem of this sort, as an example of the way in which the religious bards disputed in their poems, arguing, reasoning, and proving the truth of the Roman faith against those who forsook the creed of their fathers. I give a portion of this poem because it is one which throws much light upon the minds and mode of thought of the greater number of the Irish at that time, and I am almost certain that poems of this kind exercised very much power in keeping the people from the faith of the Sasanachs.

This piece was composed by Giolla Bhrighid (Gilbride) O'Hussey, a friar of the order of St. Francis in the college of St. Anthony at Louvain. He was educated in the schools of the bards before he left Ireland, and it was he who wrote the poem given in my "Bards and Bardism," beginning

Farewell to thee O man who composest,"

bidding farewell to Erin, to poetry, and to his friends, on his leaving his native country. He printed the "Christian Doctrine," or Catechism, in Irish, in the year 1608, and again in Antwerp in 1611; the same book was printed for the third time at Rome in 1707. He placed at the end of this book a long poem of 88 ranns or quatrains against a dear friend of his own who fell into heresy. This poem was very common among the people and is to be found in many of their manuscripts. I extract a portion of it from the book that was printed in Rome, and from a MS. which I have myself, in which it is written out more correctly than it is printed. It would, I think, be difficult to put into verse more compact and neater arguments. There is a note written

béurraigeaí. Adá nóta (rḡrḡbḡta le peann) do rinne S. O h-*Arḡadain*, ar *taoib* duilleoige ann mo *cóip-re* o'focloir na Sḡrḡbḡnóir *ḡaeḡeilḡ* le E. O *Raḡallaiḡ*, aḡ *rád* sup ar an *Maolmhuire Mac Crait*,* ari ar *ḡráctar* ruar, do rinne O h-*Eḡdara* an *oán ro*. *Toraig-eann* an *oán* ann ran *leabhar clḡbhuailte* mar *ro*,

“*ḡruaḡ liom a cḡmpáin do cḡr.*”

Aíct *rḡḡaim amaí* an *oá* rann *toraig*. *Leaḡaim* an *liḡruaḡo beaḡán*.

oá bḡeicḡeá mar do cḡo cáí.

oá bḡeicḡeá mar do cḡo cáí

an ḡroille aḡ o' earbuio oḡt,

buir noḡrḡaíct do buio léir liḡ,

do ḡuigḡeo rḡb féin buir ḡcḡr.

* Cḡo ḡo *raib* na *báir*o *oiaḡa cḡm* ḡeup rin *anaḡaio* an *máolmhuire* *reó*, nḡ *raib* an *ḡear* boíct *leat cḡm h-oic* le *curo* *ve* na *oaoiḡib* do *ḡáinḡ* 'na *oiaḡ* b'ar *ḡearmann-Mac-Crait* i ḡcḡo*oá* *ḡearmanaí* é *féin*, aḡur *oḡan* *ré* i ḡoóḡnuiḡe *cariḡanaí* *leir* na *bunnaḡaib* móra *ḡaeḡalaí* i ḡCúḡ *ulaḡ*. Bḡ *earboḡ* *rḡmánaí* *cḡrcaíḡ* 'na *cḡl-cḡeatai* *oó*, aḡur do *raoi* *Maolmhuire* é, *ḡráí*, *nuaḡ* *bḡ* *fé* i ḡcḡo*taḡaḡit* *báir*. Rinne *ré* an *nio* *cḡuona* le *curo* *ve* na *raḡarḡaib* *rḡmánaí* *nuaḡ* *bḡ* *baḡal* *oḡra*. Nioḡ *rḡrḡoḡ*, nioḡ *ḡéir-lea*, aḡur nioḡ *márb* *ré* *uine* ar *bí*. Ir *cḡrḡúil* ḡo *raib* a *ḡea* 'na *Catoilceá* i ḡcḡóḡnuiḡe, aḡur *o'iompaḡ* a *curo* *má* *ḡreir* 'na *rḡmánaḡib*, no ir *cḡrḡúil* *naí* *raib* *raio* *aruaḡ* 'na *bḡroḡeḡtḡnaḡib*. *ḡeir* *curo* ḡo *bḡuaḡ* *ré* *féin* *bár* 'na *Catoilceá*. Nioḡ *oḡoí*-*uine* *aí* *uine* *raḡalḡa* é . . *ruaḡ* *ré* *moḡán* *raioḡbḡr* aḡur *cḡḡḡaiḡ* *ré* *féin*, aḡur a *cḡlann* 'na *oiaḡ*, ḡreim *oainḡeann* *aḡ*. Bḡ *ré* 102 *bliḡaḡ* *o'aoir* *nuaḡ* *o'eus* *re*. *Cḡuḡḡaḡ* *rir* *náir* ḡoill *oḡoí*-*aḡnear* na *máir*o *aḡ*!

¹ Although the religious bards were always so bitter against this Miler, the poor man was not half so bad as some of the people who came after him. He was from Termon-Magrath in Fermanagh, and he always remained in friendship with the great Gaelic families in

in ink made by O Hargadáin or Hardiman, on the side of the page in my copy of O'Reilly's Dictionary of Irish Writers, saying that it was about Maolmhuire or Miler MacGrath¹ of whom I have spoken already, that O'Hussey made this poem. The piece begins thus in the printed book—

“O companion, I pity thy case.”

But I omit the first two ranns. I have amended the orthography a little.

SAWEST THOU AS OTHERS SEE.

Sawest thou, as others *see*,

All the light from *thee* cut off,

Thou wouldst know how dark thou *art*,

Thou wouldst *start* instead of scoff.²

Ulster. The Popish bishop of Cork was first cousin to him, and Miler saved his life when he was in danger of death. He did the same thing by several Popish priests when they were in peril. He neither plundered, persecuted, nor slew anyone. It is likely that his wife was always a Catholic, and his sons turned Papist also, or indeed it is likely that they never were Protestants. Some say that he himself died a Catholic. He was not a vicious but a worldly man. He gained great wealth, and he, and his children after him, kept a firm hold of it. He was 102 years of age when he died—a proof that the insults of the bards did not much affect him!

² This translation is in the metre of the original, with the exception mentioned in my last note, namely, that my lines are trochaic, while many of the lines in the original will not scan as composed of trochees. This may be taken as said once for all about “Great Rannuigheacht,” and indeed about most of the Dán Díreach metres. Also my lines do not all end in monosyllables, which is, however, *de rigueur* in the original.

Literally: If thou wert to see as everyone sees The light that is lacking to thee, Thy darkness would be clear to thee, Thou wouldst understand thy own condition [*observe the curious change of the verb from the singular to the plural, in this verse, “dá bhfeicfeá,” but “do thuigfeadh sibh”*].

Ὅο τειγρε ζευρ ζήμαναδ ζλαν
 Ὅο ὠαλλαδ ἰ ὠά τοιλ πέιν,
 Τημαδ νὰδ ὠτάηλα λιθ-ρε ο εῦιρ
 λιαδζ ὠο φόηηρεαδ εῦ ο ὠ' πέιν.

Ὅο ὠ'φουταετ ὠο μαδαινη πέιν
 Δετ ζο ζελαιν μέ—μυρε αη νοόιζ—
 Ὁταη νοήνεαδ λιθ ὠο ὠ' ἐμάδ *
 νὰδ λειζ λάν λιαζα ὠά ἐόηη.

Δο' ζοηηε ὁ νὰδ [δ]φέαῶαιμ οὐλ
 Ουη-ρε ἐυζαμ αη ρον Ὁέ,
 'S αη ἐάηηρεαη ἀη ρινηηεαη ρόμῶαινη,
 Οῦιρ τ' εαηλάιντε ὠε ὠ' ὠόιζ πέιν.

Αη ὠαλλ ἀτά αη τειγρε ηυῶη?
 Νο αη ἰ αη τοιλ λε μῶαη αη εῦιρη
 Ὅο εῦιρ αη εεό ρο αη ὠο ἐέιλλ,
 Σοιλλη αη ἐηειῶη νὰδ λείη ὠυιτ.

μά'ρ ἰ αη τειγρε, μά'ρ ἰ αη τοιλ
 ἰρ ειονηταδ λε ὠ' εῦρ ταη ἐέιλλ,
 βίοδ οημ αη τειγρε ὠο ἐορζ
 'S βίοδ ἐορζ να τοῶα οητ πέιν.

μά'ρ ἰ αη τειγρε ἰρ ειονηταδ λιθ
 Δζ ρο ὠυιτ α λειζεαη ρύο,
 Οηειο ὀ'η εαζλαηρ βηιαεηα Ὁέ
 Ὁ'ρ ὠί νοεταη† πέιν α ηύν.

* “Ὁά ηάδ” ἴαν λεαδαι, νὰδ ὠτειγμ.

† .i. ἰρ ὠο'η εαζλαηρ νοεταη Ὁια α ηύν.

Thy sharp sunny clear intelligence It has been blinded of its own will. Alas that there met thee not at the beginning A physician who would relieve thee from pain.

To thy succour would I go myself Except that I hear—'tis surely the worse—That there is a venomous disease with thee destroying thee, That admits not the hand of a leech near it.

Into thy presence since I cannot come, Do thou send me for God's sake And for the friendship of our ancestors before us, The case of thy ailment, of thy own free-will.

Thy intelligence once bright,
 Borne so light on soaring wings,
 Now is clouded; since the Will
 Takes its fill of worldly things.

As physician, I were come
 To thy home with wholesome speech,
 Long ago, but that there are
 Those who bar me from thy reach.

Since I cannot come to cure,
 I conjure by God's decrees,
 By our friendship's holy tear,
 Let me hear of thy disease.

Is it Reason, clouded still,
 Or thy Will with worldly breath
 That hath made thee dark of mind,
 That hath left thee blind to faith ?

If thy Reason be amiss
 I for this have cure I hope;
 If to wrong thy Will be prone
 Thou alone with it canst cope.

If at fault thy Reason be
 Let us see what makes it dim,
 Through His Church speaks God. Believe
 What she doth receive of Him.

Is it blind that the Understanding is ever, Or is it the Will with the desire of the body, Which hath cast this mist over thy reason, So that the light of the faith is not visible to thee ?

Be it the Understanding or be it the Will That is guilty of leading thy sense astray [*literally*: "of putting thee beyond sense"], Let it fall to me to compel the Understanding, But let the compulsion of the Will fall upon thyself.

If it is the Understanding that is guilty with thee Here is for thee the cure of that, Believe from the Church the words of God, Since it is to her He himself discloses His secrets.

Dī-re tḡáēt, noētar a mún,
 —eóin v'á v̄eapḡaó v̄úinn a'r pól—
 Spiorao Dé ne a h-aīr v̄e ḡnāē
 nī dī aī m̄eapḡall, ḡá v̄eáim v̄ó (?)*

An pápa 'r a nḡabann leir
 īr í an eagḡlaīr a v̄eīr m̄e.
 nī ḡfuil eagḡlaīr eile aēt reó
 aḡaīnn a-ḡor aī v̄it c̄é.†

Dó ḡeall Dia v'á v̄eapḡaó rin
 —lom̄a rḡrībḡúīr īv̄ v'á m̄áó—
 eagḡlaīr ró-ḡaīcḡionna ḡrībort
 nāc ḡcuīrḡv̄e í rībort ḡo v̄rāē.

Dó'n eagḡlaīr Románta aīh̄aīn
 Dó cóim̄leáó ‡ ro—v̄áil ḡo ḡrībort §—
 aḡá anuār o aīmḡrī ḡrībort
 ḡan ēlaoclóó, ḡan v̄it, ḡan rḡrībort.

ḡac eīrīceāēē t̄aīnḡ m̄aīh̄,
 m̄all v̄o t̄rīall no 'r ḡeapḡ v̄o m̄aīh̄,
 m̄aī rin, nī|| eagḡlaīr v̄o ḡrībort
 aon ēv̄ro v̄íob nāc l̄aḡm̄ann aīh̄.

ná h-aḡm̄aó, tḡáēt, Calḡín ēlaon
 no l̄úīteīr n̄āī ēlaon ó ḡrībēḡ,
 no cīa b̄é v̄rībēḡ leanaīr v̄íob
 ḡur ab eagḡlaīr ḡrībort īao r̄eīn.

* "ḡá v̄eáim v̄ó" = "cao é aīr a ḡfuil m̄e aḡ l̄aḡaīr" .i. nī m̄iāētanāc é tuilleáó v̄o m̄áó aīh̄ rin.

† = Aī an v̄oīman īoml̄án.

‡ = Dó cóim̄-líonaó.

§ = īr ḡníoī rin aīh̄ a ḡfuil rībort aḡ c̄āē.

|| = "nāc," MS.

To her indeed he discloses his secrets, We have John proving that
 to us and Paul, The spirit of God by her side ever, Does not be
 astray, why say more (?)

The Pope and those who hold with him That is the church I speak
 of, There is no other church than this For us on-this-side [the grave]
 in the whole world.

God doth keep her free from smirch ;
 With his Church his spirit is ;
 John hath said it, Paul hath said,
 Thou hast read it, well I wis.

By the Church I mean the Pope
 And the group by him that hold,
 Ye shall find no other Church
 Though ye search till ye be old.

God hath promised—thou hast read
 What he said, and thou must know—
 Christ's church visible to all
 Ne'er shall fall nor be brought low.

Of the Roman Church alone
 This is shown the truth to be.
 Since the death of Christ, it stood
 Unsubdued, self-acting, free.

It hath stood, but where are gone
 All the spawn of lies and strife?
 Every heresy that came
 Brief its fame and short its life.

Let not Calvin dare to say
 — No nor Luther self-enticed—
 That the men who follow them
 Are themselves the Church of Christ.

God promised in proof of that—There is many a passage of Scripture with you which says so—The visible church of Christ That it would not be put down for ever.

Of the Roman Church only Has this been fulfilled—a well-known thing—It is from the time of Christ down, Without change, without want, without destruction.

Every heresy that ever came Slowly it travelled or short it lived, Consequently they are not a church for Christ Any portion of those who do not speak of him. [*Perhaps we should read cum vobis ponit a latere aut, i.e., "Some of those who speak about Him are not of His church."*]

Let not indeed Partial Calvin say, Nor Luther who swerved not from a lie, Or whatever people cling to them, That they are themselves the Church of Christ,

Cia bé eaglais leannar rian
 nì tainis miann mòrpa féin,
 m' a' r i rin an eaglais fìor
 Cionnar pearras Cùirt an ùis.

Το μέρις α η-αυμάλα πέιν
 Cύς ceυθ βλιαδαιν ταη έιρ έρφορε
 An eaγλαιρ Románta éαιθ
 θυθ h-í amáin an eaγλαιρ πέιν.

10nnann oi an uaiw rin 'r anoir
 ioüðaiwε racrament, móð, á'r beup,
 Cpeioeañ, teaγapz, cóñact, bpiž,
 nioñ aεpiaiž rí a ptaio oo žpéap.†

fá 'n am rin do bádaí ann
 aithe naomhta, clann do úda,
 sac a bfuil againn anois
 is iad-ran do teagairt iad.

fá 'n am rin táinig ó'n Róim
 pádraig naomta ar chóir-riúdal,
 sac a bfuil againn anoir
 is é rin do teagairt dúinn.

ԸՆԴՈՒՆԱԾ ԵՍ ԵՃՏԱՐՅ ՄՈՒՆՈՒ
 ԲԱՐՈՒՄԱՅ ԽՈՒՆՈՒՄԻՆԱԼ ԴԵ,
 ՄԱ ՍՈ ԷՐԵՅՏՐԵԱՄ Ի ՔՈՆՆԱԻՄ ՎԱԾ,
 ՇԱ Կ-Ի ԱՆ ՎԱԻՐ ՍՈ ԷՐԵՅՏՐԵԱՄ Է.

* Aliter, "cionnarr rathraibh Críost ar bheis."

† Όο-ξέρει = 50 βράτ, μιαν.

‡ “*ἀν νόμῳ πῦλ,*” MS. “*ἔαυρ νόμῳ πῦλ,*” *ἑαδῶρ.* *μά’ρ ἑαυρ*
ἀν ἑαδῶρ το ἱρ ἱοννάνν ἑ αἷυρ “*πά’ρῶντ ἀν ἀν νόμῳ πῦλ* (.i.
ἑαυρ) *σο ἑαδῶντ.*”

‡ = Sean-foirm = "ἐπέξεσθαι." Pionnam = πειρασμός.

Whatever the church be which they follow It never came [into existence] before themselves, If that [church of theirs] is the true church How shall Christ stand upon a lie?

According to their own admission For five hundred years after Christ The chaste Roman church It alon was the true church.

How of them can that be true?

They are new—of mushroom growth—
Christ ye make untrue I trow
If ye now accept them both.

For the first five hundred years
—It appears themselves admit—
Christ's (our Roman) church was still
Free from ill, with saints in it.

As it was, so it is, pure,
Sacramental, sure, and true,
One in doctrine, faith and power,
For one hour no change it knew.

Holy fathers all this time
Lived, sublime in deed and thought,
All of what we teach to-day
It was they who brought and taught.

Then it was, from Rome, like flame,
Patrick came, our souls to save,
All that we believe to be
It was he who taught and gave.

Now that faith which Patrick brought,
Brought and taught, which we did take,
If you say that we forsook
When I pray did we forsake?

The same for it at that time and now [are] the offering of the Sacraments, manners and customs, Faith, teaching, power, force, It has not changed its state ever (?).

At this time there were in it Holy Fathers, children of God, Everything which we now have, It was they who taught it.

At this time there came from Rome Holy Patrick with favourable journey, Everything which we now have, It was he who taught it to us.

The faith which he taught us [I mean] Patrick who was God's disciple If we had forsaken it, I ask of you what was the time at which we forsook it?

Sígne trídé ran eaglais Dó
 Ár ár n-eaglais, léim do éad,
 Atá ár lorg na n-earbal, raon
 donda, coitcéionn, naoim, ve ghnáé.

Ar lorg na n-earbal* atá
 —ní beag dam u'á dearbhadó ró—
 A n-dearbhaidó céad eaglais Chríost
 Gac níó díob do gnió rí rór.†

Atáir earbuig inni rór
 —Dearbhaidó eile a'r lór ár rúo—
 Ar lorg a éile ve ghnáé
 Ó lá beadhair gur an lá anoiú.

Atá ár n-eaglais donda, leir,
 don éorip cumairg gan ceile inn,
 don éeann ár an g-corip ro atá,
 na baili, trídé, do réir an éinn.

Coitcéionn, déit ció geannnuiré í,
 Gadhaidó rí gac neac me n-a toir,
 Atá ann, gac aimir ann miam,
 Do bí ann gac tír, triair a'r troir.

naoiméa rór ár n-eaglais f'aoir,
 beata naoim ag teagairg uúinn,
 tomóa a miorbúil a'r a fáidó,
 —lór do éad u'á dearbhadó rúo.

* .i. abrtall.

† "ní ré anoir," MS. ní'l an mian ro ann ran leabhar clóduailte
 déit tá ré ann mo láim-rghibinn féin.

Signs [notes] too [that] are in the church of God [are] in our
 church, plain to all, It is on the track of the apostles, free, One,
 catholic, holy ever.

On the track of the apostles it is, No small [arguments there are]
 for me proving this. All that the first church of Christ did, Each
 thing of them she [our church] does still.

There are bishops still in her, Another proof and plenty for that,

In the Church of God are notes,
 And these notes are in our own,
 Apostolic 'tis, and free,
 Holy, Catholic, and One.

Apostolic is our Church,
 Those who search both see and say:
 All our early Church observed
 Is preserved with us to-day.

We have bishops—each one knows,
 And our foes themselves allow—
 Bishops in unbroken line
 Down from Peter's time till now.

One our Church is ; see in it
 Many members knit in one,
 One our body, one our head,
 One when all is said and done.

Catholic she is, though chaste,
 All who haste to her, the fair,
 She receives them. She is blest
 East and west and everywhere.

She is holy, free from taints,
 Lives of saints attest the truth,
 Many miracles she wrought,
 Prophets taught her from her youth.

On each other's track constantly [following] From Peter's time
 until to-day.

Our church is unified [one] moreover. One composite body without
 concealment are we, One head there is over this body, The members
 too are according to the head.

Common [Catholic] but yet chaste is she, She takes every person
 by his will, She exists at each time and ever, She was in every
 country, east and west.

Holy moreover is our free church. The life of saints is teaching
 us [that]. Many her miracles and her prophets, Plenty [of proofs]
 for everyone proving that !

na rigne-re*—maire a s-ciall—
 'Sá n-eaglais-ne mian atáio,
 Si gne co-dairnat ir oic bhuig
 'S á n-eapcáirioib bíor de gnat.

iomrúa deapdaó naé iao rin
 —mun[a] buó fára beir u'da mion—
 Deapdar sur ab í reó amáin
 An eaglais éairé do tós críost.

Ir bpeá g ró-tuigrióna an dán ro, agus ir puo-beas
 corhmúil é leir an dán do rghriób an Dubtairgead
 anagairé mhaolmhuire mic Éirait. Tráctann an file
 ar ádóbar iomlán na diarpóirgeadta ioir an dá éirio-
 eamh. I otaoió lúitear veir ré sur bhuir ré ar an
 móio do tús ré mar mhanac nuair pór ré.

Do rinne bpeas le Dia móir
 mairg do éiriofead uó u'da éir,
 bpeas le daoimib' amlaio rin,
 Corhmúil mair go noeunfad ré.

Do bhuir ré "na tri móioe tús do Dia."

tús boctáct ar fáidóirgear boct,
 do éiréig úmhaect ar a toir féin,
 cailleac uóu aige 'na mnaoi,
 'na mhanac gíó do bí ré.

* Tá an file ag labairt ann ro ar "nótaib" na h-eaglaise, mar
 glaothann bellarmín orra.

† = contrácta.

All these notes and signs have we,
 Plain to see that they are there;
 Signs the opposite of those
 All our foes are found to bear.

Other proofs could I give too,
 But these few may have sufficed,
 Proving that our church alone
 Fills the throne set up by Christ.

This is a fine intelligible poem, and is rather like that one which O'Duffy wrote against Miler MacGrath. The poet goes over the whole ground of the dispute between the two religions. About Luther he says that he broke the vow which he took as a monk when he married.

He has told his God a lie;
 Why should I believe him then?
 He has lied to God, we see;
 Why should he not lie to men?

He broke "the three vows he made to God."

He gave up poverty for poor riches,
 He forsook humility for his own will.
 A black *Cailleach* (nun) with him for a wife,
 Although a monk he was.

These signs—good their meaning—With our church they ever are, Signs contrary [to them] of evil import Have our adversaries constantly.

There is many a proof that not they [are Christ's church]—If it were not too long to enumerate them—Proving that it is this [church of ours] alone Which is the chaste church which Christ built.

Ma'r olc lúitear leir an bpile, ir meara leir "Cail-
bin." Deir ré u'a caoib:—

úgðar gac uile do ghuó réó,
De 'Dia glórháir—olc an ciall—
[ir] ionnann uó-ran ar roin
A ráó nac bfuil 'Dia na 'Dia.

Caitéann ré aithrar ar beuraib Cailbin, aḡur cuireann
ré i gcéill níor mó 'ná deir ré—

ni aḡraim go nbeairnaíó roin,
aḡaltranaḡ a'r goio go leóir,
áét gíbé do uéanraó iao
meara:m nac creiúte ar 'Dia a glóir!

aḡur cuireann ré i leit uó an cōir ir ghránna aḡur ir
mi-náúúrdá, ann ran rann leanaḡ rin, aḡ ráó—

ni ráorraiinn nac nbeairnaíó ríad,ḡ
'S nac nbeairnaíó fóḡ iao do ghrát!

Tá, a-deir ré, a lán de neitib báinear leir an
gcreideam nac bfuil le ráḡail 'ran Tionna nuad.
Caitrimio iao rin creideamaint ar fiaḡnuire na
h-eaḡlaire maḡ do creio na uaoine iao pul rḡríobad
leabair ar bit.

Do bí fóḡ an Tionna nuad,
Sealao anuaḡ tar éir cḡíorḡ,
ḡan rḡmíḡne ar cuimne do ghrát,
'S u'a creideam aḡ cáb do ríor.

If the poet dislikes Luther, he dislikes Calvin more. He says of him :—

This man makes an author of every evil
 Out of glorious God—bad the sense—
 It is the same for him consequently
 As to say that God is not God.

He throws doubts upon Calvin's morals, and leaves us to infer more than he says—

I do not say that he did that,
 Adultery and theft in plenty,
But whoever would do such things
I do not deem that his voice is to be believed
in the matter of God,

and he imputes to him a most abominable and unnatural crime in the verse which follows, saying—

I would not acquit him of never doing it,
 Or even of not having done it constantly.

There are, he says, many things concerning the faith which are not to be found in the New Testament. We must receive these things on the witness of the Church, as people received them before any book was written.

The New Testament was moreover
 Down for a while after Christ
 Without writing, in remembrance constantly,
 And believed by each one ever.

ΣΙὸ βέ δουρὶ παρ' ἑρπετοῦν πέ
 ἄτ' οὐ'ν ἑρπετοῦν πέιν ἀμῶν,
 Περαιστὶς δὲ ἀν' ἑρπετοῦν λειρ
 μά πέ ἀν' ἑρπετοῦν πιν' ἵνα λῶν.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

An b'acair 'ran Sghioréir miam
 No má do éinnairc, cia an ball ?
 Soirgéal lúcair do deit fíor,
 Soirgéal tómair san bhuí ann ?

Dein ré fá òeireadò—

mǎ' r í an toil ír cionntac mib
 slán lú, ní dainim-pe ói,
 a leigear ní geib me h-air,
 aithe dam-ra go mairt í.

Agus críochnúigtear an dán leir an pann ro anaíde
 raogaltaíochta a éirí—

Δη τ-δοιδνεαρ-ρα, ζα υτάιμ ὁό,
 ζεαρρι μαηρεαρ, νι μόρι Δ θρίξ,
 Δη ριαν τιυλλεαρ δι α ρον
 μαηριό ρεο τηε διότα ρίοι.

Níltear i n-amhar naé n-deáir an t-án ro, agus
 dánta eile corúil leir, amac go fairring amearg na
 n-daoine, agus naé faib cúmáct mór aca le daoine
 do congáil go fearmác i g-cneideam a n-aicread.
 Agus buó anaíair daoine do ríriob agus do léig
 dánta mar iad ro, do cuir Sacra na n-Príméir Boul-
 ter agus a cuideáctá—agus bí iongantag uirri 'na
 d'iaig rin fá náir feud rí na daoine d'iomró! An
 t-uisir an t-ir rin coirde don n-ó daineir le h-Éir-
 inn agus le muinntir na h-Éireann!

Whoever says that he does not believe
 Except in the Scripture itself, only,
 I ask of him is it believed by him
 That that is the Scripture which he has in his hand.

* * * *

Did he ever see in the Scripture
 —Or if he did see what is the place?—
 That the Gospel of Luke is true
 That the Gospel of Thomas is of no value !

Finally he says—

If it is the Will which is guilty with you
 Farewell to you, I do not touch her,
 Her cure she doth not receive willingly (?)
 Well do I know her.

and the poem ends with this rann against the worldliness
 of his friend—

This delight—why say more—
 Short shall it last, not great is its worth,
 The pain that is earned on its account
 This shall last through eternal ages.

There is no doubt at all but that this poem and others
 like it went out widely amongst the people, and that they
 were very powerful in keeping them steadfast in the path
 of their fathers. And it was against people who wrote and
 who read poems like this that England sent Primate Boulter
 with his company—and was surprised that he was not able
 to convert the people !

Tá na dánta do tug mé go dtí seo cumtha ann ran tréise miasalta rin air ar glaotha Dán Dinead, cío go bfuil an "Dinead" nó cam i gcuid aca, leir an méad do bí ríad truaillithe. Iy corráil ó na com-
araid atá ionnta, go bfuil ríad árra agus sup tángadair anuair éugainn i mbéal na n-daoine mar
do táinig cuid mór de dántaib Dónadair mór
li Dálaid, do ríad níos mó 'nā ré ceo bliadán
ar dá fícho ó foin.

Áit tar éir do na sean-báird do beir imithe, do coraid an ríad nuad, o'éirig ríad ann a n-áit, comair eile do tádair artead, agus, i n-áit na ríol-
laid féin do cómairéam ann ran líne, níos cómairig
ríad áit na ríollaid ar ar cuir bús an gotha, agus
o'fás ríad dánta 'na n-dáid ann a bfuil naoi, deic,
don-deug, agus do-deug de ríollaidib ionnta, ann
ran líne.

Fásmaoir ann ran gcuid iy mó de na dántaib
nuad ro go mbionn a do no a rí o'foclaib i lár gac
líne, ag deunam "cómartha bús" no cómruime
mi-miasalta leó féin, no le a do no a rí o'foclaib
eile i lár na líne leand; agus ni bíonn don umh
cinnnte ann rí ríollaidib atá 'ran líne.

O'fás na nuad-báird a lán de na dántaib seo 'na
n-dáid, ann ran reachtmá agus ann ran o'ctmá doir
deug; agus ni ríad don éineál rídeacta diaða buó
coitcínne amearg na n-daoine agus buó mó do táinig
leó 'nā ríoraid fada ríoradálta ríoróda ar an
gcuma ro, mar atá "An Bád agus an Duine," no
"Comrád ríor an gColainn agus an Anam," no

The poems which I have given up to this are composed in that regular manner which was called *Dán Díreach* or "Straight Verse," although the "Straight" is crooked enough in some of them, on account of their being so much corrupted. It is probable, from the measures in which they are composed, that they are decidedly ancient, and that they were handed down from their being in the mouths of the people, as some of Donogha Mór O'Daly's poems were handed down, who wrote more than six hundred and forty years ago.

After the ancient bards were gone, the new school which rose up in their place began to bring in other metres; instead of counting the syllables themselves in the line, they only counted the syllables upon which fell the stress of the voice, and they left poems behind them in which are ten, eleven, and twelve syllables in the line.

We find that in most of these new poems there are two or three words in the middle of each line, making "broken co-arda" or irregular vowel rhyme, either with themselves, or with two or three words in the middle of the following line or lines, and there is in the line itself no certain number of syllables.

The new bards left a great number of these poems behind them in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There was no kind of religious versification more common amongst the people, or which pleased them better, than long spiritual pieces written in this manner, like "Death and the Man," "Dialogue between the Body and the Soul," "The Final End of Man," "Death and the Sinner," or "The Adventures of Death." There were a great number of these poems

"Críóc Déigeannac an Duine," no "An Dár Agus an Peacac," no "Eactra an Báir." Bí a lán de na dántaibh reo ar beul na nDaoine, agus tá ríad le págail ann gac "Bolg an traláchair," go mór-mór i gCúige Múman. Bíonn na dánta ro, beag-nac uile go léir, as cup i gcéill dúinn diomáoinir agus neim-niò an traoḡail reo, as tairbeant nac bfuil ann aet "Gac a rḡaoiltear no plám de'n ceo," as ríor-pád nac bfuil don niò ar fiú bpeatnuḡad air, aet Dia agus an "beata tal."

As ro rompla ar "Críóc Déigeannac an Duine" dán do bí com coitceíonn rin i nÉirinn gur cuiread i gcló é i mBaile-at-Cliaet 'ran mbliadain 1818 le Éamon o Sealbair éigin. Saoil cuir de na daoineb gur Donncaò Mór O Dalaig do rinne é, aet ni féoir rin. Ir pollurac ó'n tomair agus ó'n bearráigeaet gur dán ó'n Sgoil Nuair é.

CRÍOC DÉIGEANNAC DE'N DUINE.

A duine, cuimnig do críóc déigeannac,
 a'r ná cait d'aoir le baoir ná breugairb,
 cumann an traoḡail élaoin go tpeirgair,
 ciò gur doibinn rmuain gur baḡalac.

Ciò tá tu láirir, lán de tpeirib,
 lán de pláinte, lán d'áille a'r rḡéime
 ná bain cáil ar blát beag bpeirge,
 's gur cáipe í 'ná rḡáile gan éirae.

¹ This is pretty nearly in the metre of the original, a metre which with its many variations quite supplanted the various forms of "Straight Verse." Such vowel-rhyming as we find in "time" "lies," or "world" "troubled," or "first" "worse," or "sorrow" "hollow," is quite good enough even for most modern Irish ears. Whoever doubts this, let him examine the various "In Memoriam" verses published in our daily papers.

in the mouths of the people, and they are to be found still in every "Miscellany," especially in Munster. These poems, almost all of them, impress upon us the vanity and nothingness of this world, how there is nothing in it but a "sun-beam let loose, or a handful of mist," and how there is nothing worth looking to except God and the "life beyond."

Here is an example out of the "Final End of Man," a poem which was so common in Ireland that it was printed in Dublin in the year 1818 by one Éamon O'Shelvy. Some people thought that it was Donogha Mór O'Daly who composed it, but that is impossible. It is evident from the metre and versification that it is a poem of the "New School," as I have called it.

THE FINAL END OF MAN.

Remember, *O friend*, thy *end* of sorrow,¹
Spend not thy *time* with *lies* and folly,
Forsake the *world* troubled and hollow,
Sweet at the *first* but *worse* shall follow.

Though strong thou *art* and *smart* and smiling,
Full of *wealth* and *health*, most lively,
Make no *boast*, the *whole* are lying
Unsubstantial *shadows* flying.

Literally—O man, remember thy last end, And do not spend thy age with folly and lies, The love of the deceitful world, that thou mayst forsake it, Although it is delightful, remember that it is dangerous.

Although thou art strong, full of accomplishments, Full of health, full of handsomeness, full of beauty, Do not strike fame out of (*i.e.*, be proud of) a little lying blossom, And sure it is more despicable than a shadow without substance.

νά γέλλ-ρε το μαέμαρ no μαίτεαρ αν τραοζαίλ ρεο,
 αρ α γνέιτιδ na veun iomao ργλέιρε,
 ρευδ ζυρ ve'n έμέ ατά tu veunta.
 'S an τρατ έαζφαρ ζυρ cpe όίot όέανφαρ.

Cró ζυρ μόρ το έυτο όιη δ'ρ ζηέιτρε,
 Το έυτο αιγζιό δάιν, πρίαιρ, δ'ρ πέατοιρ,
 Το θατ, το έαπαίλλ, δ'ρ το έαοιμιζ,
 Το έαιρλεάιν buó μό όρεάζ le ρευάιν,

Το luét ealaóan όίop αζ ταίτιζε ο'ρευάιν,
 Το luét eóλαιρ α όuine, ό'ρ elipte ι ζσείλλ tu,
 Το έόcaιμιόε όίop αζ τοτέυζαό ζαέ θέιλε
 [αζ] veunam α coipmeαζτα αρ όopo leatan ευoain.*

Το έonaipt όίop ζo conamaé beúλ-óinn,
 Το δainpeáo cluiéce αρ an eilit oá ζέιρε,
 αρ ραο na coille, coip coipmaiζ no ρλέίθε,
 le n-a mipe cum το ζαίλε το veunam.

Ζαέ α nouóμαρ o túr 'pan méao-ρα
 ionnta ρύo ναρ mo éúδap ní'λ έίρεαέτ,
 Cró ατάιo ι ζ-cúram opε, oc ní leat ρéin ιαo,
 Cuippio α ζ-cúl leat τρατ múcφαρ 'pan ζcpe tu.

Τά leat-έeuto μann eile 'pan oán po, αζυρ ιρ cor-
 múil ζo όpuil ré pean ζo leóρ, μαρ ouópaó ζυρ cumao
 an oán po le Donnέáo O'óalaiζ το ρuaiρ báp ρaoi 1244.
 ιρ cinnte ό'n miopúρ αζυρ ό'n ζ-canamain naé é το

* Cf. "ρλειó mápταιν mhc ζioppa" ann α όpuil an pocal
 "óopo ευoain": ρuaiρ mé ι n-αópánaíó eile é μαρ an ζceuvna,
 αζυρ cpeioim ζυρ b'é an θέapiia ατά αιρ side-board.

Do not submit to the affluence or the goodness of this world, Of
 its species (of wealth) do not make much boast, Behold that it is of
 the clay that thou art made, And that when thou shalt die it is clay
 which shall be made of thee.

Though great is thy share of gold and jewels, Thy share of white
 silver and brass and pewter, Thy cows, thy horses, and thy sheep,
 Thy castles that were very fine to see.

Take no heed of the creed or the wealth of the world,
Do not boast of its host or its banners unfurled,
Thou art made out of clay, into clay to be turned,
And into the room of the tomb to be hurled.

Though plenty of gold thou hold and jewels,
Silver white, brass bright, and pewter,
Sheep and kine, with swine ground-rooting,
Castles and holds of untold-of beauty.

Men of science to ride beside thee,
Men from college, of knowledge like thee,
Cooks for roasting, toasting, frying,
Costliest wines on side-board shining ;

Though at thy back the pack be crying,
Chasing through lawns the fawns swift flying,
The loudest to call of all the riders,
Pressing to speed thy steed untiring,

Yet this is all to fall and leave thee,
Hounds and lawns and fawns and deer too,
All must fall, for all is fleeting,
Churchyard walls rise tall between you.

There are some fifty more quatrains in this poem. It is likely that it is old enough, because it was reputed to have been made, as I said, by Donogha O'Daly who died in 1244. It is certain, however, from the metre and language that it

Thy men of science who are making-a-custom of visiting thee, Thy men of knowledge, O man, since thou art clever of sense, Thy cooks who do be flavouring (?) every meal, Getting it consecrated (arranged ?) upon a broad side-board.

Thy hound-pack which are hound-like (?) sweet-tuned, Which would win the game from the fawn no matter how swift, Throughout the wood, beside curragh or mountain, In their fleetness to rouse thy valour.

All that I have mentioned from the beginning to this In them, by my conscience, there is no worth, Although they are a care to thee, alas ! they are not thine own, They shall turn their backs upon thee when thou shalt be quenched in the clay.

μινne é, áct ip' oðig̃ zup' ð' é ceann de na ceud-oðan-
 taib' do μinnead̃ leip an Sgoil Nuaid̃ tap̃ éip' oo'n
 Dan Dipead̃ do' ðul ar g-cúl. Ip' pollurad̃ rin ó na
 lincib' ðaineap̃ le reilg̃ na n-eilit̃ agup̃ le tait̃ige luçt̃
 ealaðan. Ag̃ po pìora pimplib' de'n tróirt̃ ceudna
 do fuaip̃ mé o ðapaid̃, do ðualaid̃ é ag̃ rean fear̃ ar
 Cill-Connail̃, read̃t̃ mile taob̃ foip̃ de ðuaim̃ i gcon-
 vad̃e na gailim̃e.

an fear̃ noim̃ b̃as.

Δ ίορα χρίορτ̃ 'zup̃ Δ μιg̃ na ηg̃ár̃a,
 Δ ἐμυταig̃τεοίρ̃ neime, tal̃man, Δ' r̃ párr̃et̃aip̃,
 'Do' oðirt̃ do' ðuio fola ar ðmann na páipe,
 le' mipe do' páðáil̃ ó'n omoð-bár̃ * chr̃áir̃ote.

Éuz mipe omoð-éúit̃iug̃ad̃ ðuirt̃ read̃ mo ðeatã,
 ag̃ forg̃ail̃t̃ do' loite le neart̃ mo ðeacaid̃,
 níoir̃ p̃muad̃ín mé zup̃ tu do' éuz oam̃ pl̃áinte,
 mo ðeatã laéteam̃ail̃, tal̃am̃ Δ' r̃ táinte.

Cia an m̃ait̃ oam̃ anoir̃ mo' íaiðð̃neap̃ paog̃altã
 mo' éáir̃oe b̃reága, cóml̃uad̃am̃,† ná g̃aoltã!
 Tá an b̃ár̃ i láet̃aip̃ 'r̃ mo ðar̃ánt̃ap̃ r̃g̃ríoð̃tã,
 'S gan párr̃oúñ eait̃-re táim̃ caill̃te ðoir̃oð̃e.

ni ðeap̃naid̃ mé paoir̃ioiñ le paɣap̃t̃ ná b̃r̃át̃aip̃,
 'S níoir̃ iap̃m̃ mé cong̃naim̃ m̃uip̃e 'Do' m̃át̃aip̃.
 'Do' na ðoét̃aib̃ ni éuz mé ðeoð̃ ná ðéir̃ce,
 áct le omoð-cóml̃uad̃am̃ éait̃ mé na ceud̃tã.

* Ó g̃ad̃ don b̃ár̃ chr̃áir̃ote," ouð̃aip̃t̃ an fear̃. Tá an ðeud̃ manñ
 po ar̃ don f̃ocal̃ ðeag̃-nað̃ leip̃ an g̃ceud̃ manñ anñ rañ "Cholepa
 moip̃bur̃," le Raip̃teip̃ið̃.

† "Cóm̃lóuad̃am̃" i g̃Connad̃et̃aib̃.

¹This is pretty much in the singularly unornate metre of the original, which scarcely differs from English. *Literally*—O Jesus Christ and O king of the graces, O Creator of earth heaven and paradise, who didst pour thy share of blood on the tree of the passion to save me from the destroying evil death.

was not he who composed it, though it is probable that it is one of the very first poems which were made by the New School after the "Straight Verse" began to lose ground. This is evident from the lines about the hunting of the fawns and the visiting of the "men of science." Here is a simple piece of the same sort that I got from a friend who heard it from an old man in Kilconnell, seven miles east of Tuam, in the County Galway.

THE MAN, BEFORE DEATH.

O Jesus Christ, O light of graces,¹
Ruling in heaven and earthly places,
Who pouredst thy blood on the tree to save me
From Death and the Devil who would enslave me.

Alas ! how badly did I requite thee !
Ready was I to hurt, to smite thee,
To open thy wounds by unbelieving,
Forgetting that all things are of thy giving.

What profit me now—my case is piteous—
All friends, companions, wordly riches ;
For Death is upon me with warrant written,
Oh ! pardon ! pardon ! or I am smitten.

I confessed not to priest nor to any other,
Nor asked I for aid of Mary Mother,
No alms to the poor has my hand been giving,
I have spent much gold in riotous living.

I gave to Thee a bad requital during my life, Opening thy wounds
by the strength of my sin, I did not consider that it was Thou who
gavest me health, My daily food, land and flocks.

What good is it to me now my worldly riches, My fine friends, com-
pany, or kindred. The Death is present and my warrant written And
without pardon from Thee I am lost for ever.

I made no confession to priest or friar, And I asked not the help of
Mary Thy Mother, To the poor I gave neither drink nor alms, But
with evil company I spent the hundreds [of pounds].

Δὴ δ' ἴδ' ἡ τοῦ ἀν-ε-τάρι υἱε-ἐμμάστα
 Ταῖσαι ὡς πρᾶρ le νευναῖ ὑτάστα,
 ὕδαρ το μορῶδεα το na βοιέτ μαρ ὀμύστα
 Σεοδαῖ το μορῶδεα μαρ βοιέταρ εὐδαρτα.
 Ἀν φρεαζαῖ.

Σλαρ το ὀρῶτα δ' ὕδαρ το υἱε γεαρ-πρᾶρ
 Νευν ὑρῶτα μαρ ὅδε δ' παρῶδεα ζῆαρ,
 Νευν παρῶτα μαρ le παρῶτα no ὑρῶταρ,
 Δ' ἴδ' ἡ τοῦ ἀν-ε-τάρι ὁ μαρ ταῖσαι.

Ἦσαι μέ σορ το ὅαν ἡ ἀμερῆ, το ὅ ἀμερῆ
 na λῆμρῆσιν ἀτά ἡ ταρῆ δ' Cumann na ζαῖ-
 εἰτῆ ἡ Νυαῖ-εἰτῆ, ὅαν ἡ παρῶτα τῆσιν εὐ
 line ann,* ὅ' ἄρ ὅ' ἀντῆ "Ἀν ὕδαρ δ' ὕδαρ," δ' ἴδ' ἡ
 τᾶ βεαζᾶν παρῶτα ann, naρ μῆρ το ὅαν ἡ γεαρ ῥῶτα, μαρ
 ἡμῆσιν παρῶτα το μαρ ὅαν naρ ταῖσαι na ἡζαῖ
 ἄρ ἡ μῆρ ταρ ἡσῶταρ ῥῶτα-εἰτῆ παρῶτα ρῆ,
 το ῥῶταρ ῥῶταρ ῥῶταρ 'na μερῆ. Τᾶ ἡ ὕδαρ, μαρ
 ἡ κορῶτα, δ' ἡ παρῶτα λῆμρ ἡ ὕδαρ το ὅαν
 ὑδαρ le κεῖταρ το ὅαν δ' ἡ, δ' ἡ παρῶτα
 ρῆ ὅδε παρ ὕδαρ μαρ το.

Ἀν ὕδαρ δ' ὕδαρ.

Ὑδαρ ὕδαρ ὕδαρ ἀτά 'ἡ ἀν' εἰτῆ
 Re quaker ἀναρῶτα no ῥῶταρ,
 δ' ἡ ζαῖ ὕδαρ εἰτῆ ὕδαρ εἰτῆ
 ὕδαρ ὕδαρ ταρ no εἰτῆ ὕδαρ-εἰτῆ?

* ὅ ἡ ὅαν το ῥῶτα το ὕδαρ, τῆσιν τῆσιν ὕδαρ ὅ
 ῥῶτα, ἀντῆ naρ ἀντῆ ταρ. ὕδαρ ῥῶταρ Chonναῖτα ἡ ὅ
 γεαῖταρ, κεῖταρ.

O God, thou art the father Almighty, Grant to me space of time
 to make a will, I shall give my wealth to the poor like dew, Thou
 shalt get from them praise like fragrant perfume.

ANSWER.

I shall receive thy word [prayer] and shall give thee a short space,

O God, thou art the almighty Father,
 Grant time my mind and my sense to gather,
 Till I give to the poor like the dew—not counting—
 That their prayers may praise Thee in incense mounting

Answer.

I accept ; and allot thee one short space,
 Make use of it wisely, and earn grace,
 Go seek a confessor, priest or friar,
 And pray unto Mary with prayers of fire.

I found in America a copy of a long poem, amongst the manuscripts preserved by the Gaelic Society in New York, in which there are about five hundred lines, called "Death and the Man," in which there are a few verses that may be given here, as they shed some light on the opinion the Gael had formed of that wonderful nose-talking psalm-singing crew which Cromwell planted amongst them. The man, it appears, is trying to keep the hand of Death off him by putting questions to him, and at the last he asks him in this fashion :

DEATH AND THE MAN.

What sayest thou Death—my last breath is speaking¹—
 Of Quakers, Anabaptists and Presbyterians,
 And all others who rant and cant unceasing,
 With no understanding and less teaching.

Make a good use of it, earning grace, Make a good confession to priest or friar, and ask aid from Mary Mother.

¹This poem of about 500 lines, was beautifully transcribed apparently about 60 years ago, but there was no name to show who composed it or who transcribed it. It was a Connacht composition, if one may judge from the dialect, or certainly a Connacht transcription. This first verse shows the metre of the original, but I have not versified the rest.

Τά αν θάρ cineálta go léor, ašur téirdeann ré aš
aršúint leir an b' fear ašur veir ré go cúirteirdeá.

Deirim gac tuine naé s-creirdeann, go n-euſraio
go ríorruioe ruáin gan cumann an náem-r'prio,
Chíom naé fearr ragaht cum teagairš go úeunam
'ná rríoradé doadaš lobéaiš breugaiš,

Šreupaió, clóirdear, ršinnéar éille,
Tailliúir, búirtear, cuirleáir claonaé,
Ceannuioe bpaóac, rriacairie méirioirš,
Sean-éailleadé šallua labhar béarua.

má aitéiršio riolla no lirir i beupra,
Šan rruirdear viaó ná ciall léiršinn,
Šan lairionn eadhair rriancir no šréiršir,
Tiaé úirdeann a ngoile aš feudaint le feupra.

má veir an rriorua leó teagairš go úeanaš
beapao i bpuilprio mar éailliš* šan éirdeá,
Ar éré, ar páirir, ní i meap aca ar don éor,
Rinneapuar nuad-páirir buó éairneamác o'á méapal.

ir mallaište an obair arrionn o'éirteá,
ir mallaište an teagairš rrioršad go úeanaš,
naoirš o'agallad ir mallaište an beup rin,
Déirc nó airrionn le h-anam ar n-éagaid.

Veir an θάρ leir, paor úeirdeó, naé n-éirteiró ré leir
a tuillead, 7 go bpuil ré uil o'á bualad. Topaišeann
an tuine ršannraište ann rin a paoiruoin go úeanaš
ašur go šuioe:

A áair na nšár tabair rpar ó'n éaš uam,
's ná leiš an tuat bualad i m' éapao
De nóir puice muice no caoraé,
go nbeupao m'úmladé a'r m'airuige úéirdeannac.

* "éailio" ran rširóinn.

Death is good enough to argue with him, and says courteously :

I say that every person who believes not shall die,
Eternally and for ever, without love of the Holy Spirit,
I see that [they think] a priest no better for teaching doctrine
Than a *streepack* of a putrid lying clown.

A cobbler, a clothier, a thong-skinner,
A tailor, a butcher, a deceitful cutler,
A thievish merchant, a harlot extortioner,
A foreign old hag who speaks English.

If they recognise a syllable or a letter in a verse [it is the
most they can do]
Without godly study, without sense of learning,
Without Latin, Hebrew, French, or Greek,
When their appetite is looking for a feast.

If the spirit tells them to teach doctrine
They stand up in a pulpit like ineffectual hags (?)
For creed or for paternoster they have no respect at all,
They have made a new paternoster that was pleasing to
their stomachs.

It is a cursed work [they say] to hear mass,
It is a cursed doctrine to observe fasting,
To intercede with saints, cursed is that practice,
Or alms or a mass for a soul at the point of death.

Death says to him at last that he will not listen to him any more, that he is going to strike him. Then the terrified man begins to make his confession and to pray :

O Father of the Graces, grant me respite from Death
And do not let the axe strike in my face
After the manner of [slaying] a goat, a pig, or a sheep,
Until I make my submission and my last repentance.

Στοιμναίξιμ m' anam vo'n tpiomóio naoméa
 Δ' r vo naom-xbrtai' Δ' r o' aingliθ i n-éinfeáct,
 'S mo éorp vo b'olc, oé oé i vo péirctiθ,
 Vo minne omúir Δ' r tñúct Δ' r éizceapc.

Αν τματ δί [ré] óz níorí mórí Δ' oéiz-θεαρc,
 Δετ clampap, παλλραετ, ιοματ éictiz,
 Oá pao Δ' ol Δ' r póit—buò mēin leir,
 Vo bí ap meirze 'r ap uipeapθaiò céille.

Οέ i ré [an] pléio (?) éuir mé paoi céile (?)
 naé maib beann ap oibmib Oé 'zam,
 ni maib beann ap páioir ná cmé 'zam,
 ni éuzap paice no tava* le vaonnaeτ.

Oá bpeicpinn an boét ip mazaò leir óeunpáinn,
 Vo b'peapri liom pzillling vo teilzean paoi céile
 'ná pizín vo éaðaipc vo óuine mapi óéirce,
 Vo bí mé taiòðpeac uaiðpeac pléioeac.

Buò mórí mo mēap ap mo pzéim žil,
 ni éiudpáinn upriam vo óuine aopta,
 Oá peaðap Δ' brola Δ' molaò Δ' otméictpe
 ní óeapnap maic ap plaié žan žaol leir.†

Níorí éóžðap an póžmari 'pan ló žméine,
 Thós mé an cožal, an émuicneacéτ níorí léap óam,
 Chuipcinn mo éómamraiòe‡ tpió Δ' céile,
 Vo žnióinn peapz 'r ip pava žo méizcpinn.

Cómairle m' acap 'r Δ' éeapaz níorí léap óam,
 Níorí bpeapri liom Δ' beannaéτ 'ná Δ' mállaéτ ap aon éor,
 An nió nap žoiro mé žoiopinn § oá bpeuopáinn,
 An nió vo émuinniz mé buò mīnic mé 'žá peucáin.

* .i. vaoam. laðaipeap mapi "tava" in ápaiinn pór é.

† Ir píor-žaoóalaé an máó po. ní 'i mórán ann anoiú vo
 beioeac o'á ažaipe rin mapi peacaó 'na n-ažaió péin!

‡ recte, "éuipinn mo éómampanna."

§ "žuió" ažup "žuióinn" 'pan leaðap.

I bequeath my soul to the Holy Trinity,
 And to holy apostles and angels together,
 And my body which was evil, och ! och ! to worms,
 [My body] which practised lust, envy and injustice.
 When it was young, its good-deeds were not great,
 But cheating, falsehood,¹ much lying,
 No matter how long its drinking and carousing—it liked it—
 It was drunk and in want of sense.

Alas ! it was the spite (?) that confused me (?)
 So that I had no regard for the works of God,
 I had no regard for pater or creed,
 I never gave a rag or anything through humanity.
 If I were to see the poor man, it is mockery I would make
 of him,

I would sooner have a shilling to add to another,
 Than a penny to give to a person for alms :
 I was showy, proud, disputatious (?)

Great was my regard for my own bright beauty,
 I would not give reverence to an aged person.
 No matter how good his blood, his renown, his accomplish-
 ments,

I never did good to a chief without that I was of kin to him.²

I did not take up the harvest on the sunny day,
 I took up the tares—the wheat I did not see—
 I used to put my neighbours into confusion,
 I used to act [in] anger and it was long before I would make
 peace.

The counsel of my father and his teaching were not plain
 to me,

I did not care more for his blessing than for his curse, at all,
 The thing I stole not, I would have stolen if I could,
 The thing which I collected I was often regarding (gloating
 over?) it.

¹ Thus my old friend, the late John Fleming, translated these words when I showed him the poem, but in Connacht they would rather mean, "quarrelling, laziness."

² The making this a reproach of conscience is a very characteristic Gaelic trait, and seems to me to show that the poem is of earlier date than the language would lead one to expect.

Le corp fainte táim faoi d'aoir-ghruio.
 A's an airmionn Dóinnac shéine,
 An uair glúin fúm ní élaonfaínn,
 *An na páirtre buó cómhádó deunfaínn.

Sé anonn 'r anall do dhéinn a's feuchaint
 Cía aca buó h-innealta veise i n-euodac,
 Cum go meallfaínn gac óig o'feutfaínn,
 Do fáoiléar feallad le cealtad an t-aoisail.†

Déarfad me rompla eile no do ar na dántaib
 fada ro, a bfuil cuio aca cumta ar mhó cómhádó
 ioir an gcorp a'sur an anam no ioir an mbár a'sur
 an uine etc. Tá ríad iomadúail a'sur fuo-beag
 liorta do réir mo daramla-ra, a'c do cuir na daoine
 rpéir mhó ionnta. Ní 'l fíor a'sam cía an aic i n-éirinn
 funnead iad; bí ríad le fágaíl ann 'r gac aic ví,
 a'c creidim go mbaineann an cuio ir mó aca do cúise
 múman. Do veir Seágan O Dálaig dá ceann de'n
 tróir ro "Aisnear an pheacais leir an mbár,"
 a'sur "Siorma an anama leir an scolainn" ann a bfuil
 níor mo 'ná pé ceo líne, a'c veir O Dálaig go raib ríad
 ro cumta le pártais Denn i g-conuac phoirtláirge
 timcioll ceit're fícto bliadán ó foín. Ní 'l aon eólar
 a'sam féin ar a n-úgdaib, a'c meafaim na'c n'ear-
 naid pártais Denn a'c iad do lea'fuga' a'sur b'éirir
 do meutu'ga', a'c ní feudaim beic cinnte de reo.

Tá cuio máit ann rna dántaib reó cuinear lab-

* "An na páirtre buó cómhádó deunam" ran MS.

† Tá an líne reo teartál, fu'g me ar rann eile é.

¹ *Literally*: "on a Sunday of Sun." The sun is universally sup-
 posed to dance on Easter morning. 'This used to be the belief in
 England also. Cf. Suckling's lines in his ballad of The Wedding—
 "But, oh, she dances such a way | No sun upon an Easter day | Is

With a body of (*i.e.*, through dint of) greed I am in captivity:
 At Mass on a sunny Sunday¹ (*or perhaps* on Easter Sunday)¹
 The second knee under me I would not bow (*i.e.*, I would
 kneel upon one knee only).
 At the time of prayer, it is conversation I would make.

It was this side and that I used to be looking
 [To see] which of them was the neatest and prettiest in dress.
 That I might deceive every maiden if I could,
 I thought to deceive with the deceits of the world.

I shall give another example or two of these long poems composed after the manner of a dialogue between the Body and the Soul, or between Death and the Man, etc. They are numerous, and to my thinking a little wearisome, but the people took great delight in them. I do not know in what part of Ireland they were composed; they were to be found in every part of it, but I believe that the most of them belong to Munster. Shaun O'Daly gave us two of this sort, "The dispute of the Sinner with Death," and the "Conference of the Soul with the Body," in which there are more than 600 lines, but O'Daly says that these last were composed by Patrick Denn in the county Waterford about eighty years ago. I have myself no knowledge of their authors; but I think that Patrick Denn did nothing but trim them up, and perhaps lengthen them, though of this I cannot be certain.² There is a good deal in these poems which reminds us of a Wesley or a Whitfield. The peasant in Connacht thinks, so far as I know him, that God is merciful and that he will save

half so fine a sight." *Cf.*, also Cleveland's poem of the "General Eclipse"—"Ladies that gild the glittering morn | And by reflexion mend his ray | whose beauty makes the sprightly sun | To dance as upon Easter day | What are you now the Queen's away?"

²My friend, Father P. Power, ascribes the poem to Denn. He has just edited it with a short life of Denn.

artha Werley nó Whitfield ann ar g-cuimhne. Meafann an tuine-tuaithe i gConnacetaib, com fao asur aithnigim-re é, go bfuil Dia trócaireac asur go rábálfaid ré faoi deiread na daoine, aet amáin tuine ar bit atá cionntac i n-rioc-cóir ar fao, aet damnaigeann cia bé rghioib an dán ro, iad, ar eudan. As ro cúpla man mar rompla, cruataigeat feabhar a teagairt o'a cómharrannaib. Nuair eis an bár as bagairt ar an bpeacac as iad leir go bfuil an t-irruonn i n-dán dó, toraigeann an peacac 'gá coraint féin, asur as iad nár cóir a cur ann ran áit rin, óir nac faid ré níor meara 'nā móran daoine eile. Deir re go nádúrda go leor.

aigheas an peacais leis an mbás.

Do faoil mé faim ná fionn me* don nio,
Do tuillfead panta ríorruide éactac;
Ní fionn mé goir bhoir ná éigean,
"Munroer" ná feall don am de'm ríogal.
Do tugaime lóirtín do gac deóraid tréit-la,
Diaó 'gur deo' do'n té éirínn i n-eugmair,
Díoluisgeact ceart le fear an éilim,
Oí nac cruaid é íora m'á ghuio [ré] mé d'aoird[ó].

An bár [as ffeagairt].

Ní'l dobat nac ríor gac nio de'n méao rin,
Aet éirt go fóil go 'neórad féin duit,
Cméao iad na neite tá ad'coinne 'g an don-mac,
'na g-cúir móir éroim le ronn tu d'aoird.
Do bí tu páirínta, ríoc-laabarta, breugac,
Óltae, imeartae, ríormaetae, rgléipeae,
Barbarta, glagarta, 'r a' dearbua' éitig,
A'f tuig go dtuilleann an róir rin tu d'aoird.

* = "nac nvearnaid mé," mar véarnamair i gConnacetaib.

This verse will show the metre of the original.

I follow here the translation given me by my friend the late John

people at last, except only a person who is guilty of an entirely evil crime ; but whoever wrote this poem damns them out of a face (*i.e.*, wholesale). Here are a couple of verses, for example, proving the excellency of his teaching to his neighbours. When Death comes threatening the sinner, saying that hell is laid out for him, the sinner begins defending himself and saying that it was not right to put him there, because he was not worse than many other people. He says naturally enough—

THE SINNER'S DISPUTE WITH DEATH.

I never did aught that I thought deserving
Of very much blame or of pain eternal,
I did never commit a sin like murder,
Treachery, lechery, theft, or burning.¹

I used to give lodging to every feeble outcast,
Food and drink to him whom I would see in want,
His proper payment to the man requesting reckoning,
Oh ! is not Jesus hard if he condemns me.

DEATH [*answers.*]

There is no doubt but it is true, everything of all that [you
have said]

But listen yet, till I tell you myself,
What are the things which the One-Son has against you,
A cause great and heavy, desiring your condemnation.

You were passionate, evil-spoken, lying,
Drunken, gaming, disputatious, quarrelsome²
Loud-talking, boastful, asserting a lie (*i.e.*, swearing falsely),
And understand that that sort [of character] deserves your
condemnation.

Fleming (who had an unique knowledge of the Waterford dialect) of the words *πισματα*, which Father Power also translates "back-biting," *ὑπερηφαν*, which he and I would translate "vaunting," and *βαρβαρι*, which Father Power translates "immoral."

Αν πεακαῶ.

μά ὁλαίμ ῥγίλινν ζο μινι 1 ὅτιζ αν τὰβαινε
1 ὁροῦαι μο ὁμόμαρην νο μο ὁμόμαρ καίρε
1ρ μαίρεζ ουιτ ὁιόδε ριν μινῶεαμ ἀμ' λὰται,
ἀ'ρ πελδάρ μο ὁμοιόε-ρε ἐμ ὅιολ ἐαρ ἐὰς ὅιολ.

Ὁ δὶ μέ ταμὰλ beaz 1 ὅτορὰς μο ῥαοζαίλ
ὁμνιζεαντὰς βαμβαρὰς 'ρ ταδάρτα ὀείτεας,
Ὁ μινν μέ ραοίρριν ραο μο θεὰτα 'να ὀείζ ριν,
ἀ'ρ ὁ ραοίλεαρ, ζελλλαίμ, ζο μαίβ μαίτε μο ἐλαοντα.

Ὁ ἐυαλαρ ραζαίρε ὀ'ὰ τεαζαρζ ζο ρόμρὰς
ζο ὁρμαρταρ ὁ ὁμιορ le βρῖζ, na κομάετα
Chum πεακαὶ [οο] μαίτεαμ ὁ'ν αἰτμῖζεὰς εὐλζαῶ,
νυαίρ ὁευρὰς ραοίρριν ἀνν ζὰς ζνιόμ ὀ'ὰ ὁμό-ολε.

Αν βάρ [αζ ρρεαζαίρε].

1ρ ρίορ ἐ, αν πεακαῶ, ἐιὸ μαλλαιζτε ἀ ἐμῖτε,
μά ιννεανν* ἀ πεακαὶ le τοιζεαρ νευρὰς
ζο ὁρὰζαὶρ ράμῶν ρίορ ὁ ριζ na ναομάιβ
'ζε [1. αζ] ζλύν αν τραζαίρε ἀ'ρ beανναῶτ αν ἀέν μνι.

ἀετ 1 ὅταὸς ὀ'ραοίρριν-ρε 'ρ ὁ ζελλλαίμινν βρευζὰς
νί'λ ιονντα ἀον ταίρε ἐμ ὀ'αναν ὁ ραορὰς,
μαρ ναῶ μαίβ ορτ τοιζεαρ τρε ὀ' πεακαὶ ἐυῶταῶ'
να ρονν σεαρ ρίορ αν αἰτμῖζε [οο] ὀ'εανὰμ.

να τνιζ ἀ ρραοίρε ζο μαίτρὶο μαε ὀ'ε ὅιτ
ταρ ἐίρ ἀ μιννιρ νε ἐμνρεαῶτ ἐλαονταῶ,
'S ἀρ ὁμνιρ ὀ'ὰ ὀλῖζε, ζαν ρνιμ 'na ὁρμάεταιβ,
ἀετ ὀ'ὰ ἐευρὰς ἀμῖρ ζαν ρζιῶ le h-ἐυζεαρτ.

Ὁεῖρ αν πεακαῶ βοῶτ ναῶ μαίβ ρε νίορ μεαρ na
ὁαοινε εἰλε αζαρ

μά'ρ ρίορ ζὰς ἀ ννεῖρ τυ ζο μβέρτεα-ρα ὁαοίρε
ἀρ ρον na ζ-κοίρε ὁ ὀ'ννιρ† ὀ' ρεул ὁαμ,
1ρ ἐ μο τνιζριντ ζνι beaz 'ραν τρὰοζαί ρο
ναῶ ὁρμῖλ ἐομ ὁνα λιομ 'ραν μέαο ριν.

* "ννιονν," 1 ζ-κοίρε ροτλῖρε. Ταδαιρ ρά νεαρ αν ροίρμ
ιννιμνεὰς "na ναομάιβ" 1 n-ἀιτ "na ναοίμ," 'ραν λῖνε λεαναρ.
† = "ιννιρ" no "ιννιὶο τυ."

THE SINNER.

If I often drink a shilling in the tavern house
 Along with my neighbours or my near friends,
 It is a shame for thee to ever boast that against me,
 Considering the excellence of my heart in paying, beyond the
 rest of them.

I was [it is true] for a little while, at the beginning of my life,
 Quarrelsome, loud-talking, and given to lies;
 I made confessions throughout my life after that,
 And I thought, I promise you, that my transgressions were
 forgiven.

I heard priests teaching forcibly
 That they had got from Christ, with effect, the power
 To forgive sins to the conscious repentant one,
 When he would make confession of each deed of his great evil.

[DEATH answers.]

It is true that the sinner, though cursed are his ways,
 If he tells his sins with a tearful sorrow,
 Shall get true pardon from the King of the Saints,
 At the knee of the priest, and the blessing of the One Son.

But as for *your* confession and *your* lying promises
 There is no profit in them to save your soul,
 Because there was no sorrow in you for your dreadful sins,
 Nor any true proper desire to make repentance.

Do not think, you clod, that the Son of God shall forgive you,
 After all that you have done of deceitful corruption,
 And all that you have broken of his law, without heeding his
 wounds,
 But crucifying him again unrestingly, with injustice.

The poor sinner says that he was not worse than other
 people, and

If all that you say is true, that I shall be condemned
 Because of the crimes you mention in your account to me,
 It is what I understand, that there are few in this world
 Who are not as bad as I am, in all that.

μά θίω υίλε μαρι μίρε γαν παομα[ό]
 ται έίρ γαδ μαίτεϊρ το cleάεταϊο le θαονναέτ,
 ιρ beas le pábáil lá na nθαοι-θρεάτ,
 μαρι ατάϊο υίλε 'ραν γ-cuiri-peaéτ éeuna.

Τις ρεανμόϊη ράθα ó'η mθάρ ann rin, μαρι φρεas-
 αϊρτ, as cur ι γ-céill cia an éaoι a θpυil na θαοιne
 meallta.

nuair ιρ méin leó pilleaó ó cuirpeaéτ sátaim
 θειρι ré 'μίρ leó 'na γ-cuioíde go láin-γlic,
 naé θpυil 'oia éomí oian á'p τράεταρ,
 á'p naé nθαοιρpαr éuige* an ouine macánta.

Φιαρpυiγεann an Peacaé paoi θειpeaó caw é an
 róρτ θαοιne θείrθeap θαμαντα, asur θειρ an θάρ
 φpeasαϊρτ pάθα θó αρίρ. Ιρ in-θpeaétnuigeτe naé θpυil
 aon focal 'ραν θppeasαϊρτ peó anaγaίó na nθαοιne
 oe'n épeirθeamí γallta, ció go θpυil na θαοιne θαμ-
 naiγeap ré éomí h-iomathamáil rin go n-abpánn an
 peacaé.

óc a θáιρ, έίρτ, ιρ θειmín γυι θpeus ouic!
 go leóρi o'á nouθαϊρτ tu θeít ι γ-cúιρ θαοιpéa,
 μαρι ιρ beas, paolim, to éiθim 'ραν τpaozál
 naé θpυil cionntaé μαρι θpeam éiγin.

Θamnaiγeann an θάρ—acé ní abpánn ré γυι ar ron
 a γ-cpeioim é—" An θpeam ouθ γallta paθapι na
 móρ-éuιrc, tá θeιγίλte o 'oia, 'p leip an nouabáil to
 γεoθaίó piao."

Θειρ an peacaé paoi θειpeaó :

ιρ minic, go oti peo, minneap γnoímaípéa éaéταé'
 'θéιpc á'p capéanaéτ 'p. ana-éuio † θαονnaéτ'
 an θpυiγpeao aon luaiθeáéτ † im' móρ-máit ar aon éop,
 ται έίρ γαδ ar éuγap oe γypταl an τpaozáil uaim?

* "éuige" = "ar aon éop" ι áιτεαéaίó ι γ-cúige muíman.
 † = an-éuio. i. móρ-éuio. Θειρ na muímníγ "ana-móρ," "peana-
 bean" etc, ι n-áιτ "an-móρ" "pean-bean," etc.
 ‡ "a θpαιγeao aon luáéτ" 'ραν γ-cló.

If they [too] are all like me, unsaved,
 After every goodness which they practise with humanity,
 Few are they who are to be saved on the day of the con-
 demning judgments,
 For they are all in the same wickedness.

Then there comes in answer a long sermon from Death
 explaining how people are deceived.

When they desire to return from Satan's wickedness
 He says to them again in their heart, full-cunningly,
 That God is not as severe as is said,
 And that the decent person will not be condemned at all.

The sinner asks at last what kind of people are damned,
 and the Death again gives him a long answer. It is worth
 observing that there is not one word in this answer against
 the "foreign faith," although the people he damns are so
 numerous that the sinner says—

Och ! O death, whist ! it is surely a lie for you
 [To say] that plenty of whom you have spoken are in the
 state of condemnation,
 For it is few, I think, whom I see in this world
 Who are not guilty, as some set [or other] of them.

Death damns—but he does not say it is for their religion—
 "The black foreign fat lot, the great wild-boars who are
 separated from God, it is with the devil they shall go."

At last the sinner says—

Often, up to this, did I do considerable [good] deeds,
 Alms, and charity, and much humanity !
 Shall I get any reward for my great goodness at all ?
 After all I have given away of the affluence of this world.

Δέτ τὰ ἀν Ὀάρ ὠδ-λύβτα, ὠεῖρ πέ ναδ ὄφουλ δον
ἡμαῖτ ὠδ 'ραν μέαδ ριν,

ἰ η-υρηναιζιβ, ἰ η-αιρμουονη, ἰ ὠεμωζαδ, νά ἰ ὠεμέιναερ,
ἰ ὠείρτε, ἰ ζ-αρηταναδέτ, νά ἰ η-αν-έυτο ὠαονηαδέτ,
νί 'λ ἰονητα δον ταιμδε, ἀν πεααδ ὠ μῦνα ὠεμέιζφεαρ,
'S δεῖτ ἰ ηζηάδ λε-Ορίορε ἀν ἀν ζηνίμ ὠο ὠευναμ.

Οῖο μαῖτ ἰ ἀν ἐαρηταναδέτ, μαρ ἰρ ῥύδαιλε ναομ ἰ,
ἰρ ἰ ρζαῖτ δ'ρ τεαρημον ἀν ἀναμ' ζαν ὠεῖζ ἰ,
ἀδέτ μά ζηνίτεαρ ὠεαρημαδ ὠε'η αῖτρηζε ὠεηραδ
ἀτά 'η υἷλε ἡμαῖτεαρ ἐομ μαρδ 'ρ ἰρ πέιτοιρ.

Δέτ νί'λ δον ἡμαῖτ ἰ ὠβηιατρηαῖδ ἀν πεαααῖζ, ἀζυρ
ταρ εῖρ ἀρζῦντε ραῶα ὠε'η τρῶρε ρο, βυαῖλεανν ἀν
Ὀάρ ε ἀζυρ ριν ὠεηραδ λεῖρ !

Τῶς μέ ἀν ζῖοτα ραῶα ρο ἀρ ἀν ὠάν μῦμῖνναδ λε
η-α ἐυρ ἰ ζ-αομρηαῖδ λεῖρ να ρῖορηαῖδ εἰλε ὠε'η ἐνεδ
αεῦονα, ἀζυρ μαρ ῥαοῖλ μέ ζυρ ὠ'φῖῦ α ἐαῶαῖτε μαρ
ῥομρλα ἀρ ὠαρημῖλαῖδ να ὠαοῖνε πέῖν ἰ ὠαοῖδ ὠαδ-
αδέτα, νυαῖρ λαῶαῖρ ραῶ ζαεῶεῖλζ ἀζυρ νυαῖρ ὠἰ
ὠαρημῖλα αα. Δέτ, μαρ ὠυῶαῖτε μέ, νι η-ε ὠῖοζαλταρ
ὠε ἀδέτ α ἐρῶαῖτε ζαν ὠρῖε, ἀν ἐαῖνῶεαδέτ ἰρ ὠδ αῖρ
α ὠεῖαδανν ἀν Οονηαδέταδ, μαρ ὠεῖρ ἀν ρυζ-ῥῖλε ριν
ῥαῶρηαῖζ Ο ὠρηοῖν ζο βῖνν.

Τὰ ρῖζ να ὠρῖαῖτεαρ ἀνν α ζηάδ 'ρ α ἡμαῖτεαρ
ζο ρῖορημῖοδε ἀζ ρεῖτεαμ λεῖρ ἀν ὠεααδ ῥάμ,
δ'ρ τὰ ῥάῖλτε ὠῖλεαρ ἀζυρ ὠαλζαρ μῖλῖρ
ὠο λυέτ ἀν αῖτρηαδέαῖρ ἀμεαρηζ να ρῖλάν.

Ατά ὠρηάν αοῖτῶονν εἰλε ἀνν, ἀνν α ὠφουλ ρεαν-ἐαῖ-
λεαδ ἀζ αῖρ ἀναζαῖδ α μῖε ἀζυρ ἀζ ῥάδ ζυρ ρεαρη ὠα
'νά ὠυῖνε. ὐρεαδ ῥάτ ὠβερῶεαδ ρεαρηζ ζο ρῖορημῖοδε
ἀρ ὠα λεῖρ ἀν ὠυῖνε αῖονηαδ? ἡαδ ἀταῖρ ὠῖνν
ὠα? νι ὠῖονν ρεαρηζ ρῖορημῖοδε ἀρ ἀταῖρ.

But Death is inflexible and says that there is no good for him in all that.

In prayers, in mass, in fasting, or in abstinence,
In alms, in charity, or in much humanity,
There is no advantage, unless sin shall be forsaken,
And you to be in love with Christ at the time of doing the action.

Although good is charity, because it is a holy virtue,
(It is the defence and refuge of the soul without lie,)
Yet if forgetfulness be made of tearful repentance
All goodness is as dead as it can be.

There is no good for the sinner in his words, and after a long argument of this kind Death strikes him and there is an end of him !

I have given this long piece, out of the Munster poem, to compare it with other pieces of the same sort, and because I thought it worth while to give it as an example of the opinions of the people themselves about theology, at the time when they spoke Irish and had opinions. But, as I have said, it is not the vengeance of God but his unbounded mercy which is the characteristic which the Connacian most looks to. As says melodiously that king-poet Patrick O'Byrne.

The King of Heaven, in his goodness, even
Waits for the sinner who is still depraved,
Welcome shall meet him and the angels greet him,
A lowly penitent amongst the saved.

There is another common poem in which we have an old hag opposing her son and saying that God is better than man. "Why should there be anger eternally on God with guilty man? Is not God a father to us? There is not eternal anger in a father."

Naépaib' feap an an scoill go b'rádaib' ré r'gúirra
 go mbuailpib' a leanb, cuir r'naéct ásur t'riúir aih,
 's geapir an ágaó * an'vaid' a feap' go m'úcaó
 Sur mile meap' leir an leanb 'ná an r'gúirra.

Ásur i n-áit eile veir rí naé féirir feap' beic ar
 'Dia go buan

ir móir an feap' í, 'r veacair a méirteac,
 's buó m'itio do cap' do á b'euap'† ré ar don éor,
 's go b'uil ré r'uitte veap'bea ág Sacpanaig' éiréann
 naé b'uil v'eam ar an talam' ir meap' na "papirer,"
 Tá g'ráó ág na Sacpanaig' uile o'á céile
 's an té óiol éiríor naé óioib' féin é?

Má tá g'ráó ág na Sacpanaig'ib' millteac' ar a
 céile, cao' fáct naé mbeiréac' g'ráó ág 'Dia ar a
 élainn féin.

Áct tá an éuir ir mó ve na v'ántaib' v'iaó'a do
 ruair mé o na v'aoirib' i g'Connac'taib' ág tabairt
 cómairle v'úinn oib'neac' maite do v'eunam', ásur
 ág fáó naé b'uil don bealaé eile ann áct rin a v'icis
 le v'aine v'ul go flaitear Dé aih. Ág ro, mar f'ompla
 v'an do r'gúioib' mé r'ior o beul r'ir i g'con'v'ac' na
 g'ailime. Máirtain Ruao O g'iollap'nac' an t-ainm
 do bí aih. Va ar lior-an-uirge láim le Muine-an-
 meao'a é. Ni r'aib' don v'éap'la áige.

teagass' b'rigio.

Teagap' b'rigio ar a leap' do'n p'eacac'
 veannac't a ágar 'r a cómairle do g'lacac',
 muiré m'ácair go b'ráé do ágaip't
 Reult an eólaip' ág an óin'p'eac' ágaimn.

* = tamall.

† "v'ac'gaó" 'ran MS. meap'aim naé é an éailleac' áct an mac
 ac'a ág labairt ann ro.

"A man will go to a wood till he get a scourge.
Till he beat his child, putting obedience and manners on him.
Short is the time after quenching his anger
Till he thinks a thousand times more of the child than of the
scourge."

And in another place she says that there cannot be anger
lastingly on God.

Great is the anger and hard it is to pacify it,
And it were right for him to turn, were he able at all.
And sure it is settled and proved with the Sassanachs of Ireland
That there are no people in the world worse than Papists,
[Still] the Sassanachs all love one another,
And [yet] he who sold Christ was he not of themselves.

If even the wicked Sassanachs [Protestants] loved one
another why should not God love His children?

But the most of the religious poems which I have got
from the people in Connacht are giving us advice to do
good works, and saying that there is no road but this by
which a man may go to the heaven of God. Here for
example is a poem which I wrote down from the mouth of
a man in the county Galway. Martin Rua O Gillarná
(Forde! in English) was his name. He was from Lis-
anishka near Monivea. He had no English.

BRIDGET'S COUNSEL.

The teaching of Breed for his good to the sinner,¹
To take his father's advice and blessing,
To plead for ever with Mary Mother,
A guiding-star to our foolish women.

¹ This translation is nearly literal, and at the same time almost in
the very rude metre of the original. My friend, Mr. John MacNeill,
took down a different version of this poem from the mouth of
Máirtín Rua Ó Gíolláin in Inismaan. See *Gaelic Journal*, Vol. iv.,
No. 46, p. 213.

mac na mná úoi* nári éuill an rḡannall
 aḡur ḡo bráct nári úearmav an t-aḡair,
 'sé rin féin vo minne ári ḡceannaḡ
 mar iḡ tḡe na ḡaoib éuair ráit na rleigḡ.

Deir an dān ro i 'ḡtaoib na 'ḡoinḡe naḡ maib ḡuill
 aca i n'úoirḡ na i 'ḡrḡḡairḡ.

An oirḡe iḡ uirḡe 'ran raoḡal ḡ'á mbionn aḡainn
 ḡan ceó ḡan meulta ḡan ḡealaḡ,
 iḡ ḡile i 'ná lári an laé bíor aca.

ḡá 'ḡiucḡá liom-rá aḡur rúo ḡ'ámaḡe,
 b'ḡearri leat rḡóla úeunaḡ uíot 'r vo ḡearmaḡ,
 'ḡo bhuir vo úóḡaḡ a'r vo loḡaḡ,
 'ḡo éur i mbácuir ḡo mbeirḡeá carḡarḡa,
 'ḡo meilt ar bḡó 'r an ríóḡ† ḡ'á carḡo,
 ḡo mḡearri leat rin 'ná beir i bḡeacḡo marḡeḡaḡ.

Deir an dān ro ḡuinn a lān ḡe úeag-ḡómaḡle. aḡ
 ro rompla.

nuaḡi éirḡḡar tu aḡ maioin tḡir i n-aḡrinn ‡
 feuc aḡ an aḡóir mar iḡ ceairt uirḡ,
 feicḡo tu íora ḡríoḡa ann rúo 'na fearaḡ
 aḡur a ḡoir naomḡa i láirḡ ḡaḡ rḡḡairḡ.

nuaḡi bḡirḡar tu méirḡ tḡirḡ a-baile,
 taḡairḡ lóirḡin vo 'ḡeómaḡ' ḡo ḡci maioin,
 biaḡ 'ḡur ḡeoc vo'n tḡ bḡirḡar ralaḡ.

má bíonn vo ḡáirḡe tinn aḡ a leabaḡ
 má bíonn aon nio aḡao, bíoḡ rḡ aca.
 maillaḡt na baḡrḡeabairḡ ‡ ná bíoḡ aḡao.

aḡ uul vo luirḡe uirḡ aḡ vo leabaḡ
 tḡirḡ aḡ vo ḡlúnaib aḡur ḡaḡ vo rḡairḡ,
 's an cuma ceurḡa aḡir aḡ maioin.

* "úoi" = úo.

† "an ríóḡ" ḡuḡairḡ an rḡar, aḡt nio éuḡim rin.

‡ i.e., cum an aḡrinn.

§ baḡrḡeabairḡ" ḡuḡairḡ an rḡar.

The Son of the Woman who earned no scandal,
 The Son who never forgot the Father,
 It was He himself who made our purchase,
 And through His side that the lance's thrust went.

The poem goes on to say of those who have no pleasure
 in alms or in mercy:—

The darkest night in this world at present
 Dark without mist or stars or moonlight,
 Is brighter than their day when brightest.

Could you come with me but once, and see it,
 You would sooner be hacked in little pieces,
 Be boiled, be burned, and be roasted,

Be put in an oven till you had perished,
 Be ground in a quern with hundreds grinding,
 —Sooner than live in a sin that is mortal.

Go to Mass when you rise at morning,
 As you should do, regard the altar.
 See, Christ Jesus is thereby standing,
 In the priest's hand is His sacred body.

Go home again when that is finished,
 Give wanderers lodging until the morning,
 Food and drink to him who is empty.

Is your friend ill, or on sick-bed lying,
 Bring him whatever will give him comfort,
 —Never earn the curse of widow.

When to your bed you get at night-time
 Go on your knees your prayers repeating,
 Do the same when you rise next morning.

Ír é an níó ír mó tēasap̄scap̄ ann, tēas-ḡnīom̄ap̄ta
 to tēunam̄.

tēunaiō tēas-tēap̄t ḡan b̄rēis ḡan māḡaō
 tēunaiō tēas-tēap̄t ḡan b̄rēis ap̄ an talam̄.
 Sin í an t̄rl̄ige t̄r̄eac̄ asur leanaḡiōe é,
 Sin é an bóit̄m̄in a'p̄ [na] f̄asaiō amuiḡ é.

As ro cuio tēas tē t̄án f̄aḡa eile to r̄ḡr̄iob̄ mé ó
 tēul an m̄l̄ap̄tain Ruaiō tēuna.

IS MAIRḡ.

Ír maiḡ a b̄iōp̄ tēann ap̄ á f̄aoḡal ḡeap̄i
 'S ḡan f̄iōp̄ asainn c' f̄aḡa uainn ceann ap̄ "l̄eap̄"
 ḡan oḡp̄ainn ac̄t f̄m̄eīōeac̄ ó'n m̄b̄ap̄
 asur caīt̄f̄iō an t-anam* tēit* í l̄áḡap̄i tē

Súo f̄iap̄m̄óḡap̄ C̄r̄iōp̄ta tē'n anam
 Cao to b̄i f̄é a tēanam̄ as caīt̄eac̄m̄ a l̄eé,
 "t̄uḡ mé t̄uit̄ f̄t̄ait̄ le t̄u f̄éin to f̄ab̄áil,
 'S a amav̄áin f̄euc̄ map̄ t̄amain tu [t̄u] f̄éin."

[An p̄eacac̄].

"[To] leis mé f̄ail̄l̄ige ann ran ḡc̄ap̄
 asur f̄aoil̄ mé f̄illeac̄ó ap̄iō f̄o† to r̄ḡéit̄
 no ḡo t̄t̄áin̄is (ap̄ f̄eīp̄eán) an b̄ap̄
 asur f̄uḡ f̄é oḡm̄ ap̄ tēul."

nuaip̄i f̄ac̄ap̄ an t-anam í b̄f̄iaōnuīp̄e na t̄m̄ionóioe
 asur f̄ap̄oi b̄p̄eīteac̄m̄nap̄ m̄l̄óip̄i-m̄iōc̄ tē,
 ní t̄éiō níó ap̄ biḡ le cup̄i ann a leit̄ ḡo c̄neap̄ta,
 ac̄t t̄m̄oḡaō uḡnaḡ̄t̄e asur t̄éiōc̄.

* "An tanam b̄oḡt̄ f̄p̄easap̄it" t̄ub̄ap̄it an f̄eap̄i.

† f̄ó=f̄ap̄oi.

¹ *Literally*—Alas for him who is stiff out of his short life, and we without knowing how far away from us is the head (end) of our lease; with nothing but the beckoning of Death to us, and the soul must be in the presence of God.

What the poem chiefly teaches is to do good deeds :—

Do good deeds without lie or falsehood,
Do without lie good deeds on earth here,
That is the one straight way to follow,
That is the road, and go not off it.

Here is a small portion of another poem which I wrote down from the mouth of the same Maurteen Rua.

THE MAN WHO STANDS STIFF.

The man who stands stiff in a short-lived world
He knows not how long is the lease of his clod.
With Death he must reckon, when Death shall beckon
The soul must knock at the door of God.¹

Then Christ shall come and shall ask of the soul,
“O Soul say how hast thou spent thy day,
I gave to thee power and self-control,
Thou fool hast thou given thyself away?”

[*The Sinner answers.*]

“I thought I had time before me still,
And space to return beneath thy shield,
But Death came first, and against my will
E’re I knew it, to Death I was forced to yield.”

* * * * *

To the Trinity’s presence the soul must mount,
To the judgment it comes, and its sins it bears,
And nought that it pleads for itself shall count
Save fastings, and givings of alms, and prayers.

Then Christ shall ask of the soul, what it was a-doing while spending its day. “I gave thee a state (power) to save thee, and thou fool see how thou hast damned thyself.”

“I used neglect in the case, and I thought to turn again beneath thy shield, until”—said he—“Death came and seized me by the mouth.”

When the soul shall go into the presence of the Trinity and under the judgment of the great Son of God, there shall be nothing to honestly allege for him but fasting, prayers, and alms.

muna t'eugrá áct glóine de'n uirge ruar,
 (an níó ir fura fáil n'á bfuil faoi 'n ngrém.)
 Go bfuilfíó tu a luac ar rtaio na ngráta,
 áct é do éadairt uait i n-onóirí Dé.

Trí luac raotair atá agaimn
 ar do beit ag marluáó Dé,
 mar tá mí-áó móir, agus siorruá * raoáil
 agus piana irimn 'i éir ár lae.†

"Ní' don uair gearrphamaio ruil Críorta san don
 áóáir, nac gearraíó ré trí h-uairé oriminn a lám,
 'tá aítbeul móir orim an creutúir úoi 'do cumáó atá
 'do mo cúir aítir cum báir.' áct [a raib] 'de 'roo-
 rmuáinteaóáib aige, agus [de] 'deaá-ániómaráib,
 raóáíó raó i n-aibíó (?) uilear (?) ráála leó féin,
 agus pé ar bit téir leir an teilgean an uair rin, ir
 aige-rean beiró re.‡"

béarráíóear ar an anam boét
 's caítríóear go teaálaíá irimn é,
 's buó méara leir 'ná beit ann rna pianaib
 gearraíaint le rubáilcear breáá míc Dé.

"Deir an dán, tar éir rin, go raib an raoáal iomlán
 i nroaóáar agus nac noeaóáíó le trí míle bliáóan
 don anam go flaitéar, agus go raib na h-aítreaóá
 naomta "i nroaóáar uóib féin,"

* "gearraó raoáil" uobairt an fear. ní éuáim rin.

† "le linn Dé" uobairt an fear.

‡ ní éis liom beurráíó 'do 'deunam de'n méao ro, atá pé óom
 rmuáiláíte rin, áct ir cuio de'n dán é.

If you were to give but a glass of the cold water, the thing easiest
 to be got that is beneath the sun, sure you will get its price in

If you gave but a glass of the water cold,
 (The simplest drink on the green earth's sod)
 Your reward is before you, a thousand-fold,
 If the thing has been done for the sake of God.

Three things there be, the reward of man
 For offending God—'tis a risk to run—
 Misfortune's fall, and a shortened span,
 And the pains of hell when all is done.

"There is no time that we shall cut [draw] Christ's blood without any cause, that he shall not shake his hand three times against us, [and say] 'I am sorry for creating yon creature who is putting me to death again.' But all the evil thoughts he had and all the good deeds [he did] they shall go in a . . . [?] scale by themselves, and whosoever the casting [of the scale] goes with, at that time, [devil or angel] it is he who shall have him."¹

The soul shall be seized and with cries be hurled
 To the threshold of hell where it now must stay,
 But worse than the pains is the thought that remains
 That it parts from the presence of God for aye.

The poem says, after this, that the entire world was in darkness, and that for three thousand years not one soul went to heaven, and that "the holy fathers were in darkness for themselves,"

the estate of grace, but only you to give it from you in the honour of God.

Three rewards for [our] labour we have, from [our] being abusing God, namely, great misfortune, and shortness of life, and the pains of hell after our day [is done].

¹ *This is meant to be part of the poem, but is so corrupt that I have printed it as prose.*

no guri glac an t-ionóro truaig
 'Do'n éine daonna deit dul i léig,*
 agur guri tuirling mac na n-gárta
 i mbroinn mhúire, mátdair Dé.
 'Dá n-eunfadh do cómarra oile oir
 níor mian leat maiteam óo go h-éag†
 áct feuch mar rinne mac na n-gárta
 'Do'n té do moinn, trát, ‡ rópá Dé.
 An croidé bíor go h-oile 'd'á cómarra
 déirí re 'na meall bhimpéóin i lár a éleib,
 'S an teanga tá [ag] luath na mionna móra
 déirí rí 'na bhannha ríar 'na deul.
 Lá an bheiteamhair ar an rliadh
 Cairéimio cruinnuighadh i látdair Dé,
 Cairéirí na rásairt fheasairt ag an bprobal
 ar ronn § an coisail uile go léir.
 Déirí cloca na n-altóir agur cloca na gcealtarra
 teact ag veunam ríadnuire i látdair Dé,
 Déirí na cáirveara-chríort ann ag teact 'na mbannairí
 [ag teact] ar ronn a noálta féin.
 [Cairéirí na cáirveara-chríorta fheasairt
 ar ronn a noálta uile go léir]
 Ar gac banna a'r ar gac geallamain
 'D'á otugadair ariam 'do'n éleir.

* "i léig" = go léir-réir?

† "go b'át" "buidair an fear."

‡ "na rópá" "buidair an fear, áct ní féidir gur ceart rín."

§ "cao do féil ar an scoil" "buidair an fear, nuair nach otugim go maith."

² *Literally*—Until the Trinity took pity upon the human race that was going to destruction (?), and until the Son of the graces came down in the womb of Mary Mother of God.

If thy neighbour were to do thee an evil thou wouldst not desire to forgive him till death, but see how the Son of the graces acted to him who divided once the limbs of God.

Till the Trinity thought, and thinking pitied
 The race that was lying beneath the rod,
 And the Son of Grace came down through space
 To the womb of Mary Mother of God.²

If thy neighbour offend thee, O passion's slave,
 Thou wilt not forgive him, through spite and pride,
 Yet see how the Son of Grace forgave
 The person who pierced God's holy side.

The heart that abhorreth its earthly neighbour
 As a brimstone lump in the breast shall lie,
 And the perjured tongue, that is loosely hung,
 Like a salted flame in the mouth shall fry.

At the hour of doom, on the awful Mount
 We all must gather beneath God's eye,
 And the priest for his flock give a sharp account,
 And account for the tares in his wheat and rye.

When the stones of the cells and the stones of the altars
 Arise and bear witness, let man despair !
 God-parents must come who went surety once
 And account for their own god-children there.

A reckoning-day for the sureties comes,
 The winnowing day of the wheat and chaff,
 They must strictly account for each pledge and promise
 They made to the clergy on their behalf.

The heart that is evil-disposed towards its neighbour, it shall be a lump of brimstone in the middle of his breast, and the tongue that is giving utterance to oaths, it shall be a [boiling] cauldron back in his mouth.

On the day of the judgment on the mountain, we must gather in the presence of God ; The priest must answer to the people on account of the tares altogether.

The stones of the altars and the stones of the churches [or cells] shall be coming bearing witness in the presence of God ; The god-parents [*literally* " Christ's friendship "] shall be coming as bails-men, on account of their own god-children.

The god-parents must all answer for their god-children altogether, for every bond and for every promise that they ever gave to the clergy.

ni le blaṭṭair, ni le bhréig,
 ni le uadair,* ná le plé,
 ir cóir duit do dul ann do éiríodair éiríodair
 áct le ḡrádó uilear dé.

mar éig polair ar an ngealaig,
 mar éigear teair ar an ngréin,
 mar éigear an féar tñio an talam
 [tiucraio lá bhréteamair dé].

Do bí a lán eile ann ran uán faṭa ro áct níor
 rḡríob mé ríor é, aḡur fáḡaim amac ann ro cuio
 dá'r rḡríob mé, óir ni raib ré ró foiléir.

Má deapcmaoio 'nár uimcíoil ar talam na
 Críortuigeácta anoiú, éiríomio ar éigin áit eile
 a bfuil níor mó ḡrádó aḡ na uaoimib ar an
 tḡḡarṭáct 'ná i ngríonn. Ni'l mé aḡ tráct anoir
 ar don áṭṭair imreardán éainig eadonna ḡo uéig-
 eannaḡ, áct má rḡrúdaigimio rṭair na h-éireann ar
 feaṭ an cúpla ceuo bliadán cuair éarṭainn, fáḡ-
 maioio ḡo raib an rḡḡarṭ uilear u'á pobal aḡur an
 pobal u'á fáḡarṭ.

Ir iao na bliadanta faṭa, lán de érád aḡur de
 uoḡtanar, u'fulaing na h-éireannaig (tar éir uaoine
 uairle na tíre, a luḡo coranta féin, do beir leaḡṭa),
 aḡur iao ḡan don uaine aḡ reardán ar a ron áct a
 rḡḡarṭ féin, do ceangail crioide an náirúin uóib ḡo
 uaingean ulúṭ uó-rḡaoilte. Do connairc na uaoine,

* Laḡair re an focal ro mar "uadair" wow-ar, aḡ ueunam com-
 fuaim leir an mbéurla Bower. Tá aḡruḡad tomar an 'ran
 líne reo. Ir mé féin do ceap an líne uéireannaḡ óir níor féaṭ
 mé a léigead, tar éir a rḡríobta!

Not with flattery, not with lies,
 Not with pride nor haughty tone,
 Is it meet for a man to become "Christ's friendship"¹
 But with the love of God alone.

* * * *

As a light comes over the rising moon,
 As a heat comes over the settled sun,
 As the grass steals up through the fields of the world,
 The day of the judgment of God shall come.

There was a great deal more in this long poem, but I did not write it down, and I leave out here some of what I did write, because it was not very clear.

If we look around us, over the lands of Christendom to-day, we shall scarcely see another place in which the love and respect of their people for the priesthood is greater than in Erin. I am not now speaking of any cause of quarrel that may have lately come between them, but if we examine the history of the country during the last couple of hundred years we find that the priest clung to his people, and the people to their priest.

The long years, full of ruin and poverty, which the Irish suffered after the downfall of their natural protectors, the native nobles, without anyone to stand up for them but their own priests, bound to them the heart of the nation, strongly, firmly, inseparably. The people saw during two

Not with blather (flattery) not with lies, not with pride, not with dispute (?) is it right for thee to become Christ's-friendship, but with the sincere love of God.

As a light comes upon the moon, as a heat comes upon the sun, as the grass comes through the ground, (i.e. silently ?) the day of the judgment of God shall come.

¹ "Christ's-friendship" is the Irish name for god-parent or gossip. There is a change in the metre of this verse.

ar fearó d'á ceuto bliadóan, a ragsairt féin i mboctanar
 agus i n-anró, as dul i mbeannain an baogail, as
 iarraid a n-oifig naomha do d'eanamh, as dul arteaó
 agus as teaó amac ann a mearf, as cup oia ar an
 oioing do bí i nseim an báir, as ceangailt na
 lánamhan ós, as breugadó b'óin na mboct, agus as
 friteólaó raicriméio na h-eaglaise, ció sup pianais-
 ead sup zéar-leanaó agus sup cailleadó iad féin, so
 minic, ann ran obair rin. Má'r fíor an nio d'ubairt
 mé, sup ar éigin tá don tír eile 'ran eórais ann a
 b'fuil réim agus cúmaó na ragsairt Rómánaó comh
 móir agus tá ríad i n-éirinn, agus má téiróimio as
 loigsaieaó cia an fáct, tuigimio so fuparta sup
 mar geall ar éire do beir as cuimniugadó fóir ar an
 méad mi-áda agus zéar-leanta d'fulaing ríre agus a
 ragsairt le céile, tá rí comh ceannamail oíra d'r atá.
 Níor dearmaid rí rin fóir, agus má tá áit comh maí
 rin as ragsairtaó na h-éireann i zcomórtar le
 ragsairtaó Rómánaig na dtír eile, ní h-é mar geall
 ar fuil Céilteaó do beir ann rna daoimio, ná mar
 geall ar don nio eile d'á fóir, áct mar geall ar an
 zcompóir, ar an fáruadó, ar an zcabbair, agus ar an
 ríor-congnam do fuair daoine bocta na h-éireann ó
 na ragsairtaí ann ran d'á doir cuaid éarinn, nuair
 naó raib don duine léiganta eile le dul i b'airt
 leó áct iad-ran amáin.

Cuimniugmíó fóir ar na cleairiaí do b'éigin do
 ragsairtaí na h-éireann d'imirt, le na n-anam do
 fábaí, áct tá na sean rseulta ro as dul i n-oi-
 cuimne ó eóraig an ragsairt agus an tuata a z-cuir
 zaeóeilge, ann ar innreadó iad, do éaireamh uata

hundred years their priests in poverty and misery, standing in the gap of danger, seeking to fulfil their sacred office, coming in and going out amongst them, anointing those who were on the point of death, tying young couples, assuaging the grief of the poor, and administering the sacraments of the church, although they themselves often met suffering and persecution and death in doing so. If what I have just said is true, namely, that there is scarce another country in Europe in which the respect for and power of the Roman Catholic priests is as great as it is in Erin, and if we seek what is the cause, we shall easily understand that it is because Erin has not yet forgotten all the misfortunes and persecutions which she and her priests suffered together during the penal laws. She has not yet quite forgotten it; and if the priesthood of Erin has so good a position, in comparison with the Roman Catholic priests of other countries, it is not on account of Celtic blood being in the people, nor on account of anything else of the sort, but on account of the comfort, the satisfaction, the aid, and the continuous-help which the poor people of Erin received from their priests in the last two centuries, when there was no other person of education taking their part, but they only.

The wiles which the priests of Erin had to practice in order to save their lives are not yet forgotten. But these old stories are passing into dis-remembrance since the priests and the people began to cast away from them the Irish language, in which they were told. There were people at one time in Ireland who had no other business than to find out

Do bí daoine i n-Éirinn an t-am rin naó faoi ghnó
 ar bit aca aet na rathairt o'fáil amac asur luac
 o'fáil ó'n tlighe mar gheall ar a n-obair fálais,
 mar éomio ó'n rann ro do éalaid an t-aetair O
 laogaire ó buine éigin.

ní'l maíe dam beir o'á lahairt,
 's do ghaol le Donncaó an t-rathairt,
 le h-éógan na gcárait, a aetair,
 le luét na g-ceann do gheiríad,
 le cur i málaid leatair,
 do bheir leó ríor do'n aetair,
 's an óir do aetair a-baile,
 mar coetugad ban a'r leand.

As ro rgeul, mar rompla, do fuair mire ó p'róinriar
 O Concubair i m'U'átluain, do éalaid é ó fean-
 mnaoi, do táinig ar Baile-an-tobair i gconradé
 muis éó. Com fada asur do bí an gaebeilg o'á
 lahairt, asur na rgeulta ro o'á n-innirint innit, ir
 beas an t-iongnad meaf do beir as na daoine ar a
 gcuid rathairt.

TODAR MUIRE.

A b'ead ó foim do bí todar beannaisge i mBaile an
 tobair, i gconradé muis éó. Bí mainirir ann ran
 áit a b'fuit an todar anoir, asur ir ar loig altdora na
 mainirir do b'ir an todar amac. Bí an mainirir

¹ This is not the Roscommon Ballintubber, celebrated for the ancient castle of the O'Conors, which is called in Irish "Baile-an-tobair Uí Chonchubhair," or "O'Conor's Ballintubber," but a place near the middle of the County Mayo, celebrated for its splendid abbey, founded by one of the Mac a' Mhílidhs, a name taken by the Stauntons [Mac-a-Veely, i.e., "son of the warrior," now pronounced so that no remains of any vulgar

priests and gain from the law a reward on account of their dirty work, as we see from this rann which Father O'Leary heard from some one.

“ There is no use in my speaking [encomiums on you]
 Seeing your kinship with Donogha-of-the-priest,
 And with Owen-of-the-cards, his father,
 With the people of the cutting off of the heads,
 To put them into leather bags,
 To bring them down with them to the city,
 And to bring home the gold [they got for them]
 For sustenance of wives and children.”

Here is a story, for example, which I got from Próinsias O'Connor, in Athlone, who heard it from an old woman who was herself from Ballintubber, in the County Mayo. So long as Irish was spoken, and these stories told in it it was small wonder that the people should have a regard for their priests.

MARY'S WELL.

Long ago there was a blessed well in Ballintubber (*i.e.*, town of the well),¹ in the county Mayo. There was once a monastery in the place where the well is now, and it was on the spot where stood the altar of the monastery that the well broke out. The monastery was on the side of a hill,

Irish sound may cling to it, as “ Mac Évilly Í. The prophecy is current in Mayo that when the abbey is re-roofed Ireland shall be free. My friend, Major Maurice Moore, told me that when he was a young boy he often wondered why the people did not roof the abbey and so free Ireland without any more trouble. The tomb of the notorious Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest hunter, which is not far from it, is still pointed out by the people. It is probably he who is the “ spy ” in this story, though his name is not mentioned.

ar éaoib énuic, aét núair éáinís Críomail ašur a éuro
rēšioratōirí cum na tíne reó, leašatōar an máiniríir,
ašur níor fášatōar cloé or cionn cloice de'n alctōir
náir éaiteatōar ríor.

Bliatōam ó'n lá do leašatōar an alctōir, 'ré rin lá
féil mhuire 'ran earuac, 'reatō bhuir an tobair amac ar
loris na h-alctōra, ašur ir ionšantac an ruo le ráó
nac raib bhuon uirge ann ran ríut do bí aš bonn an
énuic ó'n lá do bhuir an tobair amac.

Bí bráctair boét aš uil na ríge an lá ceuona,
ašur éuairé ré ar a bealac le raibir do ráó ar loris
na h-alctōra beannaigíte, ašur bí ionšantar móir air
nuair éonnairc re tobair breaš ann a h-áit. Éuairé
ré ar a glúnaib ašur éorais ré aš ráó a raibire nuair
éualairé ré šut aš ráó, "cuir óíot do bhróša, tá tu
ar éalair beannaigíte, tá tu ar bhuac Tobair mhuire,
ašur tá léigear na mílte caoc ann. Déiró uine
léigeara le uirge an tobair rin anašairó šac uile
uine ó'éirt airíonn i láctair na h-alctōra do bí ann
ran áit ann a bhuil an tobair anoir, má bíonn ríat
tumta trí h-uairé ann, i n-ainm an áctair an ííic ašur
an Špioraito Náoirh."

Nuair bí a raibireaca ráiríte aš an mbráctair ó'feuc
ré ruar ašur éonnairc colum móir glégeal ar érann
šíubair i nšar roó. Buó h-í an colum do bí aš caint.
Bí an bráctair šleurtá i n-euóaisib-breige, mar bí
luac ar a éeann, éom móir ašur do bí ar éeann
marra-alla.

Ar éaoi ar bí ó'fušair ré an ršeul do óaoimib an
baile bis, ašur níor bpaó šo nbeacairé ré trío an
tír. Buó boét an áit í, ašur ní raib aét boctáin aš

but when Cromwell and his band of destroyers came to this country, they overthrew the monastery, and never left stone on top of stone in the altar that they did not throw down.

A year from the day that they threw down the altar—that was Lady Day in spring—the well broke out on the site of the altar, and it is a wonderful thing to say, but there was not one drop of water in the stream that was at the foot of the hill from the day that the well broke out.

There was a poor friar going the road the same day, and he went out of his way to say a prayer upon the site of the blessed altar, and there was great wonder on him when he saw a fine well in its place. He fell on his knees and began to say his paternoster, when he heard a voice saying : “ Put off your brogues, you are upon blessed ground, you are on the brink of Mary’s well, and there is the curing of thousands of blind in it ; there shall be a person cured by the water of that well for every person who heard mass in front of the altar that was in the place where the well is now, if they be dipped three times in it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.”

When the friar had his prayers said, he looked up and saw a large white dove upon a fir tree near him. It was the dove who was speaking. The friar was dressed in false clothes, because there was a price on his head, as great as on the head of a wild-dog.

At any rate, he proclaimed the story to the people of the little village, and it was not long till it went out through the country. It was a poor place, and the people in it had

na daoiniú, agus iad líonta le deatac. Ar an ádhár
rin bí cur mairt de daoiniú caoí ann. Le clap-
folar, lá ar na mairt, bí or cionn dá fíctio daoine
ann, as tobair mhuir, agus ní raib fear ná bean aca
nac tóinís ar air agus raibair mairt aca.

Cuairt clú tobair mhuir tuis an tuis, agus níor
báda go raib oileiríeada ó gac uile condaé as teact
go Tobair mhuir, agus ní deacair don neac aca ar
air gan beir léigeara; agus faoi ceann tamail do
bídeat daoine ar tiorcraib eile féin, as teact go tuis
Tobair mhuir.

Bí fear m-éireimeac 'na cóinnuibe i ngar do
baile-an-tobair. Duine uaral do bí ann, agus níor
éire ré i léigear an tobair beannaisíte. Dubairt
re nac raib ann aet pírtreóga, agus le magat do
beunam ar na daoiniú tug ré aral dall do bí aise
cum an tobair agus cum a ceann faoi an uirge.
Fuair an t-aral a raibair, aet tugat an magatúir a-
baile comh dall le bonn do broidge.

Faoi ceann bliadna tuit ré amac go raib ragar as
obair mar garatúir as an duine-uaral do bí dall.
Bí an ragar gleurta mar fear-oibre, agus ní raib
fior as duine ar bit go mbuó ragar do bí ann. Don
lá amáin bí an duine uaral breidíte agus o'iar ré ar
a fearbóganata é do tabairt amac 'ran ngarat.
Nuair táinís ré cum na h-áite a raib an ragar as
obair, fuir ré rior. "Nac mór an truaí é," ar
reirean, "nac tuis liom mo garat breas o'feiceál!"

Glac an garatúir truaí oó agus dubairt, "Tá
fior asam cá bfuil fear do léigreóat tu, aet tá
luac ar a ceann mar geall ar a éireamh."

nothing [to live in] but huts, and these filled with smoke. On that account there were a great many weak-eyed people amongst them. With the dawn, on the next day, there were above forty people at Mary's Well, and there was never man nor woman of them but came back with good sight.

The fame of Mary's Well went through the country, and it was not long till there were pilgrims from every county coming to it, and nobody went back without being cured; and at the end of a little time even people from other countries used to be coming to it.

There was an unbeliever living near Mary's Well. It was a gentleman he was, and he did not believe in the cure. He said there was nothing in it but pishtrogues (charms), and to make a mock of the people he brought a blind ass, that he had, to the well, and he dipped its head under the water. The ass got its sight, but the scoffer was brought home as blind as the sole of your shoe.

At the end of a year it so happened that there was a priest working as a gardener with the gentleman who was blind. The priest was dressed like a workman, and nobody at all knew that it was a priest who was in it. One day the gentleman was sickly, and he asked his servant to take him out into the garden. When he came to the place where the priest was working he sat down. "Isn't it a great pity," says he, "that I cannot see my fine garden?"

The gardener took compassion on him, and said, "I know where there is a man who would cure you, but there is a price on his head on account of his religion."

"Deirum-re m'focal nac n'oeunfairb mire rprb-
easboreadct air, agus iocfairb me go maic e ar ron a
triblobioe," ar ran duine uaral.

"Act b'eirir nar maic leat dul trifo an trlige-
rlanaigste atd aige," ar ran garbadoir.

"Ir cuma liom cia an trlige atd aige ma tugann
re mo radarc dam," ar ran duine uaral.

Anoir, bi oroc-clu ar an duine-uaral, mar brait
re a lan de ragarairb noime rin; Dingam an t-ainm
do bi air. Ar dao ar bit glac an ragar meirneac
agus dubairt, "Bioo do coirte reid ar maidin
amarae, agus tiomainrbo mire tu go rci ait do
leigir, ni tig le coirteoir na le don duine eile beic
i ladar act mire, agus na h-innir o'don duine ar bit
ca bfuil tu as dul, no fior cat e do gnaite (gnó)."

Ar maidin, la ar na marea, bi coirte Dingam reid,
agus cuair re fein arteac, leir an ngarbadoir o'd
tiomaint. "Fan, tura, ann ran mbaile an t-am ro,"
ar re leir an g-coirteoir, "agus tiomainrbo an garbadoir
me." Bi an coirteoir 'na biteamnac, agus bi
euro air, agus glac re run go mbeirdeat re as fairte
orra-ran, le ragsail amac cia an ait raib riao le dul.
Bi a gleur beannaigste as an ragar, taob-artig de'n
euroac eile. Nuair tangadair go Tobair muipe dub
airt an ragar leir, "Ir ragar mire, ta me dul le
do radarc o'fagsail duit 'ran ait ar dail tu e."
Ann rin cum re tri uaire ann ran tobair e, i n-ainm an
adar an mic agus an spiorair naoim, agus eainig a
radarc cuise com maic agus bi re ariam.

"Deirfairb me ceo puint duit," ar ra Dingam,
"com luac agus racfar me a-baile."

"I give my word that I'll do no spying on him, and I'll pay him well for his trouble," said the gentleman.

"But perhaps you would not like to go through the mode of curing that he has," says the gardener.

"I don't care what mode he has, if he gives me my sight," said the gentleman.

Now, the gentleman had an evil character, because he betrayed a number of priests before that. Bingham was the name that was on him. However, the priest took courage, and said, "Let your coach be ready on to-morrow morning, and I will drive you to the place of the cure; neither coachman nor anyone else may be present but myself, and do not tell to anyone at all where you are going, or give anyone a knowledge of what is your business."

On the morning of the next day Bingham's coach was ready, and he himself got into it, with the gardener driving him. "Do you remain at home this time," says he to the coachman, "and the gardener will drive me." The coachman was a villain, and there was jealousy on him. He conceived the idea of watching the coach to see what way they were to go. His blessed vestments were on the priest, inside of his other clothes. When they came to Mary's Well the priest said to him, "I am going to get back your sight for you in the place where you lost it." Then he dipped him three times in the well, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit and his sight came to him as well as ever it was.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds," said Bingham, "as soon as I go home."

Uí an cóirteoir aḡ fairé, aḡur cómh luat aḡur con-
nairc ré an ragaḡ ann a ḡleur beannaigḡte, cuairé ré
ḡo luēt an oligḡ aḡur bḡairé ré an ragaḡ. 'Do ḡabaoḡ
aḡur 'do cḡocaoḡ é ḡan bḡeiteamḡ ḡan bḡeiteamḡnar.
O'ḡeudaoḡ an fear 'do bḡ tar éir a raḡairc o'ḡāḡail
ar air, an ragaḡ 'do faoḡaoḡ, aēt níor labair ré focal
ar a fon.

Timcioll míora 'na dḡaigḡ reḡ, tḡainigḡ ragaḡ eile ḡo
ḡingam aḡur é ḡleurta mar ḡāḡḡaoḡoir, aḡur o'iarḡ
ré obair ar ḡingam aḡur fuair uairé i. Aēt ni raibḡ
ré a bḡao ann a fearḡoir ḡo oḡāḡla oḡocḡuo 'do ḡing-
am. Cuairé ré amacḡ aon lá amāin aḡ riḡbal tḡirḡ na
pāirceannairḡ, aḡur 'do cāḡao cailin maireacḡ, ingean
ḡir bḡoēt, air, aḡur rinne ré marluḡaoḡ uirḡ, aḡur
o'ḡāḡ leatḡ-marḡ i. Uí tḡiḡr deairḡrāḡar aḡ an
ḡcailin, aḡur tḡḡaoḡar mionna ḡo marḡḡocaoḡ riao é
cómh luat aḡur ḡeobairḡir ḡneim air. Ni raibḡ a bḡao
le fanamāint aca. ḡabaoḡar é ran aīt ceutḡna ar
marluigḡ ré an cailin, aḡur cḡocaoḡar é ar cḡann, aḡur
o'ḡāḡaoḡar ann rin é, cḡocḡta.

Ar mairḡin, an lá ar na māraē, bḡ millḡiḡinḡ de
mḡolḡḡḡaibḡ cḡuinnigḡte, mar cḡnoc mḡr, timcioll an
cḡrainn, aḡur níor fearḡ uine ar bitḡ uul anaice leir,
mar ḡeall ar an mbolaḡ bḡéan 'do bḡ timcioll na
h-aite, aḡur uine ar bitḡ 'do raēaoḡ anaice leir, 'do
ḡallḡaoḡ na mḡolḡḡḡa é.

Tairḡ bean aḡur mac ḡingam ceuḡ pḡnt o'aoḡ
uine 'do bḡairḡaoḡ an corp amacḡ. Rinne cuḡ māitḡ
ḡaoine iarrairḡ rin 'do uḡenamḡ, aēt níor fearḡaoḡar.
Fuair riao pḡuair le cḡaēaoḡ ar na mḡolḡḡḡaibḡ, aḡur
ḡeugḡ cḡann le na mbualaoḡ, aēt níor fearḡaoḡar a

The coachman was watching, and as soon as he saw the priest in his blessed vestments, he went to the people of the law, and betrayed the priest. He was taken and hanged, without judge, without judgment. The man who was after getting back his sight could have saved the priest, but he did not speak a word in his behalf.

About a month after this, another priest came to Bingham, and he dressed like a gardener, and he asked work of Bingham, and got it from him ; but he was not long in his service until an evil thing happened to Bingham. He went out one day walking through his fields, and there met him a good-looking girl, the daughter of a poor man, and he assaulted her, and left her half dead. The girl had three brothers, and they took an oath that they would kill him as soon as they could get hold of him. They had not long to wait. They caught him in the same place where he assaulted the girl, and hanged him on a tree, and left him there hanging.

On the morning of the next day millions of flies were gathered like a great hill round about the tree, and nobody could go near it on account of the foul smell that was round the place, and anyone who would go near it the midges would blind him.

Bingham's wife and son offered a hundred pounds to anyone who would bring out the body. A good many people made an effort to do that, but they were not able. They got dust to shake on the flies, and boughs of trees to beat them with, but they were not able to scatter them, nor

ργαπαθ, ná 'oul cómh páda leir an gcraann. Bí an bpreuntar an éiríge níor meara, agus bí eagla ar na cómharrannaibh go dtuabhaí na míoltóga agus an corp bhréun pláig oiríra.

Bí an tairia rásair 'na gáirdeoiri as Úingam 'ran am ro, áit ní raibh fíor as luét an tíge sur rásair do bí ann, óir dá mbeirdeá fíor as luét an tlioge nó as na rpiódeaoiribh, do gheobá ríad agus do érófáth ríad é. Cuair na Catoilciú go mnaoi Úingam agus tuabharadar léi go raibh eólar aca ar duine do d'ibrideáth na míoltóga. "Tabair cuigam é," ar ríre, "agus má'r féidir leir na míoltóga do d'ibire ní h-é an duair rin gheobar re áit a reáit n-oiréad.

"Áit," ar ríad-ran, "d'á mbeir' fíor as luét-an-tlioge agus dá ngeabaoir é, do érófaoir é, mar éróc ríad an fear do ruair raóarc a fúl ar air do." "Áit," ar ríre, "nac bfeutáth ré na míoltóga do d'ibire gan fíor as luét-an-tlioge?"

"Níl fíor asainn," ar ríad-ran, "go nglacpamaoio cómhairle leir."

An oiréce rin glacadar cómhairle leir an rásair, agus o'innir ríad do cat tuabairt bean Úingam.

"Níl agus áit beata fáogalta do cáilleamaint," ar ran rásair, "agus béarfaí mé ruar í ar ron na n-daoine doét, óir beir pláig ann ran tír muna gcuirfí mé d'ibire ar na míoltógaibh. Ar maidin amárac, beir iarrfaí agus i n-ainm Dé iad do d'ibire, agus tá muinisin agus agus doétar i n'Oia go rábálfair ré mé ó mo cúro náimad. Téir cuig an bean-uairil ánoir, agus abair léi go mbeir mé i ngar do'n craann le h-éiríge na gréine ar maidin amárac, agus abair

to go as far as the tree. The foul smell was getting worse, and the neighbours were afraid that the flies and noisome corpse would bring a plague upon them.

The second priest was at this time a gardener with Bingham, but the people of the house did not know that it was a priest who was in it, for if the people of the law or the spies knew, they would take and hang him. The Catholics went to Bingham's wife and told her that they knew a man who would banish the flies. "Bring him to me," said she, "and if he is able to banish the flies, that is not the reward he'll get, but seven times as much."

"But," said they, "if the people of the law knew, they would take him and hang him, as they hung the man who got back the sight of his eyes for him before." "But," said she, "could not he banish the flies without the knowledge of the people of the law?"

"We don't know," said they, "until we take counsel with him."

That night they took counsel with the priest and told him what Bingham's wife said.

"I have only an earthly life to lose," said the priest, "and I shall give it up for the sake of the poor people, for there will be a plague in the country unless I banish the flies. On to-morrow morning I shall make an attempt to banish them in the name of God, and I have hope and confidence in God that he will save me from my enemies. Go to the lady now, and tell her that I shall be near the tree at sunrise to-morrow morning, and tell her to have men ready to put the corpse in the grave."

léi rin do beit réir aici leir an scorpp do cup 'ran uais."

Cuair ríad cum na mná-uairle, agus o'innir ríad oí an méad duibairt an ríadairt.

"Má éirígeann leir," ar ríre, "béir an duair réir agus do, agus o'roócáir mé móir-íreir ríar do beit i láir."

Cairt an ríadairt an oíde rin as suirde Dé, agus leat-uair ríom éiríge na gréine cuair ré cum na h-áite a ríab a gléir beannaigíte i bpolac. Cuir ré rin air, agus bí cpoir ann a leat-láir agus bí uirge coirreagta ann ran láir eile, aige, dul cum na h-áite a ríab na míoltóga. Tóraig ré ann rin as léigead ar a leabair agus as cratad uirge coirreagta ar na míoltógaib, i n-ainm an áir an míc agus an Spioraid Naomh. O'éiríge an enoc míoltóg, agus o'eitill ríad ríar 'ran áir, agus rinneadair an ríer com' ríra leir an oíde. Ni ríab ríor as na ríoinib cia an áit a n'eadadair, áit ríar éann leat-uairle ni ríab éann oíob le ríceál (rírirt).

Bí lútgáirle móir ar na ríoinib, áit níor b'ad go b'adadair an ríreardóir as teat, agus glat ríad ar an ríadair rí leir com' ríra a' rí bí ann. Tug an ríadair do na boinn, agus lean an ríreardóir é, agus rían ann ríac láir aige. Nuair náir ríur ré teat ríar leir, cáit ré an rían 'na ríais. Nuair bí an rían as dul ríar ríalain an ríadairt, cuir ré a láir éle ríar, agus ríab ré an rían, agus cáit ré an rían ar air rían ríadaint ríob-ríar dé. Buair rí an ríar, agus cuair rí ríur a cpoirde, ríur ríur ré ríar, agus o'iméir an ríadair ríar.

They went to the lady and told her all the priest said.

"If it succeeds with him," said she, "I shall have the reward ready for him, and I shall order seven men to be present."

The priest spent that night in prayer, and half an hour before sunrise he went to the place where his blessed vestments were hidden; he put these on, and with a cross in one hand, and with holy-water in the other, he went to the place where were the flies. He then began reading out of his book and scattering holy-water on the flies, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The hill of flies rose, and flew up into the air, and made the heaven as dark as night. The people did not know where they went, but at the end of half an hour there was not one of them to be seen.

There was great joy on the people, but it was not long till they saw the spy coming, and they called to the priest to run away as quick as it was in him to run. The priest gave to the butts* (took to his heels), and the spy followed him, and a knife in each hand with him. When he was not able to come up with the priest he flung the knife after him. As the knife was flying out past the priest's shoulder he put up his left hand and caught it, and without ever looking behind him he flung it back. It struck the man and went through his heart, so that he fell dead and the priest went free.

* This is an absurd way the people of Connacht translate it when talking English. Donn means both "sole" (of foot) and "butt."

Fuair na fir corp Æingam, agus cuireadar ann ran uais é, ádt nuair éadar corp an rriðeadóia do cuir, fuairéadar na mílte de luóógaib móia timcioll air, agus ni raib ñheim feóla ar a cnámaib nac raib ite aca. Ni corpiócaó ríao de'n corpa agus níor feuto na daoine íao do ruasao, agus b'éigin dóib na cnáma ó'fásbáil or cionn talman.

Cuir an rarasar a ñeur beannaighe i bpolac, agus do bí as obair 'ran ngaróa nuair cuir bean Æingam rior air, agus o'iarri air an tuair do ñlacao ar ron na míoltóga do díbir, agus i do tabairt do'n fear do díbir íao má bí eólar aise air.

"Tá eólar asam air, agus duðairt ré liom an tuair do tabairt cuige anoct, mar tá nún aise an tír o'fásbáil rui má ñroópaib luct an olige é."

"Seo dúit í," ar ríre, agus feacao rí rporán óir do.

Ar maidin, lá ar na mára, o'imciñ an rarasar so coir na fairrige; fuair ré long do bí as dul cum na ffraince, cuao ré ar boró, agus com luac agus o'fás ré an cuan cuir ré air a eudais rarasar, agus eus buideacaf do Óia faoi n-a tabairt raor. Níl rior asainn cao tápla do 'na diais rin.

Tar éir rin do bídeao daoine dalia agus caoča as tigeact so Tobar Muipe, agus níor fill don duine aca ariam ar air ñan a beit léigeara. Ádt ni raib ruo mar ar bit ariam ann ran tír reo, nár milleao le duine éigin, agus milleao an tobar, mar ro.

Bí cailín i mbáile-an-tobair, agus bí rí ar ti beit pópta, nuair táinig rean-bean. Caoč cuici as iarraio déirce i n-onóir do Óia agus do Muipe.

The people got the body of Bingham and buried it in the grave, but when they went to bury the body of the spy they found thousands of rats round about it, and there was not a morsel of flesh on his bones that they had not eaten. They would not stir from the body, and the people were not able to rout them away, so that they had to leave the bones over-ground.

The priest hid away his blessed vestments and was working in the garden when Bingham's wife sent for him, and told him to take the reward that was for banishing the flies, and to give it to the man who banished them, if he knew him.

"I do know him, and he told me to bring him the reward to-night, because he has the intention of leaving the country before the law-people hang him."

"Here it is for you," said she, and she handed him a purse of gold.

On the morning of the next day the priest went to the brink of the sea, and found a ship that was going to France. He went on board, and as soon as he had left the harbour he put his priest's-clothes on him, and gave thanks to God for bringing him safe. We do not know what happened to him from that out.

After that, blind and sore-eyed people used to be coming to Mary's Well, and not a person of them ever returned without being cured. But there never yet was anything good in this country that was not spoilt by somebody, and the well was spoilt in this way.

There was a girl in Ballintubber and she was about to be married, when there came a half-blind old woman to her asking alms in the honour of God and Mary.

"Ní'l don ruo agam le caibairt do fhean caochnán caillege, tá mé bodairnaighe dca," ar ran cailín.

"Ná faib fáinne an póirta ort a-choirde go mbéir tu com caoic a'f tá mife," ar ran tpean-bean.

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac. bí fáile an cailín óig nimneac, agus ar maidin 'na diais rin bí sí beas-naic dail, agus bodairt na cómarpanna go mbuó cóir bí tul go Tobair míuife.

Ar maidin go moic, o'éirig sí, agus cuair sí cum an tobair, aic o'éirig o'feicfead sí ann aic an tpean-bean o'iar an o'éiric uirru 'na fuide ag bruaic an tobair, ag ciaraic a cinn of cionn an tobair bean-naighe.

"Léir-fhior ort, a cailleac fáanna, an ag fálaic Tobair míuife atá tu?" ar ran cailín; "iméig leat no bhirrú mé do muneul."

"Ní'l don onóir ná meaf agat ar óia ná ar míuife, o'eitig tu o'éiric do caibairt i n-onóir oóir, ar an adóir rin ní cumfuir tu cu féin 'ran tobair."

Fuar an cailín greim ar an scaillig, ag feucaint i do ftheadailt ó'n tobair, aic leir an ftheadailt do bí eatorra do cuic an beirt arthead 'ran tobair agus báitead id.

O'n lá rin go oic an lá ro ní faib don léigear ann ran tobair.

* * * * *

Tá aic móir ag míuife mácar i bhirrúeac oiaua na nfaeueal. Ir i do cuir léigear na ndail ann ran tobair, ir i do cairbeán i féin do'n brácar boic faoi éruit coluim, agus ir i do beir léigear do doctair an traogail tpe na h-atcuinge ar a mac. Ní h-iongnad

"I've nothing to give to an old blind-thing of a hag, it's bothered with them I am," said the girl.

"That the marriage ring may never go on you until you're as blind as myself," says the old woman.

Next day, in the morning, the young girl's eyes were sore, and the morning after that she was nearly blind, and the neighbours said to her that she ought to go to Mary's Well.

In the morning, early, she rose up and went to the well, but what should she see at it but the old woman who asked the alms of her, sitting on the brink, combing her head over the blessed well.

"Destruction on you you nasty hag, is it dirtying Mary's well you are?" said the girl, "get out of that or I'll break your neck."

"You have no honour nor regard for God or Mary, you refused to give alms in honour of them, and for that reason you shall not dip yourself in the well."

The girl caught a hold of the hag, trying to pull her from the well, and with the dragging that was between them, the two of them fell into the well and were drowned.

From that day to this there has been no cure in the well.

* * * * *

Mary Mother bears a great part in the religious poetry of the Gaels. It was she who put the curing of the blind in the well, it was she who showed herself to the poor friar under the form of a dove, and it is she who gives a cure to the poor of the world through her intercession with her Son.

go dciudrao cpoirde na nḡaeḡeal—cpoirde an náiríúin
rin buo mó tuz meap ḡsur onóir o'á mbantḡaet—é
féin do muipe go móir-móir.

"Ir maiḡ an ḡean, muipe móir,"

ar eḡḡan O Dubḡaḡ,

"ḡean do ḡeir raḡḡarc do ḡall."

muire móir.

Ir maiḡ an ḡean muipe móir,
máḡair ḡir-o-mḡ na ríḡḡ ríom,
Ir iao a ḡrára Ir ḡnát lán,
ḡean do éuir fáil ro ḡaḡ tír.

ḡean í o'á ḡclaonann ceapḡ,
ḡean Ir mó neapḡ a'ḡ bḡiḡ,
ḡean Ir buiḡe fá óir veapḡ,
ḡean le ḡcoirḡḡeari feapḡ an mḡ.

ḡean do ḡeir raḡḡarc do ḡall,
ḡean Ir ḡreire ḡall ar neam,
ḡean do éḡḡ mo náimḡe oíom,
ḡean Ir oíon oam ar ḡaḡ caḡ.

* * * * *

ní corḡúil muipe le mnáíḡ,
[muipe móir Ir maiḡ ḡníom],
ní corḡúil balḡam le miorḡ,
le liunn ḡoirḡ ní corḡúil ríom.

ní corḡúil vomlur le mḡ,
'S ní corḡúil úma le h-óir.
ní corḡúil lḡl leir an rḡinn,
'S le máḡḡ mḡn ní corḡúil móir.*

* "ní corḡúil móir le máḡḡ mḡn," 'ran MS.

It was no wonder, then, that the heart of the Gaels, the heart of a nation that especially respected and honoured its women, should give itself up particularly to Mary.

“Good is the woman, Great Mary,”

says Owen O’Duffy,

“A Woman who gives sight to the blind.”

GREAT MARY.

Good is the woman, Great Mary,
The mother of the High-king of the eternal hosts,
They are her graces which are ever full,
A woman who put a hedge round each country.

A woman to whom right inclines,
A woman greatest in strength and power,
A woman softest (*i.e.*, most generous) in red gold,
A woman by whom is quenched the anger of the king.

A woman who gives sight to the blind,
A woman who is most powerful beyond in heaven,
A woman who has taken away my enemies from me,
A woman who is a defence to me in every battle.

* * * * *

Mary is not like women,
[Great Mary of good deeds],
Balsam is not like to myrrh,
To salt ale, wine is not like.

Gall is not like honey,
And brass is not like gold,
The lily is not like the thorn,
And to a smooth plain, bog is not like.

Ní féidir a gcómaireamh, méadó na n-án do ríofob
 Donnchad mór agus na sean-philíde i n-onór do
 mhúire. As ro rgeul-abrán airtead ar an mairgoin
 do fuair mé ó mac Uí Cearnaigh oide-ríofa i mBeul-
 mhiléad, fiar i gconradé mhúig-éó, do fuair ó beul
 sean tuine é. Glaoth ríad air, "Caoinéad na trí
 mhúire." I r luacmair an píora é, dar liom-ra, óir ní
 mórán de'n tróirt ro i nGaeheilg as inniint rgeil,
 agus leir an "gcur-fá" i ndeiread gac leat-painn.
 I r corhmúile, i n-a tairí reo, le píora Albanac 'ná
 le píora Éireannac é. I r píori-simplíde é san
 "comaird" ná comfuaim. Ní corhmúil go ndearnaid
 an ríle féin an rgeul ro aet i r dóig go dtáinig re o
 cóir Gaeheilg de ceann de na ríofaib-bhéigse.

CAOINEAD NA TRÍ MHUIRE.

Racamaoio éum an trléide

Go moé ar maidin amárac,

(Oéon agus oé ón ó.)

"A beairí na n-abrtal

An bfacaró tu mo ghláó seal?"

(Oéon agus oé ón ó.)

"Mairéad! a mairgean,

Connairc mé ar bail é,

(Oéon agus oé ón ó.)

¹ This is nearly in the curious wild metre of the original "Agus," =
 and" is pronounced "oggus." In another version of this piece,
 which I heard from my friend Michael MacRuaidhrigh, the *cur-fá*,
 ran most curiously, *ích óch agus ích ích an*, after the first two lines,
 and *ích óch, agus óch ón ó* after the next two. Thus:—

leasad anuar i n-ué a mátar é,

(Oé, óé, agus oé úé an)

Gabaró a leir, a' óá mhúire, agus caoinigíde,

(Oé oé, agus óé ón ó.)

It is impossible to count all the poems that Donogha Mór and the old bards composed in honour of Mary. Here, however, is a curious ballad on the Virgin, which I got from O'Kearney, a schoolmaster near Belmullet, in the west of the county Mayo, who got it from an old man there. They called it the "Keening of the Three Marys." It is, in my opinion, a valuable piece, because there is not much of this kind in Irish, telling a story, and with the *cur-fa* or refrain at the end of each half verse. It is in this respect more like a Scotch-Gaelic piece than an Irish one. It is exceedingly simple, without *co-arda* or complex vowel-rhyme. It is not likely that the poet himself invented the story, but it may be that it came from some Irish version of one of the apocryphal gospels.

THE KEENING OF THE THREE MARYS.

Let us go to the mountain
 All early on the morrow,
 (Ochone ! agus ochone, O !)
 "Hast thou seen my bright darling,
 O Peter, good apostle?"
 (Ochone ! agus ochone, O !)¹ ,

"Aye ! truly O Mother
 Have I seen him lately,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

Literally.—We shall go to the mountains early in the morning to-morrow, ochone and ochone O ! Peter of the apostles, did you see my white Love. Ochone, and ochone, O.

Musha O Mother I did see him just now, ochone, and ochone, O ! And he was caught firmly in the midst of his enemies, ochone, and ochone, O !

Δῦρ δι' ῥέ ῥαῖτα ῥο χρυαῖο
 ἰ λάρ' α' νάμῃαυ,"
 (Οὐόν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὀ.)

"Ὀἱ λυτάρ' ἡα αἰε
 Δῦρ ῥυῖ ῥέ ῥηεἰμ λάρη' αἰη,"
 (Οὐόν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὀ.)

"μαῖρεαυ' α' ἰυτάρ' ῥηαυαῖς
 ῤευσ το ῥῖννε μο ῥῥάυ οῖτ;"
 (Οὐόν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὀ.)

"ἡ ὕεαῖναιυ ῥέ αῖαἰη
 ὕαυ αῖ λεανῶ νά ῥάῖρτε,
 (Οὐόν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὀ.)

Δῦρ ῥῖοῖ ῥυῖ ῥέ ῥεαῖς
 αῖαἰη αῖ α' ῥάτῃη,"
 (Οὐόν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὀ.)

ῥυαῖ ῥυαῖ ἡα ὕεαἰν αῖαῖ
 ῥο ῥβυῶ ἰ ῥέἰν α' ῥάτῃη,
 (Οὐόν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὀ.)

ῥόῥαυαῖ ῥυαῖ
 αῖ α' ῥῥυαῖνῖυ ῥο ἡ-άρυ ἰ,
 (Οὐόν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὀ!)

Δῦρ ὕαῖλεαυαῖ ῥῖοῖ
 αῖ ῥλοῖαῖυ ἡα ῥῥάῖυε ἰ
 (Οὐόν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὀ!)

ῥυαῖ ῥῖ ἰ λῃῥε
 Δῦρ δι' α' ῥλύνα ῥεάῖηῥα
 (Οὐόν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὀ!)

"ὕαῖνῖυ ῥέ ῥέἰν
 Δῦρ νά βῃν ἡε μο ῥάτῃη."
 (Οὐόν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὀ!)

Judas was near him, and he took a hold of his hand, ochone, etc.
 "Musha O vile Judas, what did my love do to you, ochone," etc.

He never did anything to child or infant, ochone, etc. And he put anger on his mother never, ochone, etc.

Caught by his foemen,
 They had bound him straitly,"
 (Ochone agus ochone, O.)

"Judas, as in friendship
 Shook hands, to disarm him,"
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

Oh Judas ! vile Judas !
 My love did never harm him
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

No child has he injured,
 Not the babe in the cradle,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

Nor angered his mother
 Since his birth in the stable,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons discovered
 That she was his mother,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They raised her on their shoulders,
 The one with the other ;
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

And they cast her down fiercely
 On the stones all forlorn,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

And she lay and she fainted
 With her knees cut and torn,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

"For myself, ye may beat me,
 But, oh, touch not my mother,"
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons found out that she herself was his mother, ochone, etc., they lifted her up upon their shoulders on high, ochone, etc.

And they smote her down upon the stones of the street, ochone, etc. She went into a faint, and her knees were cut, ochone, etc.

Beat myself, but do not touch my mother, ochone, etc. We shall beat yourself, and we shall kill your mother, ochone, etc.

"Duaileirimio tu réin.

A' r' maibócamaoio vo mátaí,"

(Océon ašur oc ón ó!)

Seiróiceaoar an bhaíḡ leó

an lá rin ó n-a látaí,

(Océon ašur oc ón ó!)

Aét vo lean an maigḡean

iao ann ran b'áraé

(Océon ašur oc ón ó!)

"Cia an bean í rin

'háí noiaíḡ ann ran b'áraé?"

(Océon ašur oc ón ó!)

"ḡo veimín má tá bean ar bit ann

'Sí mo mátaí,"

(Océon ašur oc ón ó!)

"A eóin, feuc, fáḡaim oir

Cúram mo mátaí,

(Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

Conḡbaíḡ uaim í

ḡo ḡeiriócnócaíó mé an páir feó,"

(Océon ašur oc ón ó!)

nuair éualaíó an maigḡean

an ceileadhaíó c'raíóte,

(Océon ašur oc ón ó!)

ṡuḡ rí léim taí an nḡáíoa

ašur léim * ḡo c'raíann na páire

(Océon ašur oc ón ó!)

Cia h-é an fear b'raḡ rin

ar c'raíann na páire

(Océon ašur oc ón ó!)

They tore with them the captive, that day from her presence, ochone, etc. But the Virgin followed them, into the wilderness, ochone, etc.

What woman is that after us in the wilderness, ochone, etc. Indeed if there is any woman in it, it is my mother, ochone, etc.

* "Ašur an oara léim ḡo," maí vo éualar é, aét ḡnó ré an líne ró fáoa.

" Yourself,—we shall beat you,
But we'll slaughter your mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They dragged him off captive,
And they left her tears flowing,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

But the Virgin pursued them
Through the wilderness going,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

" Oh, who is yon woman ?
Through the waste comes another,"
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

" If there comes any woman
It is surely my mother,"
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

" O John, care her, keep her,
Who comes in this fashion,"
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

But Oh, hold her from me
Till I finish this passion,"
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the Virgin had heard him
And his sorrowful saying,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

She sprang past his keepers
To the tree of his slaying,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

" What fine man hangs there
In the dust and the smother?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

O Owen (i.e., John) see, I leave to thee the care of my mother, ochone, etc. Keep her from me until I finish this passion, ochone, etc.

When the Virgin heard the sorrowful notes, ochone, etc. She gave a leap past the guard, and the second leap to the tree of the passion, ochone, etc.

Who is that fine man on the tree of the passion, ochone, etc. Is it that you do not recognize your son, O mother, ochone, etc.

"And do you not know him,
 He is your son, O Mother."
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)
 "Oh, is that the child whom
 I bore in this bosom,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)
 Or is that the child who
 Was Mary's fresh blossom" !
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)
 They cast him down from them
 A mass of limbs bleeding,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)
 "There now he is for you,
 Now go and be keening,"
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)
 Go call the three Marys
 Till we keene him forlorn.
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)
 O Mother thy keeners
 Are yet to be born,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)
 Thyself shall come with me
 Into Paradise garden,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)
 To a fair place in heaven
 At the side of thy darling,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

It is wonderful the good memory that people without book-education have, and that people have who are able neither to write nor read. They usually have twice, aye, ten times

They threw him down [a mass of] cut limbs, ochone, etc. There he is for you now, and keene your enough over him, ochone, etc.

Call the three Marys until we keene our bright love, ochone, etc. Thy share of woman-keeners are yet to be born O Mother, ochone, etc.

Thou shalt be with me yet in the garden of Paradise, ochone, etc. Until thou be a . . . (?) woman in the bright city of the graces ochone, and ochone, etc.

as much memory as the half-educated uppish scholars that the un-national schools send forth. I was, once, in the middle of the County Galway, looking for old stories from the people. I heard a good many people talking about a man named Maurteen Rua O Gillarná having stories, and every person who spoke to me about him said, "be sure," said they, "and get the 'Beautiful Queen' from him." I thought it was a story that was in it. I found out the man at last, and after getting some of his stories from him,¹ I asked him to tell me the Beautiful Queen, because the people of the place appreciated it highly, and had a great opinion of it. He began then, and I found that it was not a story but a poem that was in it. I wondered that the people thought so much of it. It is as well to give it here in its entirety as an example of the longer poems that are still in the country.² He is the same man from whom I got the "Teaching of St. Bridget," which I gave above.

THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN.

Most beautiful *queen* ever *seen* 'neath the beam of the sun,
Say farewell to thy *friends* e're life *ends* and thy day be done,
Thy life, thy *health* and thy *wealth* and thine all is done,
For thou art now in my *power*, thy *hour* is come.

¹See *Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalach*.

²Other poems of the same nature, all more or less known in Connaught, are "The Last Ends," i.e., *na Críocha Déigheannacha* 68 quatrains, a different poem of the same name 38 quatrains, "Death and the Sick Man," 97 quatrains, Dialogue between the Body and Soul (a very long poem), and some others of different names but of the same nature. They can mostly be found in MSS., but the 'Beautiful Queen' appears never to have been written down before, so I print it here as a type of them.

ΟΙΑ ΗΕ ΞΥΡΑ, ΙΡ ΣΥΝΑΜΑΔ * ΟΟ ΠΝΟΔΟ Ρ ΟΟ ΘΑΕ
Α ΡΕΙΤΙΟΥΡ ΙΡ ΣΥΝΑΝΝΑ ΟΟ ΕΑΙΝΙΣ ΑΝΝ ΜΟ ΠΥΜ ΑΡΤΕΑΔ,

ΜΙΡΕ ΑΝ ΒΑΡ, (ΑΡ ΡΕΙΡΕΑΝ) ΣΥΘ ΣΥΡ ΣΥΝΑΝΝΑ Μ'ΑΙΝΝ ΟΑΡ ΛΕΑΤ.
ΤΑ Α ΘΡΥΛ ΡΟ'Ν ΝΣΗΕΙΝ ΡΑΟΙ ΣΕΥΡ-ΡΜΑΔΤ ΑΣΑΜ Ι ΣΕΑΡΤ.
ΒΕΑΡΡΑΙΘ ΜΕ ΞΥΡΑ Α ΛΑΤΑΙΡ ΜΗΙC ΘΕ ΣΑΝ ΡΤΑΟ,
ΒΕΙΘ ΤΥ ΑΤ-ΡΣΑΡΤΑ ΣΟ ΒΗΑΤ ΛΕ ΡΑΙΡΤ ΑΝ ΤΡΑΟΣΑΙΛ ΑΡ ΡΑΟ.

ΑΝ Ε ΡΙΝ ΑΝ ΡΑΤ ΛΕ (sic) ΣΟ ΟΥΡΕΙΣΡΙΝΝ-ΡΕ ΤΑΛΑΗ ΝΑ ΜΑΟΙΝ
ΝΑ ΜΟ ΕΑΙΡΛΕΑΝ ΑΛΥΙΝΝ ΤΑ ΛΑΝ ΟΕ ΕΑΡΑΡ ΑΝ ΤΡΑΟΣΑΙΛ,
ΜΟ ΕΑΟΙΡΜΙΣ (ΒΗΕΑΪ) ΒΑΝΑ, ΝΙ ΑΙΡΜΗΙΣΙΜ ΜΟ ΡΤΟC Α'Ρ ΜΟ ΜΑΟΙΝ
ΒΕΙΤ ΑΣ ΔΟΝ ΝΕΑΔ, ΜΟ ΣΜΙΤΡΕΑΛ (?) 'Ρ ΜΟ ΘΑ ΛΑΙΗ ΡΑΛΑΗ ΣΑΝ ΡΙΣΙΝ.

'S ΟΙC ΑΝ ΡΣΕΥΛ ΛΙΟΜ (ΑΡ ΡΕΙΡΕΑΝ) ΑΝ ΜΕΑΟ Α ΟΥΒΑΙΡΤ ΤΥ ΑΡ ΡΑΟ,
ΒΕΙΘ ΜΑΙΣΡΤΗΙΘΕ ΤΡΕΥΝΑ ΑΣ ΡΕΥΡΤΑ ΑΡ ΟΟ ΜΑΟΙΝ ΣΟ ΣΛΑΝ.
ΒΕΙΘ ΜΟΙΝΝΤ ΑΡ ΑΝ ΕΥΟΔ ΝΑΔ ΛΕΙΣΡΕΑ ΑΡ ΕΟΪΡΑΙΘ' ΣΛΑΙΡ
Α'Ρ ΟΟ ΕΟΛΑΝΝ Ο'Α ΜΕΥΒΑΘ ΑΣ ΡΕΙΡΤΙΘ 'Ρ ΑΣ ΟΑΟΛΑΙΘ Ι ΣΕΑΡ (?)

Α ΜΗΥΙΡΕ ΘΙΛΕΑΡ, (ΑΡ ΡΙΡΕ) CΑΟ ΟΟ ΘΕΥΝΡΑΡ ΜΕ ΛΕ CΑΡΑΙΛ ΝΟ ΒΟ
ΛΕ ΜΟ ΜΟΡ-ΕΥΙΟ ΟΕ'Ν ΤΡΑΟΣΑΙΛ ΡΟ ΑΤΑ ΡΑΙΡΡΙΝΣ ΣΟ ΛΕΘΡ,
ΑΝ Ε ΡΑΟΙΛΕΑΡ ΤΥ ΜΕ ΠΙΝΕΑΘ ΣΟ ΟΟΙΜΗΝ ΡΑΟΙ ΑΝ ΘΡΟΟ
'S ΝΑΔ ΟΕΑΙΝΙΣ ΡΜΥΑΙΝΤΙΥΣ' ΑΡ ΒΙΕ ΑΝΝ ΜΟ ΕΡΟΙΘΕ'-ΡΤΙΣ ΑΡ ΘΥΛ
ΛΕΑΤ ΣΟ ΡΟΙΛ.

ΒΕΙΡΜ-ΡΕ ΛΙΟΜ (ΑΡ ΡΑΝ ΒΑΡ) ΝΑ ΜΙΣΤΕ 'Ρ ΝΑ ΡΗΙΟΝΝΡΑΙΘ ΤΡΕΥΝ
Ο ΙΡ Ε ΜΟ ΕΙΡΤΟ ΣΟ ΣΥΙΝΝ ΒΕΙΤ ΟΥΛ Ο ΒΑΙΛΕ ΣΟ ΕΒΙΛΕ,
ΒΕΙΡΜ ΛΙΟΜ ΝΑ Η-ΙΑΡΛΑΙΘ 'Ρ ΝΑ ΤΙΣΕΑΡΝΑΙΘ ΑΡ ΝΑ CΑΙΡΛΕΑΝΑΙΘ
ΣΙΕΣΕΑΛ',
ΑΝ ΑΣ ΙΑΡΜΑΙΘ, ΒΕΙΘΕΑΔ-ΡΑ, ΟΟ ΒΕΙΤ ΒΕΘ 'ΝΑ ΝΟΒΙΣ-ΡΕΑΝ ?

Ο ! Α ΘΑΙΡ (ΑΡ ΡΙΡΕ) ΝΙ ΡΕΙΟΙΡ ΣΟ ΝΟΥΝΡΑ ΣΗΙΟΗ ΕΟΗ ΜΟΡ ΡΙΝ,
Α'Ρ ΣΟ ΟΤΟΣΡΑ ΑΡ ΜΟ ΜΟΡ-ΕΥΙΟ † ΟΕ'Ν ΤΡΑΟΣΑΙΛ ΣΟ ΡΟΙΛ ΜΕ,
ΑΣΥΡ Α ΛΙΑΕΤΑΙΘ ΟΣΑΝΑΔ ΡΟ ΘΡΕΑΪ ΤΑ ΛΑΝ ΟΕ ΜΑΟΙΝ 'Ρ ΟΕ ΡΤΟΡ
ΑΣ ΡΑΙΛ ΣΑΔ ΔΟΝ ΛΑ ΒΕΙΤ CΙΟΝΑΙΡΤ (?) ΛΕ Μ'ΙΝΣΙΝ ΟΙΣ.

* "ΣΥΘ ΣΥΡ ΣΥΝΑΝΝΑ" ΟΥΒΑΙΡΤ ΑΝ ΡΕΑΡ, ΑΕΤ ΤΑ ΑΝ ΡΟCΑΛ "ΣΥΝΑΝΝΑ"
ΑΝΝ ΡΑΝ ΛΙΝΕ ΛΕΑΝΑΡ.

† "ΑΡ ΜΟΡΑΝ" ΟΥΒΑΙΡΤ ΑΝ ΡΕΑΝΕΥΙΘ.

QUEEN.

Who art thou apparition, appearing thus in my room,
Most dreadful of mien to be seen, with thy brow of gloom ?

DEATH.

I am the Death, though awful my name to thee,
All who are not in their graves are slaves to me,
To the Son of God's presence must thy soul now flee,
Parted for ever and severed from the world by me,¹

QUEEN.

Is that the reason that I should forsake lands or wealth.
Or my beautiful castle which is full of the stores of the world,
My fine white sheep, not to speak of my stock and my goods,
That any one should have them, my woe ! and my two hands empty
without a penny !

DEATH.

I think the story bad, said he, all that you have said throughout,
Strong masters shall be feasting upon your goods clearly,
There shall be a division made of the clothes that you would not
allow out of locked coffers,
And your body shall be being torn by worms and beetles in . . . ?

QUEEN.

Oh, dear Mary ! what shall I do with horses and cows,
With my large share of this world, which is plenty enough,
Is it what you think, to stretch me deep beneath the sod,
And sure no thought at all came to my heart-within of going with
you yet.

DEATH.

I bring with me (said the Death) the kings and the powerful princes;
Since it is my trade with exactness to be going from one town to
another,
I bring with me the lords out of their bright castles,
Is it seeking you would be, to be alive after them ?

QUEEN.

O Death (said she), it is not possible you would do so dreadful a deed,
And that you would take me away from my great share of the
world yet,
And all of the very fine youths full of wealth and goods
Hoping every day to be married (?) to my young daughter.

¹ The translation of these verses is pretty much in the metre of the original. I have not versified the rest.

ρᾶς, ἔυρα, ἀν ἰνῆεαν μαρ τὰ ρι, ἀς κατὰ ὁ λάε,
 ἄσυρ CIA ἀρ βιτ φερρ τὰ ἰ νοῶν διCI γεοθαῖο ρί ἐ,
 τιυθραιὸ * μῖρε ἔυρα (ἀρ ρεῖρεαν) ἰ λάταιρ ἡῖς Ὀέ,
 ὅο ὠτεγαῖο τυ cύνταρ cρυαῖο cαο ἐ 'n ἐαοι ἀρ ἐαῖτ τυ ὠο ῖαοῖαλ.

Ο ! (ἀρ ρῖρε) ὁ θάιρ ταθαῖρ ρρᾶρ ὠαμ ἀ'ρ nά bί cρυαῖο,
 nά ταθαῖρ leat ὅο λά μέ no ρᾶςραιὸ τυ m'ἰνῆεαν ραοι θυαῖρε :
 σεὸ mo λάῖν οὔιτ (ἀρ ρῖρε) mά' ρ' ἄιλ leat ὁ ῖλαcαὸ uαῖμ,
 ὅο mbέιρ mo θεαnnαcτ ὅο bῖάc ἀῖαο ὅο ὠτεῖρ me ραοι'n uαῖῖ.

ni h-ἄιλ liom , (ἀρ ραν θάρ) ὠο θεannαcτ nά ὠο ἐὸῃῖαὸ bῖnn,
 'sé an ἄιτ ἀρ ἐυῖρ τ'αῖταιρ μέ ἰ ὠτεαcταιρeαcτ τυ ἐὸῖbἄιλ liom,
 ῖαc ἀρ ῖλαc τυ ἀρῖαῖν ὠ'αῖρῖοῖο ἄσυρ ὠ'όρ ὅο cam
 βέιρ ρέ ὠ'ἄ ρῖαῖαὸ ἰ ὠτεαc ἀ' leanna 'ρ ὠ'ἄ ὀλ ῖαν ῖαῖιλ.

τὰ mo ῖnαιὸm cυῖτα ὠά ρῖμῖθ ὅο cρυαῖο ἀρ ὠο ἐnάῃῖαὸb,
 ni ρῖαῖραιὸ μέ [leat] ὁ-cοῖῖc no ὅο ὠτεγαῖο μέ bάρ οὔιτ,
 Reubῖραιὸ μέ ὠο ἐρῖοῖc ἄσυρ ῖαc ρέῖτ ὠ'ἄ ῖᾶῖα
 βέιρ † mo ῖεαcταιρeαcτ οὔεντα nυαῖρ ρεῖcφear μέ τ'anam 'pan
 ρῖᾶῖα.

'S iomῖa οὔιne boct ἰ mbonn boῖáin ἰ ῖceape-lḗr na móna,
 ἄσυρ οὔιne boct ἀρ ρeαcῖán ῖαν ὠά ρῖῖῖn 'na ῖόca,
 ῖεοθαῖο τυ ὠο ῖάῖτ ἄσυρ ὠο ῖῖαν οὔ'n τρῖόρ ρῖn,
 ἄσυρ leῖῖ μῖρε ἀρ an ραοῖαλ ρο ὁ bῖuῖl compῖro ann. ‡

* Οὔδαῖρε ἀν φερρ ρο ἄσυρ μῖνῖnnτῖρ na h-ἄῖτε ρῖn ἰ ῖcῖῖῖῖnnuῖῖc
 "τιυθραιὸ μέ" ἰ n-ἄῖτ "ῖεαῖραιὸ μέ," ni μαρ ρῖn ἐ ἰ n-ἄῖτεαcἄῖοb
 eile.

† "ἄσυρ ann ρῖῖ θέῖῖcαρ mo ῖεαcταιρeαcτ" etc. ὠο ρέῖρ an
 τρεancuῖῖc, ἄcτ ὠο ῖῖnnne ρῖn an líne ῖῖ ῖαῖa.

‡ "ἄn ραοῖαλ ρο an cῖῖταρ," οὔδαῖρε ἀν ρeancuῖῖc, ἄcτ ni
 cῖῖῖm ἐ.

DEATH.

Leave, you, your daughter as she is, spending her day,
 And whatsoever man is destined for her, she shall get him,
 I shall bring you (he said) before the Son of God,
 Until you give a sharp account of what way you spend your life.

QUEEN.

O Death (said she) give me time, and do not be hard,
 Do not take me with you till day, or you will leave my daughter
 troubled,
 Here's my hand to you (said she) if you like to take it from me
 That you shall have my blessing for ever till I go into the tomb.

DEATH.

I like not (said Death) your blessing nor your melodious discourse,
 The place to which your father sent me was on a message to take
 you with me,
 All that you ever crookedly gained of silver or of gold
 It shall be a-scattering in the house of the ale, and a-drinking right
 soon.

I have my knot indeed drawn fast upon your bones,
 I shall never part from you until I give you death,
 I shall rend-asunder your heart and every muscle from its guard,
 My message shall be completed as soon as I see your soul in the
 scale.

QUEEN.

Many's the poor man at the foot of a hovel in the middle of the
 bog,
 And the poor man who is on the shaughraun without two pennies in
 his pocket,
 You will get enough and your desire of that sort of people,
 And leave me on this world in which for me there is comfort,

DEATH.

I am not willing (said the Death).

QUEEN.

Many's the poor man walking the road this day
Without furniture (?) or goods, without blessings or dwelling,
Take them with you, who are in lack of health,
For it is they that will go with you readily and will not ask of you
any delay.

DEATH.

I am not willing (said the Death), all those are under pain,
Their term is not expired, and I have no right to touch them,
I never came without my warrant written,
For any person yet of all Christ created.

Girl, you must move, your candle is spent,
And I do not prefer the king to the man of misfortune,
I never obeyed them, no matter how great their riches,
But be satisfied and hasten yourself, O beautiful queen.

Her head swelled, her feet contracted,
Her heart in her breast within was burning.
The sweet tongue—sounds were lost in it,
She spoke at last drawing a moan.¹

QUEEN.

O noble Doctor of best knowledge beneath the sun,
Offer me your cordial, and draw me from the pain,
I shall give you gold in handfals, and all that your mouth shall ask,
And save me from the Death, the enemy of the men of the world.

DEATH.

There is in your doctors nought but a shadow, who are passing their
day like yourself,
And sure I would inflict death on them with only as much delay as
I give yourself.
What good is your cordial when I shall put the lance through your
side,
And the full of the entire world shall not have a cure for you for ever.

The metre is changed in this verse to express the narrative.

[Α δαιμόσιον] CIA AN MIAIT' OUIT AN PAITOMEP MOP AN UAIPI PIN
NUAIPI DEITOMEP PE O'A CATATO LE ZAIRZE AZUP LE UADAI,
SAN PMUAINTIUŠ' AI BIČ ANN A ZMOITOE-PTIZ CIA AN BUAIOMEPAT
DEITOMEP AI O'ANAM BOČT AZ TADAIPT OIOZALTAIP CRMATO ANN.

PIŽIN NI MAČAIOT (AI PEIREAN) LE T'ANAM ZO H-ÉUZA,
NÁ PZILLINN LE AIPMIONN [ÉUM MIŠ] NA ZOMÉACTA,
TO DEAPPAOT CADAIPI NO PÓPTACT O'N HPÉIN OUIT,
CIA* AN ČAOI, A ČAILÍN, AI ČAIT. TU TO PAOZAL?

CTIOBAIPT TO MINNE DIA OIOCT AI A ČUIT PÉIN,
NI ÉUM TIOZBAIP TO O'EUNAM AI AON NÓPT É,
ZACT AI ŽLAC TU AMIAT O' AITZIOO AI DÁPMATB TO MÉAI.
[IAIPPAIOT DIA OPT AN CÚNTAP ZEUP].

[CTIOBAIPT TO MINNE DIA OIOCT AI A ČUIT PÉIN,
ZACT AI ŽLAC TU AMIAT O' AITZIOO AI DÁPMATB TO MÉAI]
ZO PPIZ ‡ AN MIČE IP FUIOE Š PUAIP AI ČLÁPI O'EUTOAIN [MÍONLA]
ČAITPIOT TU CÚNTAP CRMATO TADAIPT AI ZACT UILE PIŽIN OÉ.

NOIP TÁ MÉ MO LUIOE AI LEABUIT AN DÁIP (AI PIRE)
AZUP MO PEACAIOT MÓPIA FÚM MAIP ČAOITČEACT,
NI DEAPNAIOT MÉ AITPIZE I N-AM, OÉIPIC NÁ TAOHAČT."
ČONNAIPIC TU AZ IMČEACT (AI PAN DÁIP) AN T-ÓŠ 'P AN CRMIONA.

AN OIČ 'P AN T-IPPIPI OÁ MÉAO A NEAIPT
'TUIZE II NOEAPNAIOT TU PAILLIŽE ANN PAN AIPPIPI ČEAIPT,
ACT ANOIP TÁ TU MALI, AZUP O'IMČIŽ AN T-AM ČAIPT,
[AZUP DEAPPAIOT TU CÚNTAP ANN ZACT OMOIČ-DEAIPT].

'NOIP, (AI PIRE) OÉAPPAIINN ŽUPI TU AN OUINE-UAPAI
OÁ OTUZFÁ PPÁP OAM ZO CEANN UAIPIE,
ZO NOEAPPAIINN AITPIZE I HPACAT AN UADAIPI,
AZ OUL TPÍO MO PAIOTPIÍN, MAIP TÁ MÉ BUAIOMEPATA.

* "Oeunpaiot mé speech leat CIA AN ČAOI," OUBAIPT PE.

† "ŽNÁP :," AN PEANCUIOE.

‡ =ZO OTI.

§ =IP PAIOE.

|| "TUIZE" = "CATO ČUIZE," "CRMEO PÁČ."

O queen what good for you is your great riches then,
 When it shall be a-spending with swagger and pride,
 Without any thought at all in the innermost-heart [of the spenders],
 what tribulation
 Shall be on your poor soul suffering hard vengeance for it.

One penny shall not go (said he) for your soul for ever,
 Nor a shilling for mass to the King of the Wounds,
 Which would give help or relief from the pain to you,
 How is it, girl, you spent your life?

A steward God made of you over his own portion,
 Not to make household-riches by any means was it,
 All that you ever took of money upon the tops of your fingers,
 God shall ask of you for it, a sharp account.

A steward God made of you over his own portion,
 All that you ever took of money on the tops of your fingers,
 Down to the hair furthest back on the forehead of your fair face,
 You must give a sharp account of every single penny of it.

QUEEN.

Now I am lying on the bed of death (said she)
 And my great sins under me for bedfellow.
 I did not make repentance in time or alms or humanity.

DEATH.

Yet you saw departing (said the Death), the young and the old,
 The duke and the emperor, no matter how great their power,
 Why did you neglect it at the right time?
 But now you are late and the time is gone by,
 And you shall give account for every evil action.

QUEEN.

Now (said she), I would say that you were the gentleman
 If you were to give me respite till the end of an hour,
 That I may make repentance for the sin of pride,
 Going through my beads, because I am troubled.

Tug me ceana dúit ppár laé agus bliadna,
 níor iarr tu ar an fáo rin ghlóra o láim an tigeirna,
 Caill tu éall, agus tá bor ar iarraid,
 Aét ríobraid mé anoir éu ar do máoin fáogálda.

ní raib fíor agus cá fáo uait ceann do rghípe
 Aét bí tu ar ball (ar peirean) lán de'n oi-mear,
 Duó móir do rghó ar do máoin fáogálda.

Do bí níor mó ann ran d'an fáda ro, ceiridim, aét
 nuair tásamair go oti reó bí Mártain Ruaó com
 tuirpeac rin d'a labhairt, as cuimniugad air, agus
 as dul tñio ann a inntinn féin, gur duhairt ré go
 h-obann naé raib aige aét an méad rin, agus bí
 mire com tuirpeac rin 'sá rghíobad ríor, agus as
 cur ceirteann air, gur leis me rin leir, ció gur cinnte
 mé nár bñior dó é. Agus ció go bñacaid mé é
 uair no dó na diais rin, níor corais mé ar an d'an
 fáda ro air, óir bí rinn tuirpeac de! Ní tiub-
 rainn ann ro é ar don cor, aét ar móó go mbeidead
 ré 'na fompila ar na dántaib fáda teasargada atá
 an-coitcionn amearg na noaoine. Cualaid mé móran
 oíob, aét mi-dóamail go leór, níor cuir mé miam ar
 páiréar iad.

Ció go noearnaid bñaithe, noaoine mágálda, agus
 na noaoine féin, an oiréad rin d' filideacé diaóda agus
 d' abñanaib rñioratálda, ní feicim go noearnaid na
 ragaire-paráirte móran de'n tróir ro, go móir-móir
 ar fead an ceud-bliadan cuaid earrainn. Aét fuair
 mé d'an beag do pinne ragaire-paráirte, an t-áear O
 Míodcáinn ó Carraig a' colt i s Connacé an Cláir, ir
 ríú a tabhairt ann ro. Ní d'an Connacéac é, ó ceairt,

DEATH.

I gave you already respite for a year and a day,
 You did not ask during all that time grace from the hand of the Lord,
 You have lost the place beyond,¹ and the other is to be sought for
 [i.e., is gone too]
 But I shall sweep you away now out of your worldly goods.

You did not know how far from you was the end of your course.
 But you were only just now (said he) full of disdain,
 Great was your pride out of [in] your worldly goods.

There was I think more in this long poem, but, when we came this far, Maurteen Rua was so tired repeating it, remembering it, and going through it in his own mind, that he said suddenly that he had only that much of it, and I was so tired myself writing it down and putting questions to him, that I let this go with him, though I was sure it was not true. And though I saw him once or twice after this I did not begin at this long poem again, for we were both of us tired of it. I would not give it here except that it may stand as an example of one of those long didactic pieces which are very common, and of which I have heard many, without unfortunately having taken them down.

Although friars, regulars, and the people themselves composed so much religious poetry and spiritual songs, I have not found that the parish priests did much in this way, especially during the last hundred years. But I found one poem by a parish priest, Father O'Meehan from Carrickaholt in the county Clare, which is worth giving here. It is not, properly speaking, a Connacht poem, but since it comes from the county nearest to Connacht, a county which

¹ I do not know if I have translated this quite correctly; *tall* "beyond," like the German *jenseits* means the future life.

Δέτ μαρ τίς πέ ό'η γγονοάέ ιρ φοιγρε το Conaéταιβ,
 conoáé το bí le φαοα 'να έυτο το Connaéταιβ, αγυρ
 μαρ buò έρυαγ ζαν α ράβδιλ, cuiym ρίορ ann po é.
 ρυαιρ μέ έ (γ ιρ οlc το ρζρίοθαο έ), amearγ na
 bpáipéar o'páγ an flait ζαοόαλαέ Uiliam ζαβα
 O Uriain 'na oiaig αγ έάταιρμάοι. Δγ po έ.

ρίοζαιρ na croise naoméa.

O námao mo έμειοιή, námao mo έίρ',
 námao mo έλoinne 'r mo έέile,
 Δ έιζεαρνα veun mo έομαιρce *
 le ρίοζαιρ† na Cpoire naoméa.

le báρ na Cpoire έeannaig tu
 Slíocé [mí-] φορτύναέ έβα,
 Ó foín anuar ιρ beannaigéte
 An cóμαρéa po άρo-ναομήα.

το ρλευρζ αν έαρμαγ, το ουιθ αν ζρμαν,
 το έρποιέ αν νοόμαν ζο h-έάέταέ
 ηυαιρ ο'άρποαίγεαο ρυαρ αν Slánuigééóιr
 Διρ όρμυιη na Cpoire naoméa.

φαμαοι! οά θιέιν ριη, αν τέ
 ηαέ ιμβέιό Δ έρποιτε ο'ά ηευθαο,
 Δ'ρ νεόιη αιέμυγε αγ ρίλεαο υαιό,
 Oρ cóμαιρ na Cpoire naoméa!

* "mé cumairig" 'ραν MS.

† "ρίοιρ" ραν MS., άι φαο.

for a long time was a part of Connacht, and as it were a pity not to preserve it, I shall give it. I found it written out exceedingly badly, amongst the papers that the Irish leader William Smith O'Brien left behind him at Cahermoyle.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS FOR EVER.

From the foes of my land, from the foes of my faith,
 From the foes who would us dissever,
 O Lord preserve me, in life, in death,
 With the Sign of the Cross for ever.

By death on the cross was the race restored,
 For vain was our endeavour ;
 Henceforward blessed, O blessed Lord,
 Be the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Rent were the rocks, the sun did fade,
 The darkening world did quiver,
 When on the tree our Saviour made
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

Therefore I mourn for him whose heart
 Shall neither shrink nor shiver,
 Whose tears of sorrow refuse to start
 At the Sign of the Cross for ever.

This is nearly in the metre of the original a very un-Irish and irregular one. Literally:—"From the foe of my faith, from the foe of my land, the foe of my children, and my consort, O Lord do thou protect me with the sign of the Holy Cross."

By the death of the cross thou didst buy the unfortunate race of Eve, from that time to this, blessed is that Sign High-Holy.

The rock burst, the sun darkened, the world shook fearfully, when the Saviour was lifted up upon the back of the Holy Cross.

Alas, on account of that, he whose heart shall not be a-riving, and tears of repentance a-streaming from him, in the presence of the Holy Cross.

Swiftly we pass to the unknown land,¹
 Down like an ebbing river,
 But the devils themselves cannot withstand
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

When the hour shall come that shall make us dust,
 When the soul and the body sever,
 Fearful the fear if we may not trust
 In the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Loving as the people were towards their own priests, we do not find from an examination of the old songs and old stories that they were afraid of them, or were like slaves bruised beneath their tyranny, as the English think, and as think some of the ignorant Irish. Some of the later bards composed many mocking songs against priests, and spoke bitterly against them, because they were unwilling to submit to advice that was for their own good. "O priest of the hips," says one of them,

Priest of the hips that are strong and portly and fine,
 Bring in my poor soul safe in the shadow of thy big body.

And another of them says to his priest who was the son of a tailor.

A poor help for us is the son of the tailor
 Towards going into heaven.

And another one—

O Son of Aeneas O'Quinn,
 O mayor of the little bells,
 Bothering each day.

¹ Short is the career of weak men going down the descent of this life, but the accursed spirit does not receive (!) those of the Sign of the Holy Cross.

Each one shall be terrified at the clutch of death, choking him when dying, dismal shall be the day of the storm without the protection of the Holy Cross.

45ur 45 ro fann do bain mé ar láimhsuibinn le
 tuine i gconradé na míde.

Cuaire an dochtuir i r mairg a díor 'na éar
 no an éleir má 'r beannuigíte níor faise* 'ná a cuairt pá éar,
 bí éas agus leatrom gac don áit i mbíonn a tpeáct,
 an báir ní coirgeann, a' r beirí aca díol a lámh.

Cuireann na painn seo i gceill dúinn rnuáinte na ndaoine do pinne iad, amáin, 7 ni cóir a bheirteamaint go gcuireann ríad i gceill dúinn rnuáinte coitcheannta, na tíre. Céin ríad corra-fasart, déct má céin, i'f iomda fasart do mólaodair. Agus ro mar fompia, agus dall boct do pinne é.†

'Do tógfaidís do glóir ó n-a bpeacaí na ríoláirí,
 A' r t'á d'imeáir go móir le Chríosta,
 'S gur geall tu or áir gcómair i gcill Corinnáin Dia Dóinnais
 Le h-aingeal faoi éilca Chríosta.

Δὲν ἀπὶρ, ἀς μοῦλὰ πέιλε ἀν τρᾶσαιρ.

'Sé an t-ádhair 'Iam an t-ádhair fial
 'Do múnrao d'ádhair ciall a' cómairle
 'Do ríaprao ré an ríaprao cómairle 'r cómairle
 moir lapaannr an grian 'r an d'pógmair.

ÁCT, ar an t-aoib eile, aS ro maSadh faoi fásairt nuair
 fadóileadh ar go raib dúil ró móir aise i neitib an
 t-aoisail. TarrainS mé an siota ro ar láim-réir-
 binn aS aS mo éarairt Dáiti Coimin. Do réirbhadh
 an leabhar ann a bfuil an t-án ro, timéiloll leit-éuro
 bliadán ó foim le peardair O Sealaáin éigin, i Muig-
 n-ealta i scondáe na Míde, áct ní 'l fíor aS am eia
 rinne an t-aoir.

* "már beannuig nár fáire" 'ran ms.

† Antoine O Reachtúnaí.

Here is a rann I took out of a manuscript made by some one in the County Meath.

The visit of the doctor, alas for him who has to endure it,
Or of the cleric, if he is blessed any longer than his Easter visit.
There does be death and injustice in every place which they call at,
Death they do not keep off, and they must have payment for their
handiwork.

These ranns give us the thoughts that were in the minds of the persons who composed them, only, and it were not right to believe that they explain to us the general mind of the country. They may have satirized an occasional priest, but many is the priest they praised, Here, for example, and it was a poor blind man who made it.

When you lifted your voice to plead in Christ's cause,
You made sinners to pause, you looked through us,
You seemed in Kilcornin that Sunday morning
Like an angel of God sent to us !

And again praising the priest's generosity,

It is Father William is the generous messenger,
Who would teach us sense and [give] advice.
He would distribute the world [if he had it] as broadly and
generously
As the sun gives its light in the harvest.

Here, on the other hand, is a specimen of how well they could satirize a priest when they were of opinion that he cared too much for the things of this world. I took this piece out of a manuscript in the possession of my friend David Comyn. The book in which this poem is was copied about fifty years ago by one Peter O'Galahan, in Moynalty in the County of Meath, but I do not know who composed the satire.

COITHRAD AN T-SAGAIRT AGUS AN DUINE BOICT.

TRÁ TÉID AN TOIC * I N-AIFHIONN DIA DÚINNAG
DEANNUIGEANN RÉ FÁ DÓ DO'N TRAGAIRT.

"CHEUT É MAR TÁ DO ÉURAM?
DPUIL RIAD FOLÁIN SAN DÓLAR AGAD."

AN SGOLÓG.

"TÁ RIAD DO RÉIR † A CÉILE"
DEIRIAR FEAR AN TRAIÚDUIR THI MAGAD,
"D'FUIAR DÓID UILE ‡ BÁR O'FÁGAIL
SAN FIOR SUIT-RE LE RÁITE A FÁGAIRT."

AN SAGAIRT.

"DAR AN BROICTÉIR DO GLACAR I M' LÁIM §
NÍ ABRAIM-RE TRÁT NÁ AIFHIONN
NAC MBRÓIM AG SUITE SÁC LÁ
AR OIRIAD AN RÁIRTE O'Á DPUIL AGAD."

AN FEAR BOICT.

"LEIR RIN ÉAINIS AN DUINE BOICT
A'R A ANÁL I MBEUL A UCTA,
TÁ MO DEAN I N-AIFHTIOGAL BÁIR,
A FÁGAIRT, A GHIÁD, DEUN DEIRIR."

AN SAGAIRT.

"TÉID DO ÉMOCAD A DODAG,
ADÁ DO FEARMH I N-IFHIONN,
NÍ DPUAIRIAR LE THI RÁITE
AR DO O'Á LÁIM-RE LEIT'PIN."

* = TOICEAD .i. fear faidhig.

† "A réir," 'ran MS. Ir mar rin ir gnátae a labairt.

‡ "A liz" ran MS. Ir mar rin, no mar "eilec," labairtear go minic é.

§ "A glacar mo láim," ran MS.

Literally. When the wealthy one goes to Mass on Sunday, he salutes the priest twice. "How are your care? are they in good health with you, without anything wrong?"

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE PRIEST AND THE POOR MAN.

He salutes the priest twice on Sunday,
 On going to mass, does the man who's wealthy.
 Says the priest, "And how is your good family,
 And I hope that you're all well and healthy."

FARMER.

Says the man of riches, "Much of a muchness,
 Wife and family, son and daughter,
 But we might be dead," says he, half-jesting,
 "For all you have seen of us, priest, this quarter."

PRIEST.

By this manual in my hand
 I never, I swear, say my masses,
 That I do not pray where I stand
 For yourself, your lads and your lasses."

POOR MAN.

With that there comes panting for breath
 A ragged man, poor and sickly,
 "Och ! my wife's at the door of death,
 Oh, soggarth, agra, come quickly."

PRIEST.

"Go and be hanged, you mean churl,
 Hell is your portion, if any,
 I never got for this three quarters
 Out of your pocket one penny."

"They are one the same as another," says the man of riches in mockery; "it was easy for them to die, without your knowing, priest, for this quarter [of a year]."

"By the Mass-book I have taken in my hand, I never say canonical hour or mass that I do not be praying every day for all you have, down to the very child."

With that there came the poor man, and his breath in the mouth of his breast, "My wife is at the point of death, O priest, *agra* [O love] make haste."

"Go and be hanged you clown, your standing is in hell. I never got for three quarters [of a year] out of your two hands a half-penny."

Δη Ώuine βοέτ.

"Τά μέ βοέτ, α ἴαζαιρε,
 β' έτοιη ναέ mbeiróinn βοέτ ι ζκοίννουε,
 νίοη έυιλλ μipe πιζιν λε γάιτε
 ναέ στυζαρ वो na παίρτιβ δι εόηνα." *

Δη Σαζαρε.

"Cμείαο έ θαή-ρα वो έυιο εόηνα
 α βοουαίξ ναέ θφυιλ ζλόη ι ο' ἔφυαίλ ? †
 Cμείαο έεαννουίεαρ θαμ ζεαηράν no clóca
 no αιηζιοσ λε η'όλ ζο minic."

Δη Ώuine βοέτ.

"μα τά μέ βοέτ α ἴαζαιρε
 β'έτοιη ναέ mbeiróinn βοέτ α-έοιόε,
 'S ζο θφόιμζ οημ κιζ na ηζηάρ
 μά θειη πέ θαμ αίησε ζο σσι ρηη."

Δη Σαζαρε.

"θείο τυ βοέτ α-έοιόε
 μαη वो έυιλλ τυ τοιombuaíó ι ό'η εαζλαρ
 'S α βοουαίξ ιρ λοθτα 'νά 'η τ-αοιλεαέ.
 ηάρ έαζαίό φυηαέτ δι वो έαile."

Δη Ώuine βοέτ.

"Seo óuit bonn oét ζρότα §
 वो έυιλλ me δι ρόμαη ταλαίη,
 'S δι υέτ μόη κιζ na ζλόηε
 ηά leiζ mo θεαν-ρόρτα ζαν ola."

* "όηνα" ραν MS., αζυρ ιρ μαη ρηη λαθαριέεαρ έ.

† ηι έυιζιμ αν line ρεό.

‡ "Οιomaó neaζλαρ" ραν MS.

§ ηι έυιζιμ αν ρocal "έότα" वो θι ανη ρο, αέτ 'ρ υόίξ ζυη
 "ζρότα." ("groats" no τυηρτιύηη) θυó έόηη वो θειέ ανη.

"I am poor, O soggarth; maybe I would'nt be poor always. I never earned a penny this quarter of a year that I did not give to the children for barley."

"What's that to me, your share of barley! You clown, in whose command (?) there is no voice, what is it buys me a nag or a cloak, or money to drink oftentimes?"

POOR MAN.

" Maybe I wouldn't be poor always,
 But och ! I'm poor, soggarth darling,
 Each penny I earned the last quarter
 I gave for the childher's barley."

PRIEST.

" What do I care about your barley,
 It's not of your barley I'm thinking,
 But what'll keep me in cloaks and garrons,
 In plenty to eat, and in good drinking."

POOR MAN.

" If I am poor, soggarth darling,
 And sure I mayn't be poor ever !
 God may send me some help this now,
 And lift me out of this slough however."

PRIEST.

" Yes, you'll be poor, and poor ever,
 You've the church's curse on you for a fetter,
 And you vile clown, you foul dung-hill,
 May your hag of a wife get no better."

POOR MAN.

" Here is a piece of eight groats,
 And digging hard in my sweat I coined it,
 Oh come for the sake of the dear Jesus,
 Or my married wife must die unanointed."

" If I am poor O soggarth, maybe I would'nt be poor always, and that the King of the Graces may relieve me, if He give me respite until then."

" You shall be poor for ever, for you have earned defeat [from] the church, and you clown more rotten than manure, that there may come no relief to your hag."

" Here is for you a coin of eight cóta (perhaps "gróta" or groats) which I earned digging land, and for the sake of the great King of the Glory, do not let my married wife die without the [last] oil."

An Sagar.

"pás * méirí mo shearhán sa tian dam
 go dtéir mé leis an gCristiúirí de bhannuís,
 's dá mbeiríocht fíor aghaidh-re a d'aoine.
 Duó nó móir an rgeul é deit polaim."

Ais ro píora eile as mínuisíocht úinn mar do táinig
 an tsaint ann ran eaglaí ar dtúir.

mar táinig an tsaint annsan eaglais.†

Ói ar slánuisíteoir asur naomh peadar as rpar-
 veoraet trathóna, asur do carad rean-feaí oíra.
 Ói an duine boet rin go dona, ní raib air aet ceir-
 eada asur rean-éota rtríocte, asur san píú na
 mbíós faoi n-a coraib. D'iairí ré deirí ar ar
 oTigearna asur ar naomh peadar. Ói truaí as
 peadar do'n donán boet asur fáoil ré go dtíob-
 raí an Tigearna ruo éigin do. Aet níor éir an
 Tigearna don truaí ann, asur o'iméirí ré taíur
 san rreagairí taíur do. Ói iongantair ar

* "pós méirí" 'ran ms.

† rparí mé an rgeul ro, o fear-oibíe do bí as Revington de
 ríoríe, Druim an t-Seagail, aet éalair go minic e. ní h-iaí
 ro na ceairí-focail ann a bfuairíe é.

"Get ready my garron for me quickly till I go to bless the Christian,
 and if ye knew it, ye people, it is a very great story (*i.e.*, pity) him to
 be empty (*i.e.*, poor)."

PRIEST.

"Get ready my garron this minute,
 Till I go to bless the good Christian,
 And I tell you all, it's a great pity
 That he hasn't got more,—and no question!"

Here is another piece explaining how covetousness made its first appearance in the Church.

HOW COVETOUSNESS CAME INTO THE CHURCH.

As once our Saviour and St. Peter*
 Were walking over the hills together,
 In a lonesome place that was by the sea,
 Beside the border of Galilee,
 Just as the sun to set began
 Whom should they meet but a poor old man!
 His coat was ragged, his hat was torn,
 He seemed most wretched and forlorn,
 Penury stared in his haggard eye
 And he asked an alms as they passed him by.
 Peter had only a copper or two,
 So he looked to see what the Lord would do.
 The man was trembling—it seemed to him—
 With hunger and cold in every limb.
 But, nevertheless, our Lord looked grave,
 He turned away and he nothing gave.

* This is a story I have often heard. The above version I got from a man near Monivea, in Galway, a workman of Mr. Redington Roche, of Rye Hill, whose name I have forgotten. I have not, however, given here his exact words. I heard a tale nearly identical, only told in English, in the county Tipperary. The story reminded me so strongly of those strange semi-comic mediæval moralities common at an early date to most European languages—such pieces as Goethe has imitated in his story of "St. Peter and the Horse shoe"—that I could not resist the temptation to turn it into rhyme, though it is not rhymed in the original. More than one celebrated piece of both English and French literature founded upon the same *motif* as this story, will occur to the reader.

And Peter was vexed awhile at that
 And wondered what our Lord was at,
 Because he had thought him much too good
 To ever refuse a man for food.
 But though he wondered he nothing said,
 Nor asked the cause, for he was afraid.

It happened that the following day
 They both returned that very way,
 And whom should they meet where the man had been.
 But a highway robber gaunt and lean !
 And in his belt a naked sword—
 For an alms he, too, besought the Lord.
 "He's a fool," thought Peter, "to cross us thus ;
 He won't get anything from us."
 But Peter was seized with such surprise,
 He scarcely could believe his eyes
 When he saw the Master, without a word,
 Give to the man who had the sword.

After the man was gone again
 His wonder Peter could not restrain,
 But turning to our Saviour said :
 "Master, the man who asked for bread,
 The poor old man of yesterday,
 Why did you turn from him away ?
 But to this robber, this shameless thief,
 Give, when he asked you for relief.
 I thought it most strange for *you* to do ;
 We needn't have feared him we were two.
 I have a sword here, as you see,
 And could have used it as well as he ;
 And I am taller by a span,
 For he was only a little man."

"Peter," said our Lord, "you see
 Things but as they *seem* to be.
 Look within and see behind,
 Know the heart and read the mind,
 'Tis not long before you know
 Why it was I acted so."

Tuit ré amac don lá amáin, 'na díais rin, go nbeadaíó ar oTigearna agus Peadar amúgá ar na rleíbteib. Bí teinnthead agus toinnead agus fearri-tainn ann, agus bí ríad báirte, agus an bótar caillte ada. Cia o'feicfead ríad éuca ann rin áct an nobáilíde ceuona a otus an Tigearna aigisioo do noime rin. Nuair éainis ré éuca bí truaig aige doib, agus rug ré leir íad go oti uais do bí aige faoi bonn cairrige, amearg na rleíbte, agus bain ré an t-eudac fliuc doib, agus éuir éudais tihme oirra, agus éus neart le n'ite agus le n'ól doib, agus leabuir le luirde air, agus gac uile fóirt o'feud ré deunam doib do pinne ré é. An lá ar na márac nuair bí an rtoirm tar, éus ré amac íad agus níor fás ré íad gur éuir ré ar an mbótar ceart íad, agus éus lón doib le h-ágar an airteir. "Mo coinriar!" arfa Peadar leir féin, ann rin, "bí an ceart ag an Tigearna. Ír maic an fear an gairde; ír iomda fear cóir," ar feirean, "nac nbeairnaíó an oirad rin dam-ra!"

Ni raib ríad a bfao imtígte ar an mbótar ann rin, go bruaí ríad fear marb, agus é rinte ar énam a óroma ar láir an bótar, agus o'aitnig Peadar é, gur ab é an rean-fear ceuona ar díultais an Tigearna an oéir do. "U'ole do pinneamar" ar Peadar leir féin, "aigisioo do díultugad do'n duine boct rin, agus feuc é

After this it chanced one day
 Our Lord and Peter went astray,
 Wandering on a mountain wide,
 Nothing but waste on every side.
 Worn with hunger, faint with thirst,
 Peter followed, the Lord went first.
 Then began a heavy rain,
 Lightning gleamed and gleamed again,
 Another deluge poured from heaven,
 The slanting hail swept tempest-driven.
 Then when fainting, frozen, spent,
 A man came towards them through the bent,
 And Peter trembled with cold and fright,
 When he knew again the robber wight.
 But the robber brought them to his cave,
 And what he had he freely gave.
 He brought them wine, he gave them bread,
 He strewed them rushes for a bed,
 He lent them both a clean attire
 And dried their clothes before the fire,
 And when they rose the following day
 He gave them victuals for the way,
 And never left them till he showed
 And put them on the straightest road.

"The Master was right," thought Peter then,
 "The robber is better than better men,
 "There's many an honest man," thought he,
 "Who never did as much for me."

They had not left the robber's ground
 Above an hour, when, lo, they found
 A man upon the mountain track
 Lying dead upon his back.
 And Peter soon, with much surprise,
 The beggarman did recognize.
 "Ochone!" thought Peter, "we had no right
 To refuse him alms the other night.
 He's dead from the cold and want of food,
 And we're partly guilty of his blood."

marb' anoir le donar agus le anró." "A pheadair,"
 ar ran Tighearna, "céir' anonn éuis an bfeair rin,
 agus feuc' créad' t'á aise ann a póca." Cuairt
 pheadar anonn éuise, agus corais ré as láimh-
 riuas' a fhean-ócta, agus creud' do fuaire ré ann
 aét a lán o'airgíod seil, agus timcioll cúpla
 ríctio bonn óir. "A Tighearna," ar ra pheadar,
 "bí an ceart asao-ra, agus cia bé iud' deunfar
 tu no d'earfar tu air, ni račair' mé i o' asair'."
 "Deunfair' rin a pheadair," ar ran Tighearna. "Glac
 an t-airgíod rin anoir agus cairt arteač é ann
 ran bpoll móna tál, ni bíonn ann ran airgíod
 go minic aét mallac' mór." Cpuinnis pheadar an
 t-airgíod le céile, agus cuairt ré go oti an poll-
 móna leir; aét nuair bí ré uil' o'á cačar' arteač,
 'ocón," ar ré leir féin, "nac' airóbéul an truas
 an t-airgíod breas' ro do cur amúsa, agus ir minic
 bíonn ochar agus carit agus fuačt ar an máigir-
 tih, óir ni túsann ré don aise o'ó féin, aét cong-
 bóčair' mire cuir' de 'n airgíod ro ar ron a leara
 féin, a-san-fior' o'ó, agus b'feair'oe é." Leir rin
 do cairt ré an t-airgíod seil uile arteač ann ran
 bpoll, i ríoc' go scluinfead' an Tighearna an
 coran, agus go rmuáinfead' ré go raib' ré uile
 cairte arteač. Nuair táinis ré ar air, ann rin,
 o'fiarpuis an Tighearna, "A pheadair," ar ré, "ar
 cairt tu an t-airgíod rin uile arteač." "Cairtar"
 ar ra pheadar, "aét ámhain píora óir no o'ó, do
 congbaig' mé le bia' agus deoc' do ceannac' uil-re."

"Peter," said our Lord, "go now
 Feel his pockets and let us know
 What he has within his coat."
 Peter turned them inside out,
 And found within the lining plenty
 Of silver coins, and of gold ones twenty.
 "My Lord," said Peter, "now I know
 Why it was you acted so.
 Whatever you say or do with men,
 I never will think you wrong again."
 "Peter," said our Saviour, "take
 And throw those coins in yonder lake,
 That none may fish them up again,
 For money is often the curse of men."

Peter gathered the coins together,
 And crossed to the lake through bog and heather.
 But he thought in his mind "It's a real sin
 To be flinging this lovely money in.
 We're often hungry, we're often cold,
 And money is money—I'll keep the gold
 To spend on the Master; he needs the pelf,
 For he's very neglectful of himself."
 Then down with a splash does Peter throw
 The *silver* coins to the lake below,
 And hopes our Lord from the splash would think
 He had thrown the whole from off the brink.
 And then before our Lord he stood
 And looked as innocent as he could.

Our Lord said: "Peter, regard your soul;
 Are you sure you have thrown in the whole?"
 "Yes, all," said Peter, "is gone below,
 But a few gold pieces I wouldn't throw,
 Since I thought we might find them very good
 For a sup to drink, or a bite of food.
 Because our own are nearly out,
 And they're inconvenient to do without.
 But, if you wish it, of course I'll go
 And fling the rest of the lot below."

“O! a bheodair,” ar ran Tighearna, “cread
fát naé n’dearraid tu mar duibairt mire leat.
Fear rannacá tu, agus beir an traint rin ort
go bíd.”

Sin é an fát a bfuil an Eaglaí rannacá ó foin,
mar deir ríad.

Ceathar ragar naé bfuil rannacá,
Ceathar fannacá naé bfuil buiré,
Ceathar gheuraid naé bfuil bheugacá,
Sin dá ’n’ eug naé bfuil ’ran tír.

* * * *

As ro rgeul eile de’n tróirt ceudna. Bí* ragar
ann ran réipéal, don lá amáin, agus táinig arteac
fear ós rlaetmair ciorca, agus fear ré as an doiar.
Glaod an ragar air agus duibairt ré. “A giolla
fliocuid úo,” ar ré, “gab a leit ann ro go bfeicim
bfuil do teagar ciorcuirde asao. Innir dam cia
meud peacá marbáac ann?”

“Sé cinn,” ar ré.

“Mairead! bí reáct gcinn ann anuipais,” ar ran
ragar.

“Bí,” ar reirean, “áct anoir págmaoio an traint
as an Eaglaí!”

Ir rean-rgeal é rin, do cuatar é dá innirint níor
feair as daoimib eile.

* focal ar focal ó innirint mhic tí salaimain, rean-fear ar
baile an tobar tí concubair.

"Ah, Peter, Peter," said our Lord,
 "You should have obeyed me at my word.
 For a greedy man you are I see,
 And a greedy man you will ever be ;
 A covetous man you are of gain,
 And a covetous man you will remain."

So that's the reason, as I've been told,
 All clergy are since so fond of gold.

This, I think the narrator added, is the reason of the proverbial rann.

Four clergy who are not covetous,
 Four Frenchmen who are not yellow,
 Four shoemakers who are not liars—
 Those are a dozen who are not in the country.

Here is another story of the same sort.

There was a priest in the chapel one day, and there came in a young, fine-looking, well-combed man, and stood at the door. "You sleek lad yonder," says the priest, "come here till I see have you your Christian Doctrine (Catechism), tell me how many deadly sins are there in it?"

"Six," says he.

"Musha, there were seven in it last year," says the priest

"There were," said he, "but now we leave covetousness to the Church," *i.e.*, the Church has monopolised the sin of covetousness *

That is an old story ; I have heard it better told by other people.

* Word for word from the telling of an old horse-breaker, named Fallon from Ballintubber, in Co. Roscommon.

Ní ar don cúma amháin inniurtear na rgeálta ro.
Cuirteann gac don rgeuluidé a cpoicionn féin oirra.
Mar veir an rean-riann

bíonn reáct gcuma ar an adrián
agus dá inniurte vécas ar an rgeál!

Níor bpiurtear amac mar ro áct i n-áiteadaið ar
leit, agus go h-annam, agus buð náúurda go leór go
mbeirdeat impearrán agus éat ioir cuir de na bárdaið
nac raið cráibtead ná riagalta ann a mbeatad—
mar an Mangairie Súgac i gcúige Mumán, no ar
Mac Cobéaið i gcúig Ulað—agus na ragaraið do
bíreat ag véanam a noitcill le iad do tionntóð'
ar rúige a leara. Agus áubair eile de'n impear ro,
.i. go raið na báird go minic níor fóglamta agus
níor léigeannta 'ná na ragarie, agus go raið fórt
mí-mear aca oirra mar geall air rin.

Fuar mé dān rāda i Láimh-rghibinn do fuair mé ar
iaraáct ó ápaio rghibinn do rinneat i n-áit éigin i
g-cúig Ulað ran mbliadain, 1764, dar b'ainm "Cóm-
airle mhic Láma o ácaó na Muilinn o'áirio Ruad
.i. Seatan Ruad Mac Úrardaið Mic Dóinnail
ghuama, Mic Seatain Mic Coirdealbaið,, etc." * Tá
Mac Láma, cia bé é, ag tabairt cómairle do'n bua-
cail, laioionn o'fógluim uair-rean, agus do beir

* Áct ag ro an t-ainm fuair mé ar an bpiora ro i Láimh-rghibinn
eile gan ainm ran áro-sgoil Ríogamail Éireannaið .i. "Cómairle
mhic Lámaið o ácaó na Moileann da bpiatari .i. ARSAIO ruad
LITIS ar tréigeannt a rinná dó me cuing crábar do gabáil, eadon.
Sagarieoiréat, no an Sagarie bāta le labhair pāinín." agus ag
ro áir mar tá ré agam i leabair móriann mo feilb féin do rghib
lábhár o fuairéin i bpoitlāirge 'ran mbliadain, 1786. .i.
"Cómairle mhic Clāma o ácaó m Muilinn ann ro rior do áirio
Ruad Mac ábradaoi."

It is not in one way only that these stories are told. Each separate story-teller "puts his own skin upon them" (*i.e.*, dresses them up in his own way), for as the old verse says :

" There be seven different versions of a song
And twelve different ways of telling a story."

But the people did not break out in this way except in occasional places, and seldom. And it was natural enough that there should be quarrels and jealousy between some of the bards who were not religious nor moral in their lives like the Mangaire Sógach (Mangírya Soogach or Jolly Pedlar), in Munster, or Art MacCovey in Ulster, and the priests who used to be doing their best to turn them on the path of their own good. And there was another reason for this quarrel—that the poets were often more educated and learned than the priests, and on account of this they had a kind of disrespect for them.

I found a long poem in a manuscript I borrowed from a friend, copied as I believe some place in Ulster in the year 1764, called the "Counsel of Mac Lava from Aughanamullin (the field of the mills), to Red Archy ; that is Red Shahan (Shawn?), son of Brady, son of Fiachra, son of Donal the gloomy, son of Shahan, son of Turlogh, etc." * MacLava, whoever he was, is giving the youth advice to learn Latin from himself and become a *bullaire* (priest or

* In another manuscript in the Royal Irish Academy this piece is headed the "Counsel of Mac Lavy, from Aughynamullin, to his cousin [or brother] Red Arsaidh (Archy?) Litis, on his forsaking his wife to take the yoke of piety on him, that is Priestifying ; or, the 'Priest of the Stick,' by Laurence Faneen." And, again, in a voluminous MS. of my own, written by Laurence O'Fuarin, in Waterford, in the year 1786, it is called the "Counsel of Mac Clava, from Aughynamullin, to Red Arsaidh Mac a Brady."

'na "bullaire"* (.i. rásair no brádaí?) óir ír ann
 rin beirdear an beata íóghaíuil fona aige. Tá
 cuio mhóir de'n dán ro lán o'foclaiú nac
 o'tuigim, agus nac bfuil le págaíl i bfoclóir ar bit,
 agus nac bfuil duine beo anoir, tá faicéir oim, do
 míneócaó iad, ció go raib fíad coitcéionn, ír oóig,
 ceo bliadain no ceo bliadain go leit ó foin. Glac
 an pann ro amáin agus feuc an méad focal do-tuig-
 jeannac atá ann.

Tab ar o'túr ghráó bullaireacht (P)
 Tab an siollaireacht (P) mar cuio éruinn,
 Tab an raíam (P) réite (?) ruain
 'S a' tromur† (P) go buan do éinn.

Sin rompla ar an méad do cáilleamair nuair
 leigeamair do'n gaebeilg bair págaíl amearg na
 noaoine, óir ír iad amáin o'feutorá na dánta ro
 míniugaó. Do beir Mac Láma íomáir máir of cómair
 ar fúl, ag cur ríor ar donar an duine boicé ann ran
 noán ro. Níl an dán ro ceapta i miorúir maíalta,
 acé tá an cuio ír mó dé an cópmúil le Rannaireacht
 mhóir.

† ní'l an focal ro'r na foclóirib acé ír é compóir no páraó
 ír ciail dé, cferuim.

* *Bullaire* and *bullaireacht* seem to be formed from the word *bull*,
 a [Pope's] bull, and to mean a "bull-promulgator," or priest, and the
 "state of priesthood." *Siollaireacht* probably means "enunciation,"
 from *siolla*, a syllable. *Somus* is not in any dictionary, but it means

friar ?) for it is then that he will have the pleasant easy life ! There is a great deal of this poem full of words that I do not understand, and that are not to be found in any dictionary, and which there is not a person alive now, I am afraid, who could explain, although these were in common use no doubt a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago. Take this verse for example and see all the unintelligible words in it.

Conceive, first, a love of *bullaireacht*, * etc.
 Conceive the *siollaireacht* for solid portion,
 Conceive the *samhain* ? *seite* ? of slumber,
 And the *somus* (comfort!) lastingly therefrom.

This is an example of all we lost when we allowed Irish to die amongst the people, for it is they alone who would be able to explain these poems. Mac Lava brings before our eyes a good image, in this piece, of the misery of the poor man. The poem is not composed in regular metre, but most of it is like Great Rannuigheacht.

"comfort." The other words are complete puzzles. In my Waterford copy, made in 1786, the verse yields even less sense.

* *Ḥaib an t-túr ḡrád bullaireacht*
Ḥaib an tollaireacht mar éirinn,
Ḥaib aráimán ríotcáin rúain
pann tomar go buan do éinn.

Deir ré le "hAiriú" Sur forur do beir 'na fásairt
 san móran lairne aise, go dtis leir úráio déanamh
 o' focal ar bit amearg na ndaoine atá san léigean,
 mar "parva nec invideo," no "hanc tua Penelope,"
 no "tuba mirum spargens sonum," no "ego te teneo.
 Amen!" Ann rin, nuair déar ré as léigead, réarair
 ré a sut do éarad asur do múcad "air reoir
 orannadail binn, asur cuir air chuingsiú (?) ríona
 asur cuir air múcad capócta, asur déarair duibtuata
 móir-connaig lán-aithríoraí an pobail, Sur mór
 an truaighe an giorra anála, an cumhac cléide asur
 an doctaí compair a buairear a n-aimeir na
 reirbire air an trásair beannuighe mór-glórad
 áro-foclaí." Toráigean ré mar ro.

CÓMAIRLE mhic Láma.

A airiú (?) éiríde [a] éanáin ruair,
 O tá o'foritún cruair anóit
 Deairig h-áirí ar miz na nól,
 A 'r tadair cúl do'n traozáil boit.

mo cómairle úit, ce bé mé,
 Deair oit féin go déar ginn,
 ná mear a éarair ann do éilil
 leat go nduirtar breuz linn.

* níl an focal ro 'r na foclóirib déit ir é compóir no rárad
 ir ciall dé, creirim.

¹ *Bulla* and *bullaireacht* seems to be formed from the word *bull*,
 a [Pope's] bull, and to mean a "bull-promulgator," or priest, and the
 "state of priesthood." *Siollaireacht* probably means "enunciation,"
 from *siolla*, a syllable. *Sonus* is not in any dictionary, but it means

He tells Archy that it is easy for him to be a priest without his having much Latin, that he can make use of any word amongst unlearned people, as *parva nec invideo, hanc tua Penelope*, or *tuba mirum spargens sonum*, or *ego te teneo. Amen*. Then, when he will be reading, he will be able to twist and stifle his voice "like a melodious humming (?), and a part stifling (?) of the nose, and a part smothering a cough, and then the wealthy, full-ignorant laity amongst the congregation shall say that it is a great pity the shortness of breath, the pressure on the chest, and the tightness round the breast that strikes the blessed loud-voiced, big-worded priest at the time of service."! The piece begins thus:—

MAC LAVA'S ADVICE.

O Archy of the big red head,
Thy lot, I *said*, is bad this day,
But, hark to me, towards God he *turned*,
And this "poor world" shall pass away.²

My advice to thee, whoever I am—
Look at thyself sharply and closely;
Do not think, O my friend, in thy sense,
That we are speaking lies to thee.

"comfort." The other words are complete puzzles. In my Waterford copy, made in 1786, the verse yields even less sense.

Ḥaib an t-túr ḡráó buillapáct
Ḥaib an tollapáct map émuinn,
Ḥaib apámán pioctáin rúain
Fann tomár go buan do éionn.

² This is nearly the metre of the original. His advice, of course, is satirical.

mipe mac láma o ádair-na-muilionn
 náir fárait cuilionn ar mo éoin,
 mar * geobair mo rgeula leat go beaét
 beir tu aitreac ar vo ríoin.

Tuis féin, cia bé fáé
 Sur móir an cráú vo geib an corp
 O úib mairne go uib oiré
 Ar feaó gríbe asur corp (?)

Δ τά όόιο ανη 'r γαé láib
 Δ' r ανη ran ppiáib † α όιοr go breun;
 Δs παóτμγαó na punnainne cráioτε
 Go cinnτε báioτε ανη pa' léun.

Ar vteaét cum α βοάιν, τραπνόνα,
 λán vόάιν r ve όρόν cpióie,
 Geobair ppiine rgréacac γαrlac
 'S ni luga caτarlac (?) mná an rige.

Suioipio pío ar ní cnuioin (?)
 No mar γαοιοín (?) go puar pann,
 Ni beir α éomáitar ac go las
 'S ni beir α vεoc bpiógmari teann.

Gludairpíó v'á leabair paoi gruaim
 Ni beir puaim ανη α giorra,
 ppeabán ar α bpiрте τόνα
 Δ' r paipτε no vó ar α rgiopra.

Δs éipige vó ar na mápac
 Δ' r é γαν άμαé aige aip féin,
 Ir veimín nac bpiázann blaip
 Vo cuipreaó an r-ocapap uair i rgein.

* "mar geobair" = "muna bpiuipir"

† "ppiáib" = paláar, puo palac. Veip piao "ανη ran ppiáib"
 i n-áit "ανη ran b-ppiáib," i n-áiteacáib i γ-Cúige ulao.

I am Mac Lava from Aughnamullin,
 Out of whose hips holly never grew ;¹
 Unless thou receivest my story exactly
 Thou shalt repent through the nose for it (?)

Understand, thyself, whatever be the cause,
 That great is the distress which the body gets
 From dark morning until dark night
 Throughout sloughs and turf-banks (?)

His two fists in every mud,
 And in every dirt that is foul,
 Earning the weary sheaf,
 And surely drowned in misery.

Coming to his hovel in the evening,
 Full of wretchedness and grief of heart,
 He shall find before him the screeching of children,
 And no less the complaining (?) of the woman of the house.

He will sit down after the manner of a *cnuidín* (?)
 Or like a *gaoidín* (?) cold and feeble,
 His food will be only weak,
 And his drink neither strong nor stout.

He will proceed to his bed under gloom,
 And there will be no noise in his girth,
 A piece-of-mending on the back of his breeches,
 And a patch or two on his skirt.

On his rising on the morrow,
 (And him without any help for himself),
 It is certain that he will not get a taste
 To hunt his hunger away in fright,

¹ *i.e.*, who was so good a scholar that he was never beaten.

Cá tóaim le bhríathraí fada
 baidé [ré] i n-ghao le n-a beó,
 agh moinn leir an t-aois le meangas
 s a fúil rreangas * faoi ceó.

So tó an t-am fa t-éiríocht a lúe
 's so t-cuireadh úir ar a t-ruail,
 agh rin aghao deimhin rgeil
 mar t-éirí cnuíoin i t-éirí gan uail.

A h-aicte na mbríathraí a luaidítear fua
 a cluin do cluar 'r a éirí do fúil,
 má féadann tu faoi mí ó 'noct
 na bí do rghairte boct i t-cúl.

Tós do meannma aoirim leat,
 ná bí feara i n-ghao mar t-áir,
 agh aghao an rreangas ceart
 nairgear oir bail a' r bláe.

* * * * *

má t-éirí fua i t-cluaidé éun
 so h-éiríge t-éirí 'r so rreangas fáe [ráe]
 a' r cáil lairne t-éiríge uair
 t-éiríge do rreangas fua mar fáe, etc.

Tóir an fíle ar a aghao ann rin agh múnas tó
 crieat do buó éirí tó t-éirí, agh cía an éirí buó
 éirí tó é fém t-éirí, agh ir fíle-éirí, ir feara,
 agh ir t-éirí-éirí é—com feara rin naé t-éirí-
 raí mé an éirí eile de 'n t-áir, agh cuireann ré leir
 an t-áir rgeul rreannamail, agh com h-áir-éirí rin so
 t-áir-éirí mé a t-áir, mar fíle ar an b-éirí
 agh-éirí do rreangas-éirí i t-cúl-éirí uair céat bláir
 so leir ó fíle, éirí ir cormail fua b' é rin an t-am ar
 rreangas é. T-éirígeann ré mar ro, agh t-éirí
 agh-éirí ar m-éirí-rreangas na fíle úir-rgeul.

* "Sa t-éirí rreangas," 'r an MS. t-éirí fua ionnann "rreangas"
 le "rreangas" focal coiréirionn i t-éirí fíle éirí agh fíle so t-éirí.

Why proceed with long words !
 He shall be in a gad (held fast) as long as he is alive,
 Dividing [his part] with the deceitful world
 And his eyes exuding rheum beneath a mist.

Until the time when his activity shall forsake him,
 And until mould shall be placed over his sheath (body).
 There is for you a true story
 Of how a *cnuidin* goes under clay without pomp.

After the words spoken above,
 After what thy ear hears and thine eye sees,
 If thou art able, a month from to-night,
 Do not be a poor vagabond in the corner.

Lift up thy spirits, I tell thee,
 Do not be any longer in a gad (bound fast) as thou art.
 Take to thyself the true rule
 Which binds upon thee prosperity and glory,

* * * * *

If thou fall asleep in the down of birds
 Till rise of sun, and till thou art satisfied,
 And to learn from me a reputation for Latin,
 Thou shalt be set up as a priest like everyone else.

The poet goes on then instructing him in what he ought to do, and how he ought to comport himself, and he is salt and bitter and heavy-smiting, but I shall not give the rest of the poem. He follows up the poem, however, with a pleasant story which is so curious that I must give it as an example of the Irish prose which they used to write in the beginning of the last century, for it is likely that this was the time it was written. He begins thus, imitating the style of the old romances.

mac na sgoilóige agus an t-easboig.

* Δ Ὑπάταιρ Διπρὶδ (?) ἢ οἰκτιορ (?) θάμ-ρα πατ-ῶν-
 ρεῖαλ beas ὁ'innhrint ouit-pe anoir, ὁ beanar ne ὁ
 ἑάρ पेін ὁ lātair, ar cūtulān (?) ἑραοραῖ ἑνάιμ-
 पेाम्मार ἑροिम-ἑεανναῖ mic ὁ bi as ρsolōis ulc-पाठा
 त्ताοिῖ-leatān ὁ-ῑaintis ἡοιρ-ῑρέαῖाῖs, ὁ bi पेाῑῑ
 n-aḷ 'na ḑōmnuiῑe le ताοिῖ oilein asur eazlaire
 oirῑeirce Cluain mic ἡoir. Asur ὁ sḡatuiḡeāῑ
 an ρsolōis पेाम्-पाῖῑῑce rin a ῑείῑc ὁ ῑūbluḡāῑ ὁ
 ῑῑῑपेाῑῑῑ ῑῑaῑa beannaiḡῑe ὁ bi 'na ḑōmnuiῑe i
 s-comῑosar ῑῑ, mar ḡarri ῑūῑῑaῑῑa ताῑ an bῑoball
 cum cuirōis[ῑe] an ῑῑῑपेाῑῑaiḡ rin ὁ beir aḡe cum
 an पाῑῑa (?) mic rin ὁ cur a[ῑ] aḡaiῑ cum पाḡar-
 aῑῑa.

Fá deoig, ar b'ádhail b'air do fásair na parráirte
rin ann a paiseadair, rgeitear agus noctar an Sgolós
an toirnear n'ain agus inntinne rin do bí i tairceir
ne cian o'aimirir poime rin aige, do 'n oitneadac,
agus ir ead a no páide r'ur† gur mear ré féin nac
páid ouine ar bit ir fearr do t'ucfao gur an b'oball
rin mar fásair parráirte 'nád an mac rin do bí aige
féin, de'n g'rád fásairtacta [do bí] aige.

Impiúdear agus ariúirdear (?) an Sgoilís an tít-
neabac—pe tioslaictib móra do taidairt do t'á
ceann—cumoul pe n-a mac do láchair Earbois Cluana

* Σχηματίζω "ζε," "τε," etc., 1 η-άτω "σε," "τε," etc., κατά
 ran ins., ἄστω ἀειψίζω "διη βιοτέ," "κρησινωτορ," "αἰδω," "α" ζω

THE FARMER'S SON AND THE BISHOP.

O Cousin Archy (?) I must now tell you a little allegory which has a bearing upon your own present case, about a greedy fat-boned stoop-headed bashful fellow of a son, that a long-bearded broad-sided cow-herd-ful large-flock-having Farmer had, who was once on a time residing by the side of the island and the illustrious Church of Clonmacnois. And this aforesaid Farmer was accustomed to double his alms to a godly blessed hermit, who was living close by him, [giving] with excess of diligence beyond [the rest of] the congregation, in order that he might have the aid of this hermit in putting forward that blockhead (?) of a son towards the priesthood.

At last, on the priest of that parish in which they were, dying, the Farmer promulgates and lays bare to the hermit the secret conception and intention which he had stored up for a long time before that, and it was what he said to him, that he considered himself, that there was no person at all who would better suit that congregation as a parish priest than this son of his own, from the love of the priesthood which he had.

The Farmer beseeches and begs him—giving him large offerings on the head of it—to go with his son to the presence of the Bishop of Clonmacnois. They set forth all

“*an bit,*” “*cheivear,*” “*as,*” “*i,*” *gc.*, *act ní atmuigim don focal.*

† = “*do máir [ré] leir*” = *ou'baire ré leir. fúir = leir.*

míic nóir. Triallair 'na ttriúr leat ar leat, cum an ardaí rin .i. an Sgolóis an títireadac agus mac na rsgolóise, maille le poball móir de cáiruib de com-bháitrib agus de luét cóim-eólaí na rsgolóise, d'á comórad go h-oiread agus go caladborc an oilein rin Cluana míic nóir.

Ir ann do fíarpuig tuine-uairal d'á raib 'ran s-cruinniugad de bháitrib fairdionaca fíir-ghice de'n Sgolóis nar bfiar an raib a faoba mic easnuirde go leor cum ghrád * ragsaratacta do glacad de'n cor rin. A duháirt reirean sur b'aithe do féin go raib san contadairt, de bhuig go raib ré readt mbliadna 'na cléireac uirge agus ralaínn as an átaí beannuighe díada do cuaid ar neam uainn do ládaí, agus fíor sur líonmáir é 'ran amen i n-am aifinn agus pórtá, agus sur ghráda sur mó le n' iomarcuib no † le n' upearbuid [é] 'ran gcár rin. "Táim ráruighe," ar an tuine-uairal, as tabhairt a cúil do, agus as déanam fíor sean gáire.

Gidead as réiríugad ceapda an tuine uairal do'n rsgolóis, do doctadair uile, no go nvearmaid gíolla an títireadais .7. Ciumpaire na beicnig ‡ . . . rcairt a bpuir as iarraid corraig agus gleur iomcáir agus iomráma cum na h-innre. Tis eua iar rin báo bponn-fáirring fíor-fáda maille le h-octar de rpaílprínib rpalpánta móir-ghreamanaca fair-

* "Ghrád" = ghrád, céim, rgrád, rans. ní ionnann é agus "cion" no "sean" ann ro.

† no = 'nád, go minic i s-cúige ulad.

three, side by side, on that journey, the farmer, the hermit, and the farmer's son, together with a great congregation of their friends and cousins and of the Farmer's acquaintance accompanying (?) him to the strand and harbour of that island of Clonmacnois.

It was then a gentleman who was in the assembly asked the farmer with prophesying truly-wise words whether he knew if his lad of a son were wise [educated] enough to receive the grade of priesthood on that occasion. He answered that he knew himself that he was, without any doubt, because he had been for seven years clerk of salt and water¹ [*i.e.*, acolyte] to the blessed godly Father who departed to heaven from us but now, and moreover, that he was plentiful with his Amens at time of mass or marriage, and that in this respect he had generally too much rather than too little. "Oh, I am satisfied," said the gentleman, turning his back on him, and bursting into a fit of laughing.

However, upon the Farmer thus satisfying the gentleman's question, they were all silent until the hermit's lad the "Shouting Attendant" (?) gave a shout at the beach, asking for a curach and means of transport to row to the island. After that comes to them a broad-wombed long-timbered boat, with eight loutish big-biting lumpish (?) dawdling (?) raw-nosed (?) great-sleeping spalpeens of the

† Τά ὁά ῥοκαὶ ἀγ̃ ἑαυαῖαινετ̃ ἀνν̃ ρο̃ ἰ λικρεαῖαιβ̃ Ῥομάναῖα
 κορμύλ̃ λε *Therlin Noies*, ναὶ ὅττωιζιμ̃, ἀγ̃υρ̃ ἰ ν-ἀιτ̃ "κορρηαῖς"
 τὰ "κυροῖς" ῥαν MS., ἀγ̃υρ̃ "ῥάρα" ἰ ν-ἀιτ̃ "ῥάο."

¹ Salt is used in making Holy Water, ὠιρζε κοιρρεαγ̃εῖα, or ὠιρζε
 ἀν̃ Ὀόμναῖς, hence the curious periphrasis.

ðeac̃ [A] annac̃a am̃rónac̃a m̃or-ðotalac̃a na parp̃a-
irce ar lām̃ c̃lī m̃ic na Sgolóige. Nairg̃io ar an
Sgolóig̃ f̃ria (.7. le n-a) m̃uinñtir̃ f̃uineac̃ aḡ poir̃
an c̃uain, no ḡo ʊtig̃ʊir̃ f̃eín tar̃ a n-aír. ʊo ḡm̃b̃io
am̃lar̃o rin.

ḡiðeac̃ ar ñoul ʊo'n ḡ-c̃úpla ñeam̃-ñáir̃te rin ʊo
l̃átar̃ an eap̃boig̃, noctar̃ an ʊit̃neac̃baç̃ f̃ac̃oin [f̃át]
aḡur b̃riḡ̃ a c̃upair̃ ʊó. ðontaiḡear̃ an t-eap̃bog̃
ar imp̃iðe an ʊit̃neac̃baig̃ ḡr̃áð̃a Saḡar̃taç̃ta ʊo
c̃aðair̃t ʊo m̃ac na Sgolóige aḡur c̃uinear̃ ʊ'f̃iaç̃aib̃
ar c̃uio ʊe 'n ḡcl̃eír̃ ʊo bi 'na f̃oç̃air̃ ceir̃t r̃ḡol̃ár̃ð̃a
ʊo c̃ur̃ ar an mac̃aoim̃, ionnar̃ ḡo m̃beir̃ðeac̃ f̃ior̃
ainme (?) ac̃f̃uine a léig̃in aca le n-a c̃aðair̃t ʊo'n
eap̃bog̃. ḡiðeac̃ nī b̃ruar̃aʊar̃ a ʊeac̃ḡ no a m̃ór̃ ʊe
c̃ineál̃ léig̃inn ar biç̃ aig̃e. ʊeir̃io uac̃a iar̃om̃
[tar̃ éir̃ rin] ʊo 'n eap̃bog̃ t̃ear̃ta an mac̃aoim̃.

f̃ear̃ḡaiḡtear̃ an t̃eap̃bog̃ r̃ir̃ an ḡcl̃eír̃ aḡ cloir̃-
ʊin a r̃ḡeíl, aḡur ir̃ eac̃ a ʊuðair̃t ḡur̃ ab̃ ñáir̃e no
aict̃méal̃ ʊo c̃uineac̃ʊar̃ ar an mac̃aoim̃, aḡur ḡair̃ear̃
f̃eín leir̃ é, a b̃raç̃ f̃oi [.i. f̃a] leir̃t, ḡo h-oir̃ear̃ aḡur
ḡo r̃lior̃-ðor̃io an loç̃a, ar uaiḡnear̃, ionnar̃ ḡo r̃að̃aʊar̃
i n-am̃ar̃c na Sgolóige aḡur a m̃uinñtir̃e ʊe 'n leac̃
c̃all, aḡur lab̃r̃ar̃ leir̃ i l̃air̃oin ʊe b̃riac̃r̃aib̃ aoið-
ḡeanna f̃ior̃-m̃uinñtear̃ð̃a aḡur ir̃ r̃eac̃ ʊo r̃áð̃.

“Quid est sacramentum, in nomine Domini?”

“Qui fecit cœlum et terram,” ar an f̃aoba.

“Nunquam accedes ad altare Dei?” ar an t-eap̃bog̃

parish on the left hand of the Farmer's son. They enjoin on the Farmer with his people to wait on the beach of the harbour until they themselves should come back. This they do.

In the meantime, on the above-mentioned couple going into the bishop's presence, the hermit discloses the reason and meaning of his journey. The bishop consents at the request of the hermit to confer the degree of priesthood on the Farmer's son, and makes some of the clergy who were along with him put scholarly questions to the youth, so that they might have some knowledge of the amount of his learning to give the bishop. However, they found nothing either great or small of any kind of learning whatsoever in him. After that they report to the bishop about the youth's ability.

The bishop is angry at the clergy on hearing their report, and 'twas what he said that it was shame or fright (?) they put on the youth, and he himself calls him with him far apart, to the brink and very margin of the lake, in solitude, so that they came within the view of the Farmer and his people on the opposite side, and he addresses him in Latin with courteous truly-friendly words, and 'twas what he said—

*Quid est sacramentum in nomine Domini ?*¹

Qui fecit cælum et terram, says the fellow.

Numquam accedes ad altare Dei, says the bishop.

¹ *i.e.*—What is a sacrament in the name of the Lord ?

Who made heaven and earth.

Thou shalt never approach the altar of God.

To God who maketh glad my youth.

You shall not be made a priest by me for ever.

"Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam," ar an faoba.

"Non fies sacerdos per me in sæcula sæculorum," ar an t-Earboḡ.

"Amen," ar an faoba.

Iṛ ann rin fearḡaigead̃ ḡo h-iomarcad̃ an t-Earboḡ ne mac na Sḡolóige, aḡur do tóḡaib̃ a lám̃ ne rmaic̃tín buin-neam̃ar uball-énaptad̃ bac-bláit̃ (?) bata do b̃i 'na dear-lám̃, aḡur ḡab̃ar aḡ léarad̃ aḡur aḡ pleurḡad̃ aḡur aḡ tuarḡain mic na Sḡolóige ḡan coigil, ionnar ḡur leis ré a fuil aḡur [a] ionat̃ar ḡo lán aḡur ḡo lán talmán.

"Cruaḡ am̃, viol mo mic-re, anoir," ar* an Sḡolós, "aḡur dar liom féin ní viol maor̃ote aṛ, ḡad̃ raḡail no ḡad̃ roicear, ḡad̃ ceapc pórt̃a aḡur ḡad̃ buidéal d̃a b̃fuig̃fir̃ ré mar̃ p̃polút̃ar (?) 'na fuir̃e i rúra ne cineál ó ro amad̃, óṛ iṛ cruaid̃ cráir̃ote foig̃ir̃onead̃ ceannraig̃ um̃al úṛ-ir̃iol̃ do ḡlacar mo leand̃-ra an cuing̃ maḡalta aḡur an ḡrād̃ raḡartaḡta ro anóct, aḡur ní h-ur̃ar ḡo raḡaib̃ ar deap̃mat̃ uaid̃ ḡo cinnead̃ a ré aḡur a faoḡail, óṛ iṛ uúṛtaḡtaḡ d̃iaḡa d̃aingean d̃iong̃m̃ála a cuir̃ear an an t-Earboḡ beannuig̃te i ḡcuim̃ar (?) [i ḡ-cuim̃ne?] d̃ó i le lám̃-buillib̃ luat̃a lán-bata."

ḡir̃ead̃ ar rḡar̃am̃ain do'n Earboḡ ne mac na Sḡolóige t̃ang̃aḡar na Spailp̃inir̃ noim̃-ráir̃ote rin do láṡar an tṛaḡair̃t̃ óis aḡur do iap̃raḡar̃ a beannaḡ-tain. Ro tóḡaib̃ reir̃ean a lám̃a ḡo clér̃neam̃ail

* "bhair̃" 'ran MS., rean-foir̃m.

Ad Deum qui lætificat juventutem meam, says the lad.

Non fies sacerdos per me in sæcula sæculorum, says the bishop.

Amen, says he.

Then was the bishop excessively enraged against the Farmer's son, and raised his arm with a thick-butted apple-knotted * * * *? cudgel of a stick, that he had in his right hand, and begins lacing and leathering and whaling the Farmer's son without sparing, so that his blood and inwards ran down to the very ground.

"Ow! but that's sad, my son's case now," says the Farmer, "and I think myself that every comfort and satisfaction (?) and roasted hen and every bottle that he shall get like a prolute (prelate?) sitting in his coverlet with kindness from this out, is not to be begrudged him; for it's hard and pitiably, it's patiently, gently, meekly and humbly my child takes the religious yoke and the grade of priesthood on him this night, and it's not easily it will be forgotten by him to the termination of his career and his life, for it's diligently, piously, firmly, and soundly, the blessed bishop drives it into his memory with swift hand-blows of the large stick."

However, on the bishop's parting from the Farmer's son the aforesaid spalpeens came up to the young priest and asked his blessing. He lifted up his hands cleric-like and

¹ Thou shalt sprinkle me, Lord, with hyssop, and I shall be clean, thou shalt wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

cráibítead ór a g-ceann agus do tug ré abrolóiró gein-
ioráilta údóib* as náb: "Asperges me Domine hysoppo
et mundabor, lavabis me et super nivem dealbabor."

Do tógbador leó é iar rin do cum an cúrais
agus do lingeador ann go taorcad móir-méanmhad
no go mánghador i dtír do 'n leat oile, agus do
pinneador a náb i bpoit na h-innre an úmlaet ceutona
rin do mac na Sgolóige, agus do [f]iafnaigeador de
cá náb a bulla no a carada Sagarada.

A duhairt reirean náb náb carada aise aet
bulla fleada Concubair† rcaoréa (?) an Chábáin
do Ciabán, cian ó poit, ar biocaraet na larsan—toil
an pobail. Do tugador-ran an Dia dúilead náb
náb aise ariam bulla do b'féar, agus do cuireador
coraibeadet gnéine agus éarfa oira féin um an
parrairte rin do feara úd go ceano [.i. ceann] a
náb agus a faogail, agus do pinneador amlaio rin.

Anoir a ariar, ir maic an rgeul náb [m]baineann
le rmoitán óir ir duic-re do beana "application"
an rgeil-re, agus ir maic an cómaile duic-re an
gnáb ceutona do glacaó, agus má buailtear buillide
de bada oit ir beas an doar é i nviol gac fároaet[a]
agus gac rómar o'á bfuigir tu o'á ceann, agus de
báir ar gac cómaile eile o'á dtugar duic, as go
duic cúpla nann beas do biar asao de méanmain do

* "Dáib" 'ran MS. foimh coitcéionn i g-cúige ulaó. Deir náb
"dáfá" anois i g-Connaetab.

† i gcóir eile Concubair éiom-ceannaig mic lobair do bí cian
o'aimirí foime rin i gcontaé an Chábáin gc.

piously above their heads, and gave them general absolution, saying, *Asperges me Domine hysoppo et mundabor, lavabis me et super nivem dealbabor.*

They carried him with them to the curach after that, and leapt into it, flowingly and high-spiritedly, until they reached land on the other side, and all that were in the island harbour made the same reverence to the Farmer's son, and they asked him where was his bull or charter of priesthood.

He said that he had no charter but the bull of the race of stoop-headed Conor Mac Lopus¹ of Cavan to the Vicarage of Lurgan,—the will of the people,

They swore by the God of the elements that he never could have a better charter than that, and they bound themselves by the sun and the moon to defend that parish for him to the end of his term and his life. And they did so.

And now Archy, the story which does not concern a *smotán* (?) is good, for it is you that the application of this story concerns, and it is the good advice to you to take the same grade of priesthood, and if blows of a stick be struck on you, it is small damage compared with every comfort and ease that you will get on the head of it, and in addition to every other advice I have given you, here are a couple of little ranns for you which shall be in your memory con-

¹ Alluding I think to some romance. The race of Lopus means vulgar upstarts.

féoir, ionnnar sup maié an cuioiuḡadḡ oúat iad cum ḡad
cruadḡ-ḡadḡadḡ o'á bfuil i o'ceann :—

ir buadac an nuḡ an málcarḡadḡ,
ir meapḡ an léim ar líne,
ir rona an nuḡ an tḡadapḡadḡ
mar veir na h-úḡadai cḡiona.

ir maié a cuio do'n mí-foclaiḡe
sup veap a ḡadap ré leirḡeul
do ḡapḡat boét na oḡoé-laiḡne
an uair míllep an roirḡéal.

leanann beḡán de cómairle eile, acé nī tḡḡaim
ann ro i oir nī' l rī roilēir oam-ḡa.

Nuair éiomio ḡo raiḡ na báirḡ cóm réirḡ rin le n-a
n-inntinn réin do labairḡ oḡ áirḡ i oḡaoiḡ na ḡapḡat
i ḡapḡ na' rī tairḡniḡ rīad leó, ir móirde ḡo móir beirdeap
ar meap ar an tḡapḡatacé rin do ḡnóḡaiḡ aḡur do
cóḡḡmāiḡ onóir aḡur ḡrāḡ na nḡaoine, oir ir follupacé
ó labairḡ-ḡan-cóirḡilc na mbáirḡ nac ḡ-cóḡḡmóḡadaiḡ
é munar tuilleadap é.

aḡ ro ḡeul eile ar ar Slānuirḡeóir aḡur ar Naomḡ
Peadap, córmúil leir an ḡeul do tḡḡ mé fupar. Nī
réirḡir a rāḡ anoir cia an éaoi a oḡáinḡ na ḡeulca
ro amearḡ na nḡaoine, acé ir córmúil sup féoir-
ḡaeḡealac cuio aca, ar cuma ar bit, aḡur sup rḡit
amad aḡur sup innreāḡ iad le oúine cḡáirḡeacé
éirḡin, no le brāḡair boét, cum na nḡaoine do éur ar
ḡealac a leapḡ, aḡur le tairbeánt oíḡ cóm laḡ aḡur
tā rīad i n-am an éatuirḡe.

tinually, so that they may be a good help in every pinch that is before you :—

A victorious thing is stuttering (?)¹
 Worse is the leap on the line.
 A lucky thing is stammering (?)
 As wise authors say.

Good is his portion to the man of mangled utterance,
 Sure it is gracefully it excuses
 The poor priest of the bad Latin
 When he mangles the Gospel.

A little more advice follows, but I do not give the rest of it here, for it is not plain to me.

When we see that the bards were so ready to speak their minds openly about the priests in cases where they had occasion for censure, our respect for that priesthood which gained and preserved the reverence and love of the people must be all the greater. It is evident, when we read the unsparing language of the bards, that the clergy could not have kept the reverence of the people if they had not well deserved it.

Here is another story of our Saviour and Saint Peter like the one I gave above. It is impossible to say now how these stories came amongst the people, but it is likely that some of them at least are purely Irish, and were invented and told by some pious person or poor friar, to put the people on the way of their own good, and show them how weak they are in the hour of temptation.

¹ A good deal of the translation of these verses is guess-work ; no dictionary contains the words, no living man that I have met understands them. The *Gaelic Journal* being read by people in all parts of the country throws much light on obscure words and allusions. If that journal is allowed to die, their recovery will become for ever impossible. Are there no thoughtful Irishmen who will give to it, instead of to some short-lived political party, money enough to keep it alive, and save some—much—of our country's heritage.

ΝΑΟΜΗ ΠΕΑΘΑΡ.*

Ann ran am a raið Naoim Peaðar aɣur ʔi Slánuiɣ-teoɪr aɣ riubal na tíre, ɪr iomða ionɣantap to ʔairbeað a mʔaiɣirtɪr oó, aɣur oá mbuð ðuine eile to bɪ ann, o'feicpeað leat an oirɪr, ɪr oóɣ ɣo mbeðeað a oóʔʔap ʔr a mʔaiɣirtɪr nioɪ láiope 'ná bɪ oóʔʔap þeaðaɪr.

Aon lá amáin to bioðar aɣ teat ʔrteat ɣo baile-mór aɣur to bɪ feap-ceoɪl leat ʔi meɪɣe 'na ruiðe ʔi ʔaoib an oóʔaɪr móɪr aɣ iaprað oéɪpe. ʔuɣ ʔi Slánuiɣteoɪr pioɪa aɪɣɪr oó, ʔi nɣabail ʔapɪr oó. Bɪ ionɣantap ʔi þeaðar ɪaoi rɪn, oɪr ouðaɪɪt ɪe leɪr ɪeɪn, "ɪr iomða ðuine boct to bɪ i n-eapbuð móɪr o'éitɣ mo mʔaiɣirtɪr, at ʔnoɪɪ ʔuɣ ɪe oéɪpe to'n feap-ceoɪl ɪeo atá ʔi meɪɣe. at b'éioɪr," ʔi ɪe leɪr ɪeɪn, "b'éioɪr ɣo bɪuɪl oúɪl aɪɣe ran ɣceól."

To bɪ ɪioɪr aɣ ʔi Slánuiɣteoɪr cɪeao to bɪ i n-inn-tinn þeaðaɪr, at nioɪ labɪaɪr ɪe ɪocal o'á ʔaoib.

Aon lá ʔi n-a mʔaɪat to bioðar aɣ riubal ʔaɪɪr, aɣur to capað bɪatʔaɪr boct opɪa, aɣur é cɪom leɪr an aoɪr, aɣur beaɣ-naç noctta. O'iaɪr ɪe oéɪpe ʔi ʔi Slánuiɣteoɪr, at nɪ ʔuɣ Seɪpean aon aɪɪr aɪr, aɣur nioɪ ɪɪeaaɪr Sé a imɪrðe.

"Sin nio eile naç bɪuɪl ceapɪ," ʔi ɪa Naoim Peaðar

* ʔuatað ɪɪioɪɪaɪr O Conçubaiɪr, atá i mb'l'at-luain anoɪr, an ɪɣeul ɪo ó ɪean-mnaoi vaɪr b' aɪnm bɪɪɣɪr nɪ ʔaʔapaɪɣ ó Baile-oá-aðain i ɣConoaté Slɪɣɪɣ, aɣur ɪuaɪr mɪɪe uaɪr-ɪean é.

SAINT PETER.¹

At the time that St. Peter and our Saviour were walking the country, many was the marvel that his Master showed him, and if it had been another person who was in it, and who had seen half as much, no doubt his confidence in his Master would have been stronger than that of Peter.

One day they were entering a town, and there was a musician sitting half-drunk on the side of the road and he asking for alms. Our Saviour gave him a piece of money, going by of him. There came wonder on Peter at that, for he said to himself, "many's the poor man in great want that my Master refused, but now He has given alms to this drunken musician ; but perhaps," says he to himself, "perhaps He likes music."

Our Saviour knew what was in Peter's mind, but he did not speak a word about it.

On the next day they were journeying again, and a poor friar (sic) met them, and he bowed down with age and almost naked. He asked our Saviour for alms, but He took no notice of him, and did not answer his request.

"There's another thing that's not right," said Peter in

¹ An old woman named Biddy Casey, from near Riverstown, in the County Sligo, told this story to O'Connor in Athlone, from whom I got it.

ann a innctinn féin; bí eagra air labhairt leir an máigirtir n'á tadoib, áct bí ré ag cailleadhaint a d'óctair gac uile lá.

An tráctnóna ceiróna bíodair ag teacht go baile eile nuair capad fear dall orra, agus é ag iarraidh déirce. Cuir ár Slánuigheoir caint air agus duibairt "cneit t'á uait?"

"Luad lóirtín oirde, luad fuio le n'íte, agus an oiread agus béirdear ag teartál uaim amárac; má t'is leat-ra a tabhairt dam, geobair tu cúitiugad mór, agus cúitiugad nac bfuil le fágal air an traozal b'ónad ro."

"Ír maít i do caint," ar ran Tigearna, "áct níl tú áct ag iarraidh mo m'eallad, níl earbair luaid-lóirtín ná fuio le n'íte ort, t'á ór agus airtio ann do póca, agus buó cóir duit do buirdear do tabhairt do 'Dia faoi do díol go lá do beít agao."

Ní raib fíor ag an dall gur b'é ár Slánuigheoir do bí ag caint leir, agus duibairt ré leir: "Ní rean-móra áct déirce atá mé 'iarraidh, ír cinnte mé dá mbeirdear fíor agao go raib ór ná airtio agam go mbainfeá díom é, 'tuga' leat* anoir, ní teartuig-eann do caint uaim."

"Go deimhin ír dí-céillíde an fear tú," ar ran Tigearna, "ní béir ór ná airtio agao i b'fao," agus leir rin n'fág ré an dall.

Bí peadar ag éirteacht leir an gcómpad, agus bí dúil aige a innreacht do'n dall go mbuó é ár Slán-

*"tuga leat"="m'eit' leat," "amad uait," nó fuio de'n tróirt rin. B'éirir gur "cuise leat" buó cóir do beít ann, .i. "cuise an deamhan"!

his own mind. He was afraid to speak to his Master about it, but he was losing his confidence in Him every day.

The same evening they were approaching another village when a blind man met them and he asking alms. Our Saviour talked with him and said "What do you want?" "The price of a night's lodging, the price of something to eat, and as much as I shall want to-morrow: if you can give it to me you shall get great recompense, and recompense that is not to be found in this sorrowful world."

"Good is your talk," said the Lord, "but you are only seeking to deceive me, you are in no want of the price of a lodging or of anything to eat, you have gold and silver in your pocket, and you ought to give thanks to God for your having enough (to do you) till (next) day."

The blind man did not know that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, and he said to him, "It is not sermons but alms I'm asking for, I am certain that if you did know that there was gold or silver about me you would take it from me. Get off now, I don't want your talk."

"Indeed you are a senseless man," said the Lord, "you will not have gold or silver long," and with that He left him.

St. Peter was listening to the discourse, and he had a wish to tell the blind man that it was our Saviour who was

nuigteóir do bí ag caint leir, aet ní bfuair pé don fáill. Aet do bí fear eile ag éirteacht nuair tuidairt ár Slánuigteóir go raib ór agus airtio ag an dall. Duó ríriortóir millteac do bí ann, aet do bí fíor aise nár innir ár Slánuigteóir don bneis ariam. Com luat agus bí Seiréan agus Naom Peatár im-tigte, táinig an ríriortóir cum an dall agus tuidairt leir, "Tabair dam do cúro óir agus airtio, nó cuirfead rían tré do éiríde."

"Níl ór ná airtio agam," ar ran dall, "dámberíde, ní beirínn ag iarriaró déirce."

Aet leir rin do fuair an ríriortóir spreim air, do cuir faoi é, agus do bain dé an méad do bí aise. Do fáir agus do ríreac an dall com h-áir agus o'feud pé, agus eualaró ár Slánuigteóir agus Peatár é.

"Tá euscóir o'á deunam ar an dall," arfa Peatár.

"Fad a ngeibtear go feallac, imteócaró an éaoi éurona, fan caint ar lá an bpeiteamhair," ar ár Slánuigteóir.

"Tuigim éú, níl don ruo i bfolac uair a máig-irair," arfa Peatár.

An lá 'na dáig rin do bideatár ag riúbal coir fáraig, agus táinig leóman cíocrac amac. "Anoir, a Peatár," ar ár Slánuigteóir, "ir minic tuidairt tú go scaillpeá do beata ar mo fion, anoir teirig agus tabair tú féin do'n leóman agus imteócaró míre raor."

Do rmuáin Peatár aise féin agus tuidairt, "o'feairi liom báir ar bit eile o'fágail 'ná leigint do

talking to him, but he got no opportunity. But there was another man listening when our Saviour said that the blind man had gold and silver. It was a wicked plunderer who was in it, but he knew that our Saviour never told a lie. As soon as He and St. Peter were gone, the robber came to the blind man and said to him, "give me your gold and silver or I'll put a knife through your heart."

"I have no gold or silver," said the blind man, "if I had, I wouldn't be looking for alms." But, with that, the robber caught hold of him, put him under him, and took from him all he had. The blind man shouted and screamed as loud as he was able, and our Saviour and Peter heard him.

"There's wrong being done to the blind man," said Peter.

"Get treacherously and it will go the same way," said our Saviour, "not to speak of the Day of Judgment."

"I understand you, there is nothing hid from you, Master," said Peter.

The day after that they were journeying by a desert, and a greedy lion came out. "Now, Peter," said our Saviour, "you often said that you would lose your life for me, go now and give yourself to the lion, and I will escape safe."

Peter thought to himself and said, "I would sooner meet any other death than let a lion eat me ; we are swift-footed,

leóman m'íte ; támaoio cor-luaé agus éis linn nít uaió, agus má feicim é as teacé ruar linn fanfaíó mé ar veineao, agus eis leat-ra imteacé raorí."

"Díóó mar rin," ar ár Slánuigíteoir.

Do leis an leóman ríneao, agus ar go b'ráé leir 'na n'iais, agus níor b'rao go raib ré as breicé orra, agus i b'rogaíó dóib.

"Fan riar, a íeaoar," ar ár Slánuigíteoir, acé leis íeaoar air féin nac gcualaíó ré focal, agus o'iméis ré amac poim a m'iaisírtir. O'iompaíó an Tígeapna ar a cúl agus duháirt ré leir an leóman, "Teiríó ar air go tóí an fárac," agus pinne ré amlaíó.

O'feuc íeaoar taoó-íaríó dé, agus nuair éonnapc ré an leóman as toul ar air do íear ré go tóáiníó ár Slánuigíteoir ruar leir. "A íeaoar," ar Sé, "o'fás tú mé i mbaoíal, agus—ruo buó meara 'ná rin,—o'innir tú breuga."

"Rinne mé rin," ar íeaoar, "mar bí íor asam go b'ruil cúmaéac asao or cionn gac níó, ní h-é amáin ar leóman an fáraíó."

"Coiríó do beul, agus ná bí as inníeacé breug, ní raib íor asao, agus dá b'feicéá mé i mbaoíal amárac do éreíseá mé arí, tá íor asam ar rmuáintíó do éroide."

"Níor rmuáin mé amáin go n'oeapnaíó tú don níó nac raib ceart," arí íeaoar.

"Sin breug eile," ar ár Slánuigíteoir. "Nac éuimín leat an lá do éis mé déirc do'n íear-ceóil do bí leat ar meiríse, bí ionganar ort agus duháirt tú

and we can run from him, and if I see him coming up with us I'll remain behind, and you can escape safe."

"Let it be so," said our Saviour.

The lion gave a roar, and off and away with him after them, and it was not long till he was gaining on them and close up to them.

"Remain behind, Peter," said our Saviour, but Peter let on that he never heard a word, and went running out before his Master. The Lord turned round and said to the lion, "go back to the desert," and so he did.

Peter looked behind him, and when he saw the lion going back, he stood till our Saviour came up with him.

"Peter," said He, "you left me in danger, and—what was worse than that—you told lies."

"I did that," said Peter, "because I knew that you have power over everything, not alone over the lion of the wilderness."

"Silence your mouth, and do not be telling lies; you did *not* know, and if you were to see me in danger to-morrow you would forsake me again. I know the thoughts of your heart."

"I never thought that you did anything that was not right," said Peter.

"That is another lie," said our Saviour, "do you not remember the day that I gave alms to the musician who was half drunk, there was wonder on you, and you said to

leat féin suir iomdha tuine boct do bí i n-eapbuid
móir o'eitig mé, agus go dtug mé déire do fear do
bí ar meisge mar bí túil agam i gceól. An lá 'na
d'iaig rin o'eitig mé an sean-bhráthair, agus tuidairt
tú naé faib an nio rin ceart. An tráctnóna ceutona
ir cuimín leat ceuto tárla i taob an daill. Mine-
ócáir mé anoir duit cao éirge a ntearinnar rin. Rinne
an fear-ceoil níor mó de máit 'na rinne ríde bráthar
o'a íórt ó rugaó iao. Sábhail ré anam cailín ó
pianatib irinn. Bí eapbuid boinn airgíó uirri, agus
bí rí ag dul peacaó marbtaó do deunam le na
fághail, áct toirmirg an fear-ceoil i, tug ré an bonn
oí, ció go faib eapbuid oige air féin an t-am
ceutona. Maireir leir an mbráthair, ní faib don ear-
buid air-sean, ció go bfuair ré ainm bráthar buó
ball de'n diaabal é, agus rin é an fáct naé dtug mé
don áirí air. Maireir leir an daill, do bí a 'Dia ann a
póca, óir ir fíor an sean-focal, 'an áit a bfuil do
círte beir do éiríde léi.' ”

Seal gearr 'na d'iaig rin tuidairt Peadar, “A
máistir, tá eólar agao ar na rmuaintib ir uaignige i
gcoirde an tuine, agus ó'n ndóimio seo amac géillim
duit anhr gac nio.”

Timcioll peactmaine 'na d'iaig rin do bíodar ag
riubal tré énoctib agus rleibtib, agus cailleadar an
bealaó. Le tuitim na h-oirde táinig teinnteaó agus
toirneaó agus fearrtain tnom. Bí an oirde com
toirca rin náir feutadar corán caoraó o'feiceál.
Tuit Peadar anaóir carraige agus loit ré a cor
com dona rin náir feut ré coircéim do riubal.

yourself that many's the poor man in great want, whom I refused, and that I gave alms to a drunken man because I liked music. The day after that I refused the old friar, and you said that that was not right; and the same evening you remember what happened about the blind man. I will explain to you now why I acted like that. That musician did more good than twenty friars of his sort since ever they were born. He saved a girl's soul from the pains of hell. She wanted a piece of money, and was going to commit a deadly sin to get it, but the musician prevented her and gave her the piece of money, though he himself was in want of a drink at the same time. As for the friar, he was not in want at all; although he had the name of friar he was a limb of the devil, and that was why I paid him no heed. As for the blind man, his God was in his pocket, for the old word is true, 'where your store is, your heart will be with it.' "

A short time after that Peter said, "Master, you have a knowledge of the most lonesome thoughts in the heart of man, and from this moment out I submit to you in everything."

About a week after that they were travelling through hills and mountains, and they lost their way. With the fall of night there came lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. The night was so dark they could not see a sheep's path. Peter fell against a rock and hurt his foot so badly that he was not able to walk a step.

Connairc ár Slánuigíteoirí roimh beas faoi bun dnuic, agus túbairt Sé le Peadar, “fan mar tá tú agus iadair mife as tóruigheacht congnaim le t’iomchar.”

“Níl aon congnaim le fágail ann fan áit fiaidín reo,” ar Peadar, “agus ná leis ann ro mé i mbaogal liom féin.”

“Díot mar rin,” ar ár Slánuigíteoirí, agus leir rin do leis ré fead, agus táinig ceathair fear, agus cia bí na cairtín oirí aét an fear do rghior an dall real noime rin. D’aicnig ré ár Slánuigíteoirí agus Peadar, agus túbairt ré le n-a cuio fear Peadar t’iomchar go cúramac go dtí an áit-cóinnuise do bí aca amearg na ghenoc. “Cuin an beirt reo,” ar ré, “ór agus aighio ann mo bealaic-ra real gearr ó roin.”

D’iomcharí ríad Peadar go dtí reomra faoi talamh; bí teine bheáig ann, agus cuineadar an fear loitte i ngar bí, agus tugaodar deoc dó. Tuit ré ann a doolaó agus do pinne ár Slánuigíteoirí loig na cnoipe le n-a méar, or cionn na loite, agus nuair d’uirig ré t’feud ré riúbal com mair agus t’feud ré ruam. Bí iongantar air nuair d’uirig ré, agus t’fearruig ré creud do bain dó. D’innir ár Slánuigíteoirí dó gac nio mair tápla.

“Saoil mé,” ar Peadar, “go raib mé marb agus go raib mé ruar as doimur flaitir, aét níor feud mé toul arteaic mar bí an doimur oiruite, agus ní raib doirreoir le fágail.”

“Dúo aipling do bí asad,” ar ár Slánuigíteoirí, “aét ir fíor í; tá an flaitear oiruite agus ní ré

Our Saviour saw a little light under the foot of a hill, and he said to Peter, "remain where you are, and I will go for help to carry you."

"There is no help to be found in this wild place," said Peter, "and don't leave me here in danger by myself."

"Be it so," said our Saviour, and with that he gave a whistle, and there came four men ; and who was captain of them but the person who robbed the blind man a while before that ! He recognized our Saviour and Peter, and told his men to carry Peter carefully to the dwelling-place they had among the hills. "These two put gold and silver in my way a short time ago," said he.

They carried Peter into a chamber under the ground. There was a fine fire in it, and they put the wounded man near it, and gave him a drink. He fell asleep, and our Saviour made the sign of the cross with his finger above the wound, and when he awoke he was able to walk as well as ever. There was wonder on him when he awoke, and he asked "what happened to him." Our Saviour told him each thing and how it occurred.

"I thought," said Peter, "that I was dead, and that I was up at the gate of heaven, but I could not get in, for the door was shut, and there was no doorkeeper to be found."

"It was a vision you had," said our Saviour, "but it is true. Heaven is shut and is not to be opened until I die

le beir forghailte go b'rág' mire báp ar ron peacaid an cine d'áonna, do éirí fearg ar m'ádaí. Ní báp coitcionnta áct báp náiread gheobar mé, áct éire-dáid mé arís go glóimh ar aghur foirgeólaíó mé an flaitear do bí d'ruithe, aghur beir túra do d'oir-reoir!"

"Óra, a m'áisirí," arsa peadar, "ní féidir go bfuigteá báp náiread, nac leigfeá d'ám-ra báp fágaíl ar do fion-ra, tá mé féir aghur coitceannad."

"Saoileann tú rin," ar ár Slánuigteoir.

Éainis an t-am a raib ár Slánuigteoir le báp fágaíl. An trathóna noime rin bí fé féin aghur an d'á abrtal deus ag reire, nuair d'ubairt fé, "tá fear aghaib ag dul mo b'rad." Bí trioblóid mór orra aghur d'ubairt gac don aca "an mire é?" Áct d'ubairt Seirean, "an té tumar le n-a láim ann ran méir liom, ir é rin an fear d'ubairt mé."

D'ubairt peadar ann rin, "d'á mbeirdead an doimhan iomlán i d'ághaib," ar reirean, "ní beir mire i d'ághaib," áct d'ubairt ár Slánuigteoir leir, "rul má gheireann an coilead anocht ceilpíó (reunfaid) tú mé trí h-uair."

"Do gheobainn báp rul má ceilpinn tú," arsa peadar, "go deimhin ní ceilpead tú."

Nuair tugad b'piceamhar báp ar ár Slánuigteoir, bí a cur námato d'á bualaíó aghur ag ádaíó rmuigairle air. Bí peadar amuig ann ran gcúirt, nuair éainis cailín-aimpíre éirge aghur d'ubairt leir "bí túra le híora." "Ní'l fíor agham," arsa peadar, "cad é tá tú ráó."

for the sin of the human race who put anger on My Father. It is not a common but a shameful death I shall get, but I shall rise again gloriously and open the heaven that was shut, and you shall be doorkeeper."

"Ora ! Master," said Peter, "it cannot be that you would get a shameful death. Would you not allow me to die for you ? I am ready and willing."

"You think that," said our Saviour.

The time came when our Saviour was to get death. The evening before that He Himself and His twelve disciples were at supper, when He said, "There is a man of you going to betray Me." There was great trouble on them, and each one of them said, "Am I he ?" But He said, "He who dips with his hand in the dish with Me, he is the man who shall betray Me."

Peter said then, "If the whole world were against you," said he, "I will not be against you." But our Saviour said to him, "Before the cock crows to-night you will reneague (deny) Me three times."

"I would die before I would reneague you," said Peter ; "indeed I shall not reneague you."

When death-judgment was passed upon our Saviour, His enemies were beating Him and spitting on Him. Peter was outside in the court, when there came a servant-girl to him and said to him, "You were with Jesus." "I don't know," says Peter, "what you are saying."

Nuair bí ré ag dul amach an tsíora, ann rin, duibairt cailín eile, “rin fear do bí le híosra,” ádt éug reirean a mionna nac faib eólar ar bit aige air. Ann rin duibairt cuir de na daoine do bí ag éirtead, “níl amhar ar bit nac faib tú leir, aithníom ar do caint é.” Éug ré na mionnaio móra ann rin, nár leir é, agus ar ball do glao an coilead, agus cuimnis ré ann rin ar na foclaib duibairt ar Slán-uigthead, agus do fil ré na deora aithne, agus fuair ré maiteamhar ó’n té do ceil ré. Tá eóirada flaitir aige anoir, agus má fíleann rinne na deora aithne faoi n-ár loctuib mar do fil reirean iad, geobamado maiteamhar mar fuair reirean é agus cuirfid ré ceo míle fáilte rómáinn, nuair pacar rinne so doir flaitir.

Cóm cráibthead agus atá na h-Éireannais ó nádúr níor congbaig a g-cráibthead iad ó gheann móir do baint ar na rean-dántaib ann a mbíonn Oirín ag impear le Naomh Pádraig. Ní faib leir ar bit oirra do beir ag éirthead le mallactaib agus le h-eapcuine an trean laoié anagair Pádraig agus na cléire, agus dá reirde fáirte Oirín buo móirde lútgáir an lúct-éirthead. Cibé ar mian leir feicint cad é an róp reirde-cainte do beirthead Oirín do’n eaglaig geobair ré cuir ví ann rna leabraduib breága rin do cuir an Cumann Oirínead amach, fao ó ádt bíthead rgeulta de’n tróp ceutona, nac faib riam 1 bpoim dain, amear na ndaoine mar an g-ceutona, agus cuirfid mé ríor ceann aca ann ro

Then when he was going out the gate another girl said, "There's a man who was with Jesus," but he took his oath that he had no knowledge at all of Him. Then some of the people who were listening said, "There is no doubt at all but you were with Him ; we know it by your talk." He took the great oaths, then, that he was not with Him. And on the spot the cock crew, and then he remembered the words our Saviour said, and he wept the tears of repentance, and he found forgiveness from Him whom he denied. He has the keys of Heaven now, and if we shed the tears of repentance for our faults, as he shed them, we shall find forgiveness as he found it, and he will welcome us with a hundred thousand welcomes when we go to the door of Heaven.

Pious as the Irish are by nature, their piety did not prevent them from taking much amusement out of the ancient poems in which Ussheen, or Ossian, quarrels with St. Patrick. They were not in the least loath to listen to the curses and vituperations of the old hero against Patrick and the clergy, and the bitterer Ossian's sayings, the greater the amusement of the audience. Whoever desires to see what kind of bitter talk Ossian used to give the clergy, will find some of it in those fine books published by the Ossianic Society long ago. But there used also to be stories of the same sort amongst the people, which were not composed in verses, and I shall give one of them here which I wrote down from the mouth

10 ʔʂiʃob mé ʃiʃor ó ʃeul ʃean-tuine cúpla bliadhain
 ó ʃoin,* ʂan don ʃocal d'atruʂað ann. 1ʃ ʃompla
 maiʃ é ar an ʂcaoi ʃéiʃ ar ʃʃáʃtadai na h-Éiʃeann-
 aiʂ ar na neiʃiʃ ʃeo, áʃt níʃor cúipeadai ʃéin don
 loʃʃt ann, áʂur níʃor lúʂaiʃe a ʂ-ʃʃáibʃeáʃt. 1ʃ d'óʂʂ
 ʂur éiʃiʂ an ʃʂeul ʃo leanaʃ ó ʃʃón na n-daoine
 nuaiʃi cúalaʃai ó'n eaglaʃi ʂo ʃaiʃ a n-Oiʃin ʂʃáʃáʃ
 áʂur na ʃianna, ann ar cúipeadai an oʃeáʃ ʃin ʃe
 ʃʃéiʃ, d'amanta; áʂur ʂo ʃʃuaiʃi tuine cliʃte éiʂin
 an ʃʃliʂe ʃeo amaʃ le n-a ʃʃáʃail ó iʃʃionn. Áʂ ʃo
 an ʃʂeul ʂo d'ʃeáʃ maʃi cúalaʃiʃ mʃe é, ʃocal ar
 ʃocal.

OSCAR NA SÚISTE.†

Táinig naomh pádrais go h-Éirinn agus carad Oirín
 ro 1 n-Ailfrinn agus é ag iomchar cloch.

Ածար շիւն ամ և ծրարի թէ ան իւն,
Ե՛րբա զմիւր ծո ծրարի թէ ան ռեօն.

“Δ Οἰρῖν,” ἀν. γερμαν, “λεῖψ ὅαμ το ὕαιρτεαδ.”

“O caso é an maior a deunfado pé rin tam?” di
Oirín.

“Oirín,” arís naomh pádrais, “muna leigib tú
dam do bairteas, iadair tú go h-íomann 'n áit a
bhuil an cúis eile de na fiannair.”

* Ó Séagán Ó Cuinneagáin i mBaile-an-Phuill i gContae Rorcomáin, ar an mbóthair roimh Dúnghar (Frenchpark i mbéarla) agus Bealach-a-Voigín i gContae Mhuirgheo.

† Δτά ργευλ κορνύιλ λειρ ρεο αν Ορσαν Δγυρ Δ ρύιρτε λε ράγαν
! γConoάε πορτλάργε.

of an old man¹ only a couple of years ago, without the change of a single word.

It is a good example of the free and easy way in which the Irish spoke of these things, but they themselves "put no harm in it," and their piety was none the less. No doubt the following tale had its rise from the depth of the people's sorrow when they heard from the clergy that their loved Ossian and the Fenians in whom they so much delighted, were damned, and that some clever person invented this manner of saving them from perdition. Here is the story, exactly as I heard it, word for word.

OSCAR OF THE FLAIL.

Saint Patrick came to Ireland, and Ossian met him in Elphin and he carrying stones.

"And whatever time it might be that he got the food,
It would be long again till he would get the drink."

"Ossian," says he, "let me baptize you."

"Oh, what good would that do me?" says Ossian.

"Ossian," says St. Patrick, "unless you let me baptize you, you will go to hell where the rest of the Fenians are."

¹ John Cunningham, of Ballinphuill, Co. Roscommon, on the high road between Frenchpark and Ballaghaderreen.

"Dá mairfeadh agóinn," ar Oirín, "Diairimaid agur Soll, agur an tús bí ar na fiannaid, dá dtéigfíodh go h-irpionn béarfaíodh an diabhal agur a cearta amaé ar, ar a n-oirim."

"Éir, a Oirín liat gan céill, cuimnígh ar Dia agur feac do glúin, agur leis damh-ra do bairteadh."

"A páorais," ar Oirín; "cia an geall ar damnais Dia an méad rin daoine?"

"Mar geall ar úball na h-aithe d'ite," arsa Naomh páorais.

"Dá mbeirfeadh fíor agam go raib do Dia com caol-raðaricé agur sup damain ré an méad rin daoine ar úball, cuirfimid trí capla agur mílle ag ioméar úball go flaitéar Dé cuige."

"Éir, a Oirín, liat gan céill, cuimnígh ar Dia agur feac do glúin, agur leis damh-ra do bairteadh."

"Tuit Oirín i laige, agur faoil an eaglais go bfuair ré báp. Nuair d'uirigh ré, "A páorais bairt mé," ar reirean—connairc ré puo éigin ann a laige, connairc ré an puo do bí poime. Bí an trleig i láim Naomh páorais, agur cuir ré i g-coir Oirín i, ar a puoc, agur bí an talam dearg le n-a cuio pola.

"O," arsa Naomh páorais le h-Oirín, "tá tú geárrta go móir."

"O nac do m'bairteadh rin," ar Oirín."

"Tá fáil le Dia 'gam go bfuil tú rlánaighe," ar Naomh páorais, "d'fúlains tú bairteadh agur rpion-ríó" (sic).

"A páorais," ar Oirín, "nac dtiocfaid leat na

"If," says Ossian, "Diarmaid and Goll were alive for us, and the king that was over the Fenians, if they were to go to hell they would bring the devil and his forge up out of it on their back."

"Listen, O gray and senseless Ossian, think upon God, and bow your knee, and let me baptize you."

"Patrick," says Ossian, "for what did God damn all that of people?"

"For eating the apple of commandment," says St. Patrick.

"If I had known that your God was so narrow-sighted that he damned all that of people for one apple, we would have sent three horses and a mule carrying apples to God's heaven to Him."

"Listen, O gray and senseless Ossian, think upon God and bow your knee, and let me baptize you."

Ossian fell into a faint, and the clergy thought that he had died. When he woke up out of it, "O Patrick, baptize me," says he—he saw something in his faint, he saw the thing that was before him. The spear was in St. Patrick's hand, and he thrust it into Ossian's foot purposely; and the ground was red with his share of blood.

"Oh," says St. Patrick to Ossian, "you are greatly cut."

"Oh, isn't that for my baptism?" says Ossian.

"I hope in God that you are saved," says St. Patrick, "you have undergone baptism and . . . ?"

"Patrick," says Ossian, "would you not be able to take

fianna tábhairt ar iphuonn"—connairc ré ann rin iad nuair bí ré 'na córlaó.

"Ní tiuceptaó," ar Naomh Pádraig, "agus tuine ar bit atá i n-iphuonn ní féidir a tábhairt ar."

"A Pádraig," ar Oirín, "an dtig leat mo tábhairt arteaó do'n áit a bfuil fionn agus fianna éireann?"

"Ní tig," ar Naomh Pádraig,

"Oiread agus cuile chónánad
nó molla de'n gáit shéine,
a-san-fíor do'n mís móir éireadtaó
ní maóirí faoi mo rgeit-re."

"An dtig leat fuargailt tábhairt doib ó'n bpéin?" ar Oirín.

"Óirín Naomh Pádraig d'impíde ar Óia fuargailt do tábhairt doib ó n-a bpéin, agus tábhairt ré le h-Oirín ann rin go bfuair ríad fuargailt. Seo an fuargailt do fuair ríad ó Óia. Fuair Orcair rúirte, agus óirín ré iall úr do cur ann, agus cuairí feadó glar mar iall ann. Agus fuair ré lán a glaise de gaineamh glar, agus crait ré an gaineamh ar an talamh, agus [com] fao a' cuairí an gaineamh níor feuto an diaóal a leanamaint, aó d'á dtiuctaó ríad tar an áit a faib an gaineamh craitte, o'feuto Orcair iad-ran leanamaint agus a mbualadó leir an t-rúirte. Tá Orcair agus na fianna uile ar an taoibí seo de'n ngaineamh, agus tá na diaóail ar an taoibí eile, mar fuair Naomh Pádraig d'impíde ó Óia naó mbeirdeó ríad abalta ar a leanamaint an áit a faib an gaineamh craitte—agus níor búr an iall do bí ann ran t-rúirte ó foín!

the Fenians out of hell"—he saw them there when he was in his sleep.

"I could not," says St. Patrick, "and any one who is in hell, it is impossible to bring him out of it."

"Patrick," says Ossian, "are you able to take me to the place where Finn and the Fenians of Erin are"?

"I cannot," says St. Patrick.

"As much as the humming gnat
Or a scintilla of the beam of the sun,
Unknown to the great powerful king
Shall not pass in beneath my shield."¹

"Can you give them relief from the pain?" says Ossian.

St. Patrick then asked it as a petition from God to give them a relief from their pain, and he said to Ossian that they had found relief. This is the relief they got from God. Oscar got a flail, and he requested a fresh thong to be put into the flail, and there went a green rush as a thong in it, and he got the full of his palm of green sand, and he shook the sand on the ground, and as far as the sand reached the devils were not able to follow; but if they were to come beyond the place where the sand was strewn, Ossian was able to follow *them*, and to beat them with the flail. Oscar and all the Fenians are on this side of the sand, and the devils are on the other side, for St. Patrick got it as a request from God that they should not be able to follow them where the sand was shaken,—and the thong that was in the flail never broke since!

¹ This verse occurs in a poem jotted down in phonetics by Macgregor, Dean of Lismore in Argyllshire, in the year 1512. I printed this story with a French translation and introduction in *Revue Celtique*, vol. 13, p. 425, showing how, in the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick, the piercing of the penitent's foot is told of a son of the king of Munster. But as his name was doubtless soon forgotten the story got fathered upon Ossian.

Τά αν ῥεουλ ῥο ας λαβαίτε ὅο ὀίρεαδ ἀρ δον inn-
tinn leir na ὀάνταιδ. Ας ῥο δεαδάν ῖανν ὀε ὀάν
ῖαννουίγεαδτα le n-a cup i ὅcomórtar leir.

oisín agus pádrais.

Ὀά mbeiró' mo ῖnac Orcair 'r Ὀia
Lám ar Lám ar cnoc na ḃḃiann,
Ὀά ḃḃeicḃinn-pe mo ῖnac ar Láir,
Ὀέαῖῖaínn ḡur fear láioir Ὀia.

Cionnar ὀο ḃ'féioir le Ὀia
ná a éliar ḃeic níor fearḃ
'ná ḃionn flait, Ríḡ na ḃḃiann,
Ḣuine ḃial ὀο ḃí ḡan éaim.

ḡac a n-abair tú 'r an éliar
Ḣo ḃéir ḃiaḡlaḃ ḃiḡ na ḃeann,
Ḣo ḃí ḃúo i ḃḃiannaib ḃinn,
Δ'ῖr táio i ḃḃlaitéar Ὀé ḡo teann.

Ὀά mbeiró' áit ann, ḃíor no ḃuar,
Ḣo ḃ'feairḃ 'ná flaitéar Ὀé
Ir ann ὀο ḃiaḃó ḃionn
Δ'ῖr a ḃiaib aige ὀe'n ḃéinn.

Δ ὀeir tupa naḃ ὀtéiró [fear] ḃial
ḡo h-ḃḃionn na ḃḃian ḡo ḃiát,
ní ḃiaib δon neaḃ ann 'ḃan ḃ'féinn
naḃ ḃiaib ḃial ameapḡ éaic.

¹ *Literally.* If my son Oscar and God were [engaged] hand to hand on Cnoc-na-bhfiann (the Fenians' hill) and I were to see my son on the ground, I would say that God was a strong man.

How were it possible for God or His clergy to be better than Finn the prince, King of the Fenians, a generous man who was without crookedness.

Everything that you and the clergy say [is] according to the rule

This story speaks in exactly the same spirit as the poems. Here are a few verses of one of the poems, to compare with it.

OSSIAN.

Were God and my son Oscar seen
On Knocknaveen in combat long,
And I saw my Oscar on the sod,
It's then I'd say that God was strong.¹

But how is God a better man
Or all your clan of clerics there,
Than Finn, our Fenian chief, so great,
So straight, so generous, so fair !

Virtues, which as your clerics sing,
Your king beholds with friendly eye,
Finn's Fenians had them, just as well,
Then, they must dwell with God on high.

For if there be one place more good
For drink and food than Heaven's high hall,
'Tis for that place our Finn would make,
And take with him his Fenians all.

If, as you say, no generous man
Incurs the ban of hell—why thus
The Fenians *must* be saved, for none
But was of them most generous.

of the King of the Stars, all these [virtues] were in the Fenians of Finn ; and they are in God's heaven stoutly.

If there were a place, up or down, which was better than God's heaven, it is to it that Finn would go and all the Fenians that he had.

You say that no generous man goes to hell of the pains for ever, [well] there was not one person amongst the Fenians but was generous amongst all.

Δ Πάροιαις, Πάρροιαις οὐ Ὀία
 Ἀν κυνῆιν λείρ' ἀν Φίανν το θεῖτ' θεός,
 νό ἀν θρακαῖο πέ ποίηι νο Πίαι
 Πίη το θ' ἔφαρ' ἡνά ἰαο ἰ ηςλεός?
 νό ἀν θρακαῖο πέ ἡ ἀ ούιτ' ἔφειν,
 εἰὸ ἄρ' εἰς ὅρ' ἄρ' ἔσιονν,
 ἰ ηςῖαλλ, ἰ ἔσοζαὸ, νο ἰ νεαρε,
 φεαρ το θί ἐοῖν μαῖτ' λε Φιονν, etc.

Τὰ ἀν οἰρεαὸ τῶν τοῦ ἐν τρόπῳ το λε φάσαιλ ἀνν ρνα
 λαιμ-ρηνῖδιννὸς ἀγυρ το λιονφαὸ λεαθαρ μόρ, ἀγυρ τὰ
 κυτ' οὐ να ρεαν-δαοινὸς ἀνν νάρι θεαρματ' ἰαὸ πόρ,
 ἀετ' νί ποραρ ρεαν-φεαρ' οὐ φάσαιλ ἀνοίρ ἀ θφυλ' να
 τῶντα το οὐ μεαθαίρ αἰγε, ἔαν θεαρνα νο ἔαν λοετα,
 εἰὸ ἔο θφυλ' κυτ', θίοτ' ρί θεαγ' νό μόρ, οὐ να πίοραιο
 ρεο ἀγ' μόρῶν δαοινε ἔο πόλλ. Ἰρ πίορ ἔο μβιονν
 Ναιομ Πάροιαις μαρ' ἀν ἔσενονα ἀν-ἐμυαῖο ἀρ Οἰρῖν
 ἀνν ρνα τῶνταῖς ρεο, ἀγ' ἰννρῖντ' οὐ ἔαε ἀμ ἔο θφυλ'
 Φιαννα εἰρεανν ἰ ν-ἰρρῖονν.

ἰ ν-ἰρρῖονν να θριαν ἀρ λαιμ
 ἀτὰ ἀν φεαρ ράιμ' το θρονναὸ ἀν τ-όρ,
 ἰμτεόεαῖο τυρ' μαρ' οὐ ἰμτ' ἔγ' ἀν Φιανν
 ἀγυρ ἐμὰεταμαοίρ ἀρ Ὀία ἔο πόλλ.*

Ἀπειρ' ἀν ργευλ' το τυγ' μέ ρυαρ, ἔυρ' ἀρατ'
 Πάροιαις ἀρ Οἰρῖν ἀγυρ' εἰς ἰομὰρ' εἰὸε ἰ ν-Αἰλρῖνν,
 ἀγυρ το ἐυαλαρ ἔο μινιε ἐμὰετ' ἰ ἔConναε Ρορcomáin
 ἀρ Οἰρῖν ἀγυρ' ἀρ' ἀν οβαίρ' το θί πέ' ἀ θευναμ', ἀγ'

O Patrick, ask of God if He remembers the Fenians being alive, or
 if He saw, east or west, men who were better than they in conflict.

Or did he see in his own country, though high it is over our heads,
 in [matter of ?] hostages, in war, or in strength, a man who was as
 good as Finn.

* Rann ἀρ' τῶν ραὸα το ρηνῖοθ' μέ πίορ' ὁ θευλ' ρεαν-φίη ἰ ἔCon-
 ναε να ἔαλλῖμε.

O Patrick, ask your God if He
 Doth recollect to see them here,
 Ask has He met on any coast
 A better host to use the spear.

Ask has he on his own estate
 Up there, without it or within,
 For hostages, for war, for fight,
 A single knight as good as Finn.

There are as many poems of this sort to be found in the manuscripts as would fill a large book, and there are some of the old people who have not yet forgotten them, but it is not easy to find an old man now who has these poems by heart without gaps and faults in them, although there are more or less of these pieces still running in the memory of many. It is true that St. Patrick is also very hard on Ossian in these pieces, telling him on every occasion that the Fenians of Ireland are in hell.

In hell of the pains, in bondage,
 Is the gentle man who used to bestow the gold.
 You too will go as the Fenians have gone,
 And let us still talk about God.¹

The story which I have just given says that Patrick met Ossian and he carrying stones in Elphin, and I often heard talk in the County Roscommon about Ossian and the work he was doing, carrying those stones² in Elphin when St.

¹ A verse from a long poem I got from an old man in Galway.

² There is a very curious poem jotted down by Macgregor in Argylshire in 1512, in which Ossian tells how Fionn prophesied to him that he would yet be carrying stones for the "Tailgin."

"Bea tou schell a tarraing clooch
 Ma in deyt how in weit wronyth."
i.e., béiró tú reat a' tarraing cloch
 Man [rui] o'teiró tú ó'n d'it b'ronad.

iomcàr na gcloè rin i n-Ailpinn, nuair éainis pàrtaig
 go h-Éirinn, 7 fòr, sup i n-Ailpinn do capad pàrtaig
 air, ar tóir. Sàoil mé i gcóinnuiòe sup mar gèill
 ar Ailpinn do beit i gConradé Rorcomáin do cuir
 muinntir na conradè rin an áit reo ann ran rgeul.
 Áct fuair mé, an bliadain éuaid éar, an dán ro
 leanar, i láim-rghibinn do rghíobad i ngar do beul-
 reairraide, atá anoir ran gcaitir rin, ann a bfuil an
 tráct ceudna ar Oirín do beit as iomcàr cloè i
 n-Ailpinn, go díreac mar do éualar féin an rgeul.
 Ar an áobair rin beirim an dán ann ro, mar éroctugad
 ar an nóir ann a tóigis an dá beul-oidear le céile.

oisín i n-Ailpinn.

Ir fada anocht i n-Ailpinn,*
 Ir fada linn an oíche ariéir,
 An lá inoiu crò fada dām
 Duò leór-fao an lá inóe.
 Fada liom gac lá u'a tóig,
 Ní mar rin do cleacatá dúinn,
 Mo beit i n-eugmair na bfiann
 Do cuir rin mo éail ar gcúl.
 San donac, san ceól, san cuirim,
 San bhonnad éroct,† san lúe ngréad (!),
 San viol ollamán ar óir,
 San paladain, san ól flead.

* This poem is one of those that Magregor wrote down in phonetics nearly 400 years ago. The first line, as read by McLaughlin, runs; "Is fadda noch ni nelli fym" (*Skene's Book of Lismore*). But Dr. Cameron makes Magregor's MS. to read: "Is fadda not ni nelli finni." McLaughlan translates "long are the clouds this night above me," as though "ni nelli finni" meant "na nealla fúm," but it is evidently meant for "i n-Ailpinnne," in Elphin. Magregor may not have known the name of Elphin, but wrote down the words as he heard them.

† Cpuid—MS.

Patrick came to Ireland, and that it was in Elphin that Patrick first met him. I always thought that it was on account of Elphin being in Roscommon that the people of that county put this place into the story. But I found last year the following poem in a MS. written near Belfast, which is now in the library of that city, in which there is the same account of Ossian's carrying stones in Elphin exactly as I myself heard the story. For this reason I give the poem here as a proof of the way in which the two traditions agree.

OSSIAN IN ELPHIN.

Long was last night in cold Elphin,
 More long is to-night on its weary way,
 Though yesterday seemed to me long and ill,
 Yet longer still was this dreary day.¹

And long, for me, is each hour new-born,
 Lost and forlorn with grinding grief
 For the hunting lands, and the Fenian bands,
 And the long-haired generous Fenian Chief.

I make no music, I find no feast,
 I slay no beast from a bounding steed,
 I give no gold, I am poor and old,
 I am sick and cold without wine or mead.

¹ *Literally.* Long is to-night in Elphin, long we thought was last night, though long to me is the day to-day, plenty long was the day yesterday.

Long I think each day of the days that come, it was not thus that we were wont to be, my being in want of the Fenians, it is that which has set back my senses.

Without [attending] fairs, without music, without ale, without bestowing cattle, without the activity of the steeds, without paying ollavs with gold, without sport, without drinking [at] feasts.

San beít aς fuimige nó aς feilt,
 An dá ceirt le maib mo fúil,
 San veaibúgáó, san veunam chead,
 San beít aς veunam cleas lúit.

San parraó (?) sairgeaó vo ghnát,
 San imirt maí vo b'áil linn,
 San rnáim le laoeimaib san loet,
 Ir fava anoet i n-dilfinn.

Do'n traogal maí atá mé
 Trias a dé maí atá rinn,
 Am' donari aς tairmaing cloe,
 Ir fava anoet i n-dilfinn.

Síi a páumaiz ari óia óam
 Fíor an ionaid 'na mbéirí rinn,
 No faoi-ra m'anam ari oíe
 Ir fava anoet i n-dilfinn.

Do éirí ré mi-fáram mór ari éirí de na báirí,
 Tream de na ppoiteptánaiz vo beít aς tabairt
 cúntair mi-éirt ari an sceríveam Rómánac. Do bí
 bíreamnac de rpreíeadoíri no de neullaíóíri dar b'

Without being courting or hunting, the two occupations which
 had an eye for, without fighting [or hastening], without taking
 prey, without practising feats of activity.

Without being beside (?) heroes constantly, without playing as we

I court no more, and I hunt no more,
 These were before my strong delight,
 I have ceased to slay, and I take no prey,
 —Weary the day and long the night.

No heroes come in their war array,
 No game I play, I have nought to win ;
 I swim no stream with my men of might,
 —Long is to-night in cold Elphin.

Would I were gone from this evil earth,
 I am wan with dearth, I am old and thin,
 Carrying stones in my own despite,
 —Long is to-night in cold Elphin.

Ask O Patrick of God, for grace,
 And tell me the place he will place me in,
 Or save my soul from the Ill One's might
 —For long is to-night in cold Elphin.

It put great dissatisfaction on some of the bards that certain of the Protestants should give an inaccurate account of the Roman faith. There was a rogue of an astrologer

wished, without swimming along with faultless heroes, long is to-night in Elphin.

Of the world since I am, pity O God how we are, alone, carrying stones,—long is to-night in Elphin.

Ask for me, O Patrick, of God, a knowledge of the place in which we shall be ; or save my soul from evil—long is to-night in Elphin.

ainm Whaley i mb'Uachtar, mac do fairsiúir de
fairsiúirí Chomail: do cuir ré seo dearbhrádaí ríle
de Clainn Dálais cum báir; agus do mallais an ríle é
go gáir, agus tagann ré tar an t-roc-cúntar do tug
ré ar na Gaedelaib agus ar a scribeam. As ro
cuir beas dé—

A tuidairt tú linn i n'leabhaib éitig
Sur do clocaib 'r do éirínn do gniúmó ríléata;
ní fíor óuit rin a fíandóir bréige
áit do'n ádaí do'n m'ac 'r do'n spioraio naomta.

Níor coisil an báir boct a cuir earguine ar an
boctúir millteac, "a coibléir," a veir ré—

A coibléir dothaig lotha ghránna,
ní déir mé i n-earguine leat 'ran gcár ro,
ní as plé creidim leat atá mé,
áit do'n molaó óuit le gniúe gáirte.

malláit dé ort 'r a naom-mhátaí,
malláit na n-argtal ort 'r an pára,
malláit na ragaí ort 'r na mbrádaí
malláit na mbaintreabac 'r na n-gárlac.

malláit na lag ort, 'r na láirí,
malláit ríle éada agus ádaí ort;
tá ríle agam go breicfeao an lá úo
'na tuidhaib Diarmaid * marcuigeat áir óuit.

Ar beataóac focaí focma láraí
le ríoraíóirí mairde agus coileáir enáibe,

Ní beas liom ro anoir do ríle leat
mar i' buadail boct me tá loirgte cráirte,
deó ar éirí do'ir mo áiríreao,
i' mé an fear doiré mac Chormaic ui Dálais.

* Ainm an éiríoraí.

called Whaley¹ in Dublin, the son of a Cromwellian soldier, who put to death the brother of a poet of the Clan Daly, and the poet, cursing him bitterly, mentions the evil account he gave of the Gaels and their religion. Here is a little of this piece—

You told us in your perjured books
That it is to stones and wood we make obeisance.
That is not true for you, you lying old man,
But to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.

The poor bard did not spare his curses on the evil doctor.
“You cobbler,” he says—

You cobbler of a clown, rotten and ugly,
I shall not be in error with you in this case,
It is not disputing about creeds with you, I am,
But awarding you with shouts of prayer,

The curse of God on you, and His Holy Mother,
The curse of the Apostles on you, and of the Pope,
The curse of the priests on you, and of the friars,
The curse of the widows and of the children.

The curse of the weak on you, and of the strong,
The curse of the seed of Eve and of Adam on you,
I hope that I may see that day
On which Diarmuid [the hangman] will give you a high ride
On a quiet easy animal of a mare
With wooden stirrups and hempen collar.

I think it no small thing to say this now to you,
For I am a poor boy who am burned and tortured,
Scarcely alive after my friends,
I am the dark man, the son of Cormac O'Daly.

¹ This Whaley or Whalley died in 1724.

Do tug Éamon O Donnabáin an tán ro go h-íomlán
ann a “Dongur na n-aoi” agus deir ré gur b’é an
píopa ir nínniúge agus ir diaibalta atá le fágaíl i
nGaeðeilg!

Dubairt file éigin eile i n-aois D’éan Swift, fear
a raib meaf móir air amearg na Rómánac—cib nac
raib ionnta féin. Dar leir, áct luét cruad-oirne
agus rglábuigeacá—gur b’ é seo an éiré do bí aige.

CRÉ D’ÉAN SWIFT.

Ir é mo éirveam-rá
Cuirveam na nuad-áil,
Cuirveam na Róma
ní cóir aor ná áil.

ni[ó] náirac do’n treuva[íde]
muna* bfuil an miz ’na éann,
an pápa mar aodairne
ir rann ’r ir vit an vream!

muna nreavram (?) an alóir
go brát ní mar an iobairt,
ir beannuighe an rean nó,
íte aráin a’r ól ríona.

ir bréine ’ná an maraó
an té nac leannan o’á rlighe rin
an té éirgear an t-airíonn
atá catoilce agus críona!†

Ir é Tadg Gaedalaic O Súillibáin an file buó mó
agus buó fearr do rghíob tánta diaó i g-cúige
Múman. Bí an leabair beag tán do rghíob ré

* “mar” ’ran MS.

† Ar rghíobinn in mo feilb féin.

O'Donovan has given this poem in his addition of Red Angus' satires and calls it "the bitterest, most wicked and most diabolical satire ever written in the Irish language," but as it has been already printed, it is unnecessary to notice it further.

A certain other poet said of Dean Swift, a man who was greatly respected amongst the Roman Catholics themselves—though they were, in his eyes, but as hewers of wood and drawers of water—that this was the creed he had.

DEAN SWIFT'S CREED.

This is my religion

The religion of the New Galls [*i.e.*, the late English],
The religion of Rome
Is not right this side or that.

It is a shameful thing for the shepherd

Unless the King is his head,¹
The Pope for shepherd!
Feeble and in want is the band [who have him].

Unless the altar is decorated (?)

The offering is never good,
Blessed is the old custom,
Eating bread and drinking wine.

More foul than the dog

Is he who does not follow that way,
He who forsakes the Mass
He is Catholic—and wise.

Teig Gaelach O'Sullivan was the poet who most, and best, wrote religious songs in the province of Munster. The little book of poems which he composed was printed during

¹ Or possibly, "it is not shameful for the flock how the king is its head."

clóbuailte le n-a linn féin i Luimneac, agus i n-áit-
eacáib eile.* Fuarfáir ré báir i bporcláirge 'ran
mbliadain 1800, agus rghriob Donncaó Ruad Mac
Conmáir fearc-laoi óó i lairion, ann a bfiarfaigeann
ré:—

Quis canet Erinidum laudes, quis facta virorum?
Gadelico extincto Scotica musa tacet.

D'éirig cuit mait 'na óiaig le gairgriob agus
cailinib, na héiréann do molaó, áct níor éirig don
fear ó'á ótiucraó a fearc-laoi a ráó mar veir
Donncaó Ruad:—

Laudando Dominum praeclara poemata fecit
Et suaves hymnos angelus ille canet.

As ro pompla gearr ar obair éirig gaeóealag,
tairbeánfar go mait an óitirir roir an Muimneac ro
agus an Connaótaó rin air a bfuil mé le tráct anoir.
Ir breáó toiranaó áro-ólóraó ar nóir pintoaruir óán
an Muimnig, áct ní ró foiléir óam-ra é:—

A róir na h-aime, a fáoi na féile,
i gcómair i gcuidéact' i gculair do éireua,
fuarfáir fmoéail mé lá an trléibe,
ar rgoiaó, ar rgeibie an óioltair euctaig.

Ar áir, ar áitnighe, ar eazla, ar éirleac,
á'ir rgeón, ar rghior, ar rghrib-niú leunmair,
ar rplannca, ar ríoncaib, ar éimntib, ar gheir-bhuio,
ar éogéaib, ar éatannaió cátaó an laé rin.

* Cuir páraig Donn, ó éap-uí-éuin, i bporcláirge, i gcló
áir é timéoil na bliadna 1820 agus veir ré ann a roir-ráó
gur b'é rin an cúigeaó cuir-amaó veuz.

his own life in Limerick and other places.¹ He died in Waterford in the year 1800, and Donncha Ruadh Mac-conmara [son-of-the-hound-of-the-sea, now in English Macnamara] wrote for him an epitaph in Latin in which he asks—

Who shall sing the praises of the maidens of Erin, who the deeds of
her warriors,
Now that the Gaelic one is dead the Scottish (Irish) muse is hushed?

There arose even after him many to praise the warriors and maidens of Erin, but there never arose any whose epitaph could say of him as Donncha Ruadh says:

Praising the Lord he made illustrious poems,
And sweet hymns shall he as an angel sing.

Here is a short specimen of Teig Gaelach, which will help to show the difference between the Mononian and the Connacian poet, of whom I am about to speak. Fine and full-sounding, loud-voiced, Pindaric, is the poem of the Munsterman, but its sense is not very clear to me [hence I do not append a literal translation, for I am not always sure of his meaning]:—

Rose of the Universality, holy and heavenly leader,
Thou of thy flock on the mountains the comforter, carer and feeder,
Save me, protect me, and hear me, on mountains a perilous wanderer,
Aid me and keep me and steer me, and shield me from death and the
plunderer.

From famine, from dread, and from darkness, from death and destruction and danger,
Guard me that ultimate day of the Universe, be not a stranger;
From the bursting and burning and flashing of livid-red lightning
and thunder,
From war and from tumult of nature, and elements riven asunder.

¹ Patrick Denn of Capoquin, in Waterford, printed it again about the year 1820, and says in his preface that this edition of his was the fifteenth.

Lá na bpreite na cpeice na cpeíme,
 Lá na feirge teineadó mar léigtear,
 Lá tubac deómae brónac baogail
 Suilmneac galapac anacpac éigneac.

Le binb, le buirbe ruium an laé rin
 Cuiépio na flaitir a'r larpaito na rpeúma,
 Iompócaio an gealaé com veapz le aéin-fuil
 'S béio an grian pá múrtaib rmuíte ag éclirp.

na cpaínn, na cloca uile ag rgoita 'r ag rgréacúiz,
 na tíoréa ag bog-buiread ag orghailt 'r ag meubad,
 Ruatáir ruaió aca, ceó agur caoréa,
 Anuap dá gcaíteam 'na gceatannaió tpeuna.

Ar gclor do'n doíman, ir foólae rpaocímar
 Gáidteac gneadaište garb do géimrio,
 An móir-muir bpuóactaiz tonntae taorzac
 Roim épuaió-rghior éogaió ar corptaióe an laé rin.

Toirneac éruppa ann rúo noc réiofio
 Míceal milir go ruineaíail paobpac,
 Ar neam 'r i n-irpionn cluinfeap i n-éinfeact
 Foéram [a'r] ruaim na h-uaille céuna, etc.

.

Acé a bpaó tap éir báir éaióz gaédealaiz o'éimz
 báio i gconnóae míuiz-eó, i gconnactaib, do feinn go
 binn blarta ag molaó Dé. Duó h-é rin an Reactúipe
 Caoc. Tá paicéior oim go bpuil a lán o'ar cum pé
 caillte anoir, acé tá cuio maic ve le págail go póil.
 Tá a cuio abpán agur dán coitcéionn go leóir amearz
 na noaoine fóir i gconnóae míuiz-eó agur i gconnóae
 na Gaillime, acé go rpeirialta ioir Baile Loc Riabac
 agur b'l'ac'niuz, 'n áit ar máir an Reactúipe ve
 gnat tap éir connóae míuiz-eó o'págbail do. Ir
 triuiz an-móir ar paó é gan a cuio abpán agur dán
 do beit bailighe, nuair tá riato fóir ve meabair ag na

Day of a terrible judgment, imposing an end on all nations,
 Black day of wrath and of anger and fury on earth's habitations,
 Sorrowful, spiritless day of grey grief and of loud lamentation,
 Day of the treading the winepress of wrath and of red desolation.

With thunderbolts' crash and with bursting of billows, and tempest
 and clangor,
 Heaven shall shake, and the elements blazing shall quake at His
 anger,
 Blood-red and crimson the moon shall be turned, when the might of
 His power
 Shall shake down the sun from his seat, and the cloud-face of
 darkness shall lower.

Woods and all forests and mountains and crags with a thunder
 appalling,
 Islands and cities and countries all melting, dissolving and falling,
 Darkness and fog through the world, with confusion and fury and
 fighting,
 Hurling of hail-stones from heaven, and fragments of firmaments
 smiting.

Then both His sign shall be seen, and His word shall be heard, and
 the wicked
 Furious and fearful and flying shall hide them in cave and in thicket.
 Then shall the seas from their barriers break with a mighty commotion,
 Tumult on earth and in air, and tumultuous tumult in ocean.

Michael shall stand, a serene one, arrayed in majestical splendour,
 Warning with sound of a trumpet he cometh, our holy avenger,
 With a loud brazen blare of a clarion, from heaven to hell it is
 pealing,
 Bursting the bars of the bondage of death, and His vengeance
 revealing.

But long after the death of Teig Gaelach there arose a
 poet in the county Mayo, in Connacht, who sang sweetly
 and tastefully, praising God. This was the Blind Raftery.
 I fear that a great deal of what he composed is now lost,

rean-daoinib. Do cuip mé ceann aca "Úrígóin
 Deurais," i gcló ó ceana, amearg na n-ábháin ghrá,
 agus, go h-ábháil go leór, do cuipead ceann eile i
 gcló 'ran Nuairdeacht Tuama* beagán de bliadán-
 taid ó fóin, le tuine éigin (ceapaim gur b'é Mac
 Flóinn do rinne é) aoudairt gur b'é Seádan O
 Cuillionáin col-cúigeaí dó féin ag Cairleán Duirde-
 támhais i bparáirte an Cumair, do rghríoib ríor é
 'ran mbliadain 1838, tamall beag tar éir báir an
 Reachtúire féin. Fuair mé cóip eile de'n dán ro
 óm' éaraib Tomár O Míotóáin, do rghríoibáit timcioll
 ríde bliadain ó fóin ó beul rírin boict dar b'ainm
 Míceáilín O Cléirg do bídeat ag gabail tairt ag
 iarrairt déirce. Rinne mé comhráir go cúramac
 roir an dá cóip mar do bí rann no dó i gceann aca
 nac rairb 'ran gceann eile, agus déapraib mé an dán
 ann ro agus é ceartuighe dóm maic agus ir réirir
 liom. Cuairt mé cuir mór de ó na rean-daoinib,
 áct ní bfuair mé ariam tuine a rairb an t-iomlán de
 aige.

Ir follurac go bfuil dá dán eugraimail meargta
 tpe n-a céile ann 'ran dá cóip ar ar labhair, agus ar
 an ábhar rin rgoiltim iad, agus beirim mar dá dán
 iad, agus glaoóaim an Coleia Morbur ar an gceut
 ceann, agus áitirge an Reachtúire ar an gceann eile.

* Do cuip Mac Uí Flóinn ran páiréar rin comaoir oirriann uile
 leir an méad do rinne fé ar fon na Gaedheilge.

but there is yet a good deal of it to be found. His songs and poems are yet common enough among the people in the counties of Mayo and Galway, but especially between Loughrea and Athenry, where he usually lived after his leaving the county Mayo. It is a very great pity, indeed, that his poems and songs are not collected while they are still remembered by heart, amongst the old people. I have already printed one of them, the "Courteous Breedyeen," amongst the Love Songs, and luckily enough another of them was printed in the *Tuam News* a few years ago by someone (Mr. Glynn I think he must have been), who said that it was Shawn O'Cullenan, a second cousin of his own, in the parish of Comar (?) who wrote it down in the year 1838, a little while after Raftery's death. I got another copy of this poem from my friend Mr. Thomas Meehan which was written about twenty years ago from the mouth of a poor man-*een* named Meehauleen O'Cleary who used to be going round looking for alms. I compared the two copies carefully, as there was a verse or two in the one that was not in the other, and I shall give the whole poem here, corrected, as well as I can. I heard a great deal of it from the old people, but I never found a man who had the whole of it.

It is evident that there are two different poems mixed together in the two copies I spoke of, and for that reason I divide them and give them as two poems, and I call the one, the "Cholera Morbus," and the other "Raftery's Repentance."

an colera morbus.

leir an neachtúige.

Δ ίορα Cπίορτ, 'ρ μιξ na ησιάρα,
 * Δ έμυτάιξ ταλαή neam̃ αζυρ πάμηταρ,
 Δ όόιμτ το έυιο πολα ι ζεμαν na πάιρε,
 Σάδáiλ ρινν αμ an ζColepa morbur.†

ιρ ιομύα ραζαρτ, bean-μιαζαλτα 'ρ ηράταιρ
 αζ αζαιρτ όέ; na η-εαρβοιζ 'ρ an πάρα,
 άέτ δ'έιτοιμ ζο νέιρτπιό an τέ ιρ τάιρε
 Σίλρεαό Δ όέόμα 'ρ Δ έροιόε θείτ cπάιότε.

'Sé mo έυαιμ 'ρ ιρ ουδác liom τράέτ αιρ,
 ζυρ υαιρ ι ρεο τά αζ ιαημαιο ράρτα,
 ζυιόρμιο αμ ραó an ηήυιρε ηήάταιρ,
 τά ρεαρζ αμ όια 'ρ Δ ρζιύηρα ταημαινζτε.

Δ λυέτ an ηεάειαό τυιζιό an cáρ ρο
 όέανάιό an αιτέμζε ατά μέ ράό λιβ,
 ουδαιρτ Cπίορτ ρέιν ατά λán oe ζηάρα
 an τέ ό'ιompόέ' leir ζο mbeió' ρέ τάρητα.

ιρ μαηιζ Δ λειζρεαό Δ λεαρ an cáρτοε
 αμ υαέ‡ ζο οτιυεραό an ρίορτέόιρ ζηάηηηα,
 'S Δ λιάέτα ζηυαζαέ υαιθιεαέ όάηα
 Δ έυιρ ρέ ραοι, όά έαοιτε [Δ] ένάηηα.

* Τά an "Δ" ρο ι η-άιτ "οο." λαδαιρτέαρ "οο" μαρ "Δ" ζο
 ηύ-ημινιc. † Aliter. Σαομ ρινν ό ολc no αον όάρ cπάιότε.

‡ Aliter. "Le ραιτέιορ." ιρ neam̃-ζηάέταέ an ροαλ ρο "υαέ."

NOTE.—Some of the verses in this poem are quite simple and unadorned. In most of the lines, however, two words occurring about the middle make vowel-rhyme, or full rhyme, with one another, as—

Swifter is *Death* than the *breath* of the mind,
 Or steeds that *race* with the *pace* of the wind.

In other verses one word or two words or more in the body of the second line rhyme with one or two or more other words in the body of the first line, as—

When *scattered* shall *lie* each *limb* now restless,
Shattered and *dry* and *grim* and *fleshless*.

This, though the most usual *tour de force* in modern Irish poetry

THE CHOLERA MORBUS.

O Jesus Christ, high *Heir* of graces,¹
 Prince of whateer in boundless space is,
 Slain by men's *hand* that life might garb us,
 Save our *land* from Cholera Morbus.

Though priests of hope, with nun and friar
 And bishop and Pope pray prayers of fire,
 God hears the sigh of the meanest-spoken,
 Who pours his cry from a heart half-broken.

For sure I know it,—a sad confession—
 That this is a moment needs intercession,
 We haste down-trod, to the Virgin, praying,
 Anger's on God, He is scourging, slaying.

Consider and quake, lest devils scorn you,
 Repentance make, as now I warn you,
 For Christ's words be—they are words to cherish—
 "Who turns to Me shall never perish."

Alas for him who puts off repentance,
 Till the Seeker grim come with awful sentence,
 The seeker of all, the gaunt grim-greeting,
 For man must fall, and his vaunt is fleeting.

occurs more sparingly than the other, though I have reproduced it oftenest in my translation. In addition to this, Rattery uses another device, one which I have not attempted to imitate in my version, by making the first 28 lines end each with the sound of long *á*, the next 32 lines with the sound of long *í* (ee), the next 12 with the sound of long *é* (æ), and the next 20 with the sound of short *a*. This is not an uncommon trick of the modern school of 18th century bards, but it is curious to find an unlettered man like Rattery using it.

¹ *Literally.* O Jesus Christ, and O King of the graces, who didst create earth, heaven, and paradise, who didst pour Thy share of blood on the tree of the passion, save us from Cholera Morbus.

Many is the priest, nun and friar, addressing God, the bishops and the pope [with them], but perhaps He will hear him who is meanest [of men], who would pour his tears, and his heart to be tortured.

It is my supposition, and it is grievous to me to speak of it, that this

feud an té bí anóe luat láirí
 a léimfeadó rgonnra claiúe 'sur beanna,
 bí ar tpaetnóna as riúbal na rriáirí,
 's as uil faoi 'n s-créarfóis lá'ri na márae.

ir mipe an bár 'ná an tonn báiríte
 's 'ná eac dá luaití ar chúrra an pára,
 anaíarú na rluasú vo buailfeadó ré báirí
 's ní túirge ann rúo 'ná ríomáinn ar zárta.*

tá re luaimneac ruaruae leigíte rgaolíte,
 ní fearr leir an lá 'ná láir na h-oiúe,
 an tpaet fáiríear neac nae mbíonn don baosáil air
 súo é ar an mball ar láir† le caoinead.

ir móir vo túit leir i utráe na uileann,
 san caint no tráctad ar aimpíri mhaoirí,
 áet u'á méao le páo zae [a] bráígear ríor leir
 ní h-é tá láirí ar áet zrára chíoríra.

ir rluarú an bár a éaruar rííte
 rhuonnarú árua a' r tígearnarú tíre,
 uíir ré an móir leir, an t-ós 'r an chíona,
 ar rparuaad ríóis' leir or cómair na nuaoine.

* Vo chíocnuigeadó zae líne zo utí reó leir an líirí á.
 toraigean ann aríir an líirí "í" no, "ao" atá corríúil le í ann a.
 fuaim i zconnactaíó.

† Aliter ar élarí.

is an hour which is seeking for satisfaction, we will pray at large to Mary Mother, there is anger on God and His scourge is drawn. O people of sin, understand this case, make the repentance that I am bidding you, Christ himself has said, who is full of grace, "that he who would turn to Him would be saved." Alas for him who would put off his own good, for fear that the hateful seeker [death] may come, and all the proud bold champions he has put beneath him, for all the thinness of his bones.

Look at him who was yesterday swift and strong, who would leap scunce, ditch and gap, who was in the evening walking the street, and

The man who topped the highest fences,
 Who was not stopped by the widest trenches,
 Who rode to-day without grief or trouble,
 To-morrow the clay upon him they shovel.

Swifter is Death than the breath of the mind,
 Or steeds who race with the pace of the wind,
 Against millions he plays, and he flays them hollow,
 He is here, he is there, we despair to follow.

He is rushing, racing, rapid, riving,
 Daily chasing, and hunting nightly;
 When man is boldest, nor thinks of danger,
 He falls on his shoulders, the awful Stranger.

Though many he slew when the deluge opened,
 And many too in the days of Moses,
 Yet in spite of the throng he slays and freezes,
 Not he who is strong, but the grace of Jesus.

A spoiler grim, he despoils the princes,
 Kings against him have no defences ;
 He takes through the gate the young and the aged,
 He takes the great, and he takes the naked.

going under the clay on the morrow. The Death is fleetier than the wave of drowning, or than any steed, however fast, on the race-course. He would play a goal against the multitude, and no sooner is he there than he is on guard before us. He is flitting, rushing, starting, loosed, he does not prefer to have the day rather than the night; when a person thinks that there is no fear of him, there he is on the spot laid low with keening.

Great is the number who fell by him in the time of the Deluge, not to speak of or mention the period of Moses, but, however great to tell of all who are left down by him, it is not he who is strong, but the grace of Christ. The Death is a despoiler who heaps [together] kings, high princes and country lords; he brings with him the great, the young and the old, gripping them by the throat before the people.

1r vána an uaine 'ná an mac-tíne
 a márbuigeap na h-uain ar riúbal na h-oiúche,
 áct fáct mo dhóin ašur mo éiríó raošalta
 an t-am beit éapit, 'r gan an aitémige deunta.

1r mairis a mealltar le caéaištib an t-raošail
 ašur laigeap an lóin a cuirteap ríor leir,
 gan bhuš 'n a leup vó mairpeap ré míle
 áct mar ršioimpeap ré ar cuairt 'r ar air arír.*

vó mbuó leat-ra ríorí a'r ór ná mígeacta,
 maoin [ró] móir 'r šac raiúbhear raošalta,
 anuaidš vo báir vó mēap vo éiréap†
 nī bpuil le fášail ašap áct uaih véanta.

Cá nveacáir vo éapail vo bat 'r vo éaoimis?
 Cá nveacáir an tpeóu vo diúeap i v'fíadhuir,
 vo bean 'r vo élanh vo diúeap 'n a ruió leat
 no an clúimēac mín áro air a mbiteá rínte.

Cá nveacáir an bóru a n-óitaiúe fíon vó?
 vo cuir vo teac r' vo h-allaíó míne,
 vo éoiriú, v'eacáir 'r vo éulta' ríora,
 's vo luēt ealaúna vo šnóeap ríamr uuit!

nuair diúeap vo énáma tpe n-a éáile,
 gan fuil gan féoil, ar ašair na špéine,
 Cá nveacáir lapaó no šile v'eupain,
 no an cul šlar špuaiše diúteá 'riéirteac?

* 1r pollupac ó'n líne reó šur labair an reactúine an focal ro
 "arír" mar "arírte," mar éluinnceap šo minic é i šconnacáir.
 † "Cíó šo mbuó móir vo éáinte," áct nī cómh-fuaim rin.

The person [Death] is bolder than the son-of-the-country (i.e., wolf), who slays the lambs, travelling through the night, but the cause of my grief and my worldly torture [is] the time to be up, and no repentance made.

Alas, for him who is deceived with the temptations of the world, considering how small the provision that [shall be] buried down with him, with no effect in his lease [of life] if he were to live for a

The ravening wolf does not so ravin
 When he tears the lamb on his midnight travel;
 But my grief, my pain, my sentence!
 The time to be up--and without repentance.

Earth's joys deceive us--the Devil's purpose--
 Till Death shall leave us beneath its surface,
 Though we lived for a thousand years in clover,
 It is passed as an hour, and all is over.

Or had we the gold of the old-time witches,
 Or wealth untold, and a kingdom's riches,
 When death from our gains to gloom has rolled us,
 There only remains a tomb to hold us.

What then of your folds, your sheep, your cattle,
 Your castles, your holds, your golden metal,
 Your children loved much, who play beside you,
 Your wife and your couch, so gay and wide too!

What then of your halls where guests are laughing,
 What then of your balls where wines are quaffing,
 Horses in throngs, and drink in cellars,
 Men of songs and story-tellers!

When scattered shall lie each limb now restless,
 Shattered and dry, and grim, and fleshless,
 Where then the flush and blush and brightness,
 And where the hair in powdered whiteness!

thousand [years] than just as though he slipped over [to some one] on a visit and back again. If yours were the store or the gold of the kingdom, the goods of the world and all earthly riches, after your death, however great your flocks, a made grave is the only thing you have to get. Where have gone your horses, your cattle your sheep, where is gone the jewel that used to be in your presence, your wife and your children, who used to be sitting with you, or the smooth high downy [couch] on which you used to be stretched.

Where has gone the table off which wines used to be drunk! your court, your house, and your smooth halls, your couches, your steeds, and your silken suits, and your men of science who used to make amusement for you. When your bones shall be through one another,

βέρο το έλουρα βοόδαρι ζαν μεάμαρι ζαν έιρτεάετ,
 σιοφραύ το ζουαίλε 'ρ χηαφφαύ το ζευζα,
 βέρό το οά ρύιλ ζηινη ζαν ηαόδαρ ζαν λευηζυρ
 Α βί ανη το έεανη ζαν εαμαό ζαν ελαοναό.

ηί βαίτε, ρεαηιαννα, ρτοε, νά τριέντα
 Α ηύιναρ αν τριζε ζο ρλαίτεαρ 'Οέ όύινη,
 άετ λεαρυζαό άη η-ανμα ηέηη μαηι λείζεταρ,
 Α' οέαναή τπορζαύ ηηηαίζ' 'ρ οέηρε.

αζ ουλ α' λυίρε όυιτ να θί-ρε βαλδ,
 ρεαε το ζλύνα 'ρ θηύιζ αν ταλαή,
 ευιηηιζ άη ζαέ ηιό το λειζ tú έαηαο,
 'S ζο θρυιλ tú αζ τηιαίλ ζο ελυαιη * να μαηδ.

ύηηλαιζ οο'η έλέηη αζυρ ζέίλλ οο'η εαζλαηρ
 ρυαηι ευήαετ ό 'Οια να ρεαεαύ ηήαίτεαή,
 κοηήλιν αν ολζε τά ι οτεαηπολλ ρεαυαηι
 Α'ρ ηί βαοζαλ ουιτ βάρ άετ μαληαιτ† βεατα.

ηρ μαηηζ ναέ μεαθηαιζεανη επέ αζυρ ραυοηι,
 'S ζυρ ραυοε άη αν τραιοζαλ ρο ηί ηο ρεαέτμαηι
 'ηά ηιλε βλιαόαιη αζ ερανη να βεατα
 ι ηζάηηοίν ράηηεαηρ ηο αζ βοηο να ηαβηταλ.

ηρ μαηηζ α όιολαρ ηηζεάετ να θρλαίτεαρ
 άηαρ 'Οέ ατά 'η α έηί ρεαηηαν',
 'η άιτ α ηβίόεανη ηλαοή 'η α ρυίρε αζυρ αβηταίλ
 θί άη αν τραιοζαλ ρο 'S λεαρυζαό άη ηβεατα.

* "ζο ρλυαζ να μαηδ" μαηι ρυαηεαρ έ ό'η ηιουόάηαέ.
 "εαηαο" = "έαηητ." † = μαλαιητ.

without blood or flesh in the face of the sun, where is gone the flush and brightness of your face, or the grey back-locks of hair you used to be arranging. Your ears shall be deaf without feeling or hearing, your shoulders shall stiffen up, and your limbs shall gather [contract], your two clear eyes [shall be] without sight or vision, which were in your head without twist or turn.

It is not towns, lands, stock, nor herds, which teach us the way to the Heaven of God, but the amending of our souls according as is

Your ears that moulder no sound shall quicken,
 Your limbs shall gather, your shoulder stiffer,
 The eye in your head, of sight the token,
 Its fire is dead, its light is broken.

Not proud abode, nor land, nor riches,
 Can teach the road to Heaven's blisses ;
 Our souls we must care as God has taught us,
 With fasting and prayer to Christ who bought us.

Betake you to these, with care and sighing,
 And bend your knees in prayer and crying,
 Remember your foe and death's black shadow,
 Remember you go to the Dead Men's meadow.

To church and clergy make due submission,
 For theirs in mercy is sin's remission,
 Fulfil each thing in the law of Peter,
 Then Death shall bring but existence sweeter.

Prayer should we seek, and for prayer go hunger,
 For a single week in this world is longer
 Than a thousand years where the Tree of Life is,
 Where in God's garden no fear nor strife is.

The heaven of bliss, and of Christ's divinity
 God's kingdom is, with the Blessed Trinity,
 Alas, for who sells it, Saints there are biding,
 Who made life fairer when here residing.

read, making fasting, prayer, and alms. On going to lie down of you, do not be dumb, bend your knees and bruise the ground, remember each thing which you let by you [neglected], and that you are journeying to the meadow of the dead. Submit to the clergy, and bow to the Church which has got power from God to forgive sins, fulfil the law which is in the church of Peter, and there is no danger for you of death, but an exchange of life.

Alas for him who does not remember creed and prayer, for sure, longer in this world is a month or a week than a thousand years at the Tree of Life, in the Garden of Paradise, or at the table of the Apostles.

níorí fannataíḡ an crioíde 'r níorí rnuadín an peacaḡ
 arí mḡeo an trólaír * atá 'r na flaitír;
 aḡ éirteaḡ le ceól aḡur ḡneann ḡan cealḡ, †
 aḡ feiteam na ḡlóiríe ḡur í 'ḡá rneagairt.

luḡt éiríḡ 'i n-áiríoe, rḡata 'r uáiteḡ,
 tiucfaíḡ ríao ḡearr í nveiríe na cúiríe,
 ḡan a n-aítríḡe uéanta déirí ríao brúíḡte
 amearḡ luḡt feille póirte 'r uiríiríe.

an fear a fannataíḡear maoin a' r talamḡ,
 's naḡ nuéanann truaḡ uo'n té díor palamḡ,
 déirí ré ríor 'r ní maíḡ í a leaba,
 ḡiorḡán ríacal aír, ruaḡt a' r creataḡ.

nuairí tiucfar Críorḡ arí éaoib an tsleíbe
 's cruinneócaíḡ ré cuiríe an cine uonna,
 déirí uo ḡníomairḡa rḡríobḡa arí u'eudán
 a' r an fear le u'airí ionnnán a léiríḡe.

ír rúo í an cúiríe naḡ nḡlacfaíḡ bríeḡa.
 's naḡ ḡ-cloirríḡ ‡ caínt ó fear uá éiríne,
 bríeteam na ríiríne déiríear 'ḡ árí bríeucáirḡ,
 an t-aon mḡac íora, u'fulaíḡ a ceuraḡ.

forḡlócaíḡ írríonn 'r flaitíear í n-éiríteaḡ,
 aḡur múcfaíḡ[ear] ríolar na ḡealaíḡe 'r na ḡiríne. §
 's an meuo a ríuḡaḡ ó cruataíḡeaḡ an ceuo fear
 déirí ríao í ḡ-cuiríteaḡ or cómaírí a céile.

* Aliter "arí an rólár ríoríruíoe."

† Aliter "rporíḡ aḡur aíríḡ."

‡ = naḡ ḡcluirríḡ, aliter "naḡ nḡlactarḡ."

§ "Solur ḡealaḡ ír ḡrían" MS.

Alas, for him who sells the kingdom of the heavens, the abode of God who is in three persons, the place where saints and apostles are sitting who were [once] in this world amending our life. The heart never coveted, and the sinner never conceived the amount of satisfaction, that is in the heavens listening to music and mirth without deceit, attending on glory, and it answering.

The people who rise high, of estate and landed property, they shall come short at the end of the case, without their repentance made, they shall be bruised amongst the people of treachery, of drunkenness, of

No sinful mind can imagine, even,
 The joys he shall find in his home in heaven.
 There music, and story, and mirth surround them,
 Waiting for glory with glory round them.

The estated sort who scoff at small things
 They shall come short when off go all things,
 In fetters, for want of due a repentance;
 The traitor's, adulterer's, drunkard's sentence.

The man who for shares of this earth is greedy,
 Who never cares for the dearth of the needy,
 Bad is the bed he is bold in making,
 —Gnashing and dread, and cold and quaking.

Christ takes His place on the judgment mountain,
 To gather the race of men around Him,
 Writ shall each deed be upon your faces,
 That neighbours can read your worst disgraces.

'Tis a court of state that no lies can darken,
 To the speech of the great it will not hearken,
 Our crimes shall seize us, the judge shall try us,
 The One-Son Jesus, who suffered by us.

Then heaven shall open, and hell shall open,
 (The sun and the moon in darkness groping,
 And the men of the world, since man's creation
 Together hurled from every nation.)

adultery. The man who covets goods, and land, and who shows no pity for him who is empty, he shall be down, and his bed is not good, gnashing of teeth on him, cold and quaking. When Christ shall come on the side of the mountain, and shall gather to him the human race, your deeds shall be written upon your face, and the man beside you able to read them.

That is the court that will not accept lies, and that will not listen to the talk of any man however powerful. [It is] the Judge of Truth who shall be trying us, the One-Son Jesus, who suffered His crucifixion. Heaven and hell shall open together, and the light of the moon and of the sun shall be quenched, and all who were born since the first man was created, they shall be together in one another's presence. When God shall open the Book of Account, and the

nuair fofglócar Dia leabair a' éintair
 ašur ršáéán an éirir a b'éiréar 'šá ioméar,
 ir an-móir an šar an mair a b'éantair
 oíúltairš an peacáó ašur éirir liom-ra.

aš ro, mar éreirim, b'eiréó an éirir óáin, no
 b'éirir šo b'ruil cuir óé cailite, óir ní érióénušáó
 rnarra é reo. B'eirim an t'arra óán ann ro, ašur
 an "aítrirš mar ainm air."

AIÉIRISÉ AN REACÚINE.

a ríš tá ar neim 'r a éruéairš áóáin,
 'š a éuriréar cár i b'peacáó an ébairl,
 to ršreáóaim óir anoir 'r ór áro,
 ó ir le to šrára tá mé aš rúil.*

tá mé i n-aoir, a'r to érión mo bláé,
 ir iomóá lá mé aš uil amúš',
 to éuir mé i b'peacáó anoir naoi t'ráé†
 áéé tá na šrára ar láim an uáin.

nuair bí mé óš b'óle iao mo éréite,
 buó móir mo r'éir i ršléir 'r i n-eacéann,
 b'féarir liom šo móir aš imirir 'r aš ól
 ar mairir óóinnairš 'ná ériall éum ašrimn.

Mirror of Right [it is] who shall be bearing it, very great is the advantage the good which is done [on earth (?)], refuse sin and listen to me.

[I can hardly believe that this last verse with its lame and impotent and unmusical conclusion can be correct, unless indeed it is meant as the prologue to the "repentance" which follows, and which Raftery, after the words "listen to me" may have struck up, accompanying himself, as old people say he did, on his violin.]

* Aliter "tá mé [aš] rúbal.

† Aliter "ór cionn naoi b'féé," náé t'ruiršim, munab é="more than nine fathoms deep"

And God shall open his book before us,
 The mirror of righteousness shining o'er us,
 Each scrap of goodness that day how precious !
 O brothers let sin no more enmesh us !

Here is, I believe, the end of the first poem, or perhaps some of it is lost, for this is not a well-turned ending. I shall now give the other poem, called Raftery's Repentance.

RAFTERY'S REPENTANCE.

O King of heaven who didst create
 The man who ate of that sad tree,
 To thee I cry, oh turn thy face,
 Show heavenly *grace* this day to me.¹

Though shed be now our bloom of youth,
 And though in truth our sense be dull,
 Though fallen in sin and shame I am,
 Yet God the Lamb is merciful.

When I was young my ways were evil,
 Caught by the devil I went astray ;
 On sacred mornings I sought not Mass,
 But I sought alas ! to drink and play.

¹ *Literally.* O King, who art in heaven, and who createdst Adam, and who payest regard to the sin of the apple, I scream to Thee now and aloud, for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has withered, many a day am I going astray, I have fallen into sin over nine fathoms [deep], but the graces are in the hands of the Lamb.

When I was young evil were my accomplishments, much was my delight in quarrels and rows. I greatly preferred playing or drinking on a Sunday morning to going to Mass. I did not like better to

νίον δ' ἔραρον λιον γυῖοι 'ν αἶσι καίλιν ὀγ
 'νά λε μναοι πόρτα αἷς céilivéacét tamall,
 'Οο μιονναῖδ μόμα 'οο δὶ μέ ταδάρτα,
 Αἷsur οἱúir no póite νίον λειῖς μέ ἔαρον.

πεακαὺ ἀν ὕδαιλλ, μο ἐράτ' ἦ μο leun !
 ἦρ ἐ μίλλ ἀν παοῖαλ μαρ ἔαλλ ἀρ βειρε,
 Α'ἦρ ὅρ cōir ἀν cμαορ ἀτά μινε ρίορ *
 muna ὁρῶνρῖδ ἰορα ἀρ m'anam boét.

ἦρ οἱm, παμαορ ! τὰ na ὀδιρεαῖα μόμα,
 ἀέτ οἰύτῶαο οἰῖδ mά mαῖμim tamall,
 O ! leas ἑαῖ nῖδ † ἀρ μο cολainn πόρ,
 Α μῖς na ἑλῶιρε, 'ἑsur τάρηταιῖς m'anam.

Ὅ'ελαῖς na λὰ δ'ἦρ νίον ἔος μέ ἀν ράλ,
 no sur ἰεαὺ ἀν βάρη ἀnn ἀρ cυῖρ τὺ οἰύλ†
 ἀέτ Α ἀῖρ-μῖς ἀν cειρε, ἀnoῖρ μείν μο ἑάρ,
 δ'ἦρ le ρυεῖ na ηἑράρα ρλυεῖ μο ρύιλ.

ἦρ le 'οο ἑράρα 'οο ἑlan τὺ mάιρε
 δ'ἦρ ἦαορ τὺ Ὀάῖδῖδ, ἀν αἰεμῖς 'οο μῖnne, §
 'Οο εἰς τὺ mαοῖρε ρlan ὅ'n mβάεαὺ
 'S Α ἑρίορτ ἐπόcaμῖς τάρηταιῖς μινε.

Α μῖς na ἑλῶιρε τὰ λán 'οε ἑράρα
 'S τὺ μῖnne βεῖορ δ'ἦρ ρίον 'οε'n uῖρς,
 le beasán ἀράιν 'οο μῖαρ τὺ ἀρ ρλυαῖς
 Oé ! ρηεapοaῖl ρῶιρ αἷsur ρλάναιῖς μινε.

* Aliter "ἀρ παοῖαλ."

† Aliter "ἑαῖ nῖδ buaῖl anuaρ."

‡ "Ο αἰε ἑο bun," ἀέτ nῖ'λ ἀν cοm-ḡuam cεaῖρ ann ρῖn ; "ἑο cḡionαὺ ἀν βάρη ὅ αἰε ἑο ἑlúin" 'οο μείρ ἀν mῖoḡcánaiῖς.

§ "Ὅο μῖnne ἀν αἰεμῖς," ἀέτ ἦρ olc ἑnῖoεap "αἰεμῖς" αἷsur "μινε" cοm-ḡuam.

sit beside a young girl than by a married woman on a rambling visit awhile. To great oaths (I was) given, and lustfulness and drunkenness I did not let [pass] me by. The sin of the apple, my destruction and my grief ! it is that which destroyed the world on account of two. Since gluttony is a crime, I am down[fallen] unless Jesus shall have mercy on my poor soul.

Married or single, grave or gay,
 Each in her way was loved by me,
 I shunned not the senses sinful away,
 I shunned not the body's mastery.

From the sin of the apple, the crime of two,
 Our virtues are few, our lust runs free ;
 For my riotous appetite Christ alone
 From his mercy's throne can pardon me.

Ah, many a crime has indeed been mine,
 But grant to me time to repent the whole,
 Still torture my body, and bruise it sorely,
 Thou King of Glory, but save the soul.

The day is now passed, yet the fence not made.
 The crop is betrayed, with its guardian by !
 O King of the Right forgive my case,
 With the tears of grace bedew mine eye.

In the flood of Thy grace was Mary laved,
 And David was saved upon due repentance,
 And Moses was brought through the drowning sea,
 —O Christ upon me pass gracious sentence.

O King of Glory, O Lord divine,
 Who madest wine of the common water,
 Who thousands hast fed with a little bread,
 Must I be led to the pen of slaughter !

It is on me, alas ! that the great crimes are, but I shall reject them if I live for a while [longer], beat down everything upon my body yet, O King of Glory, but save my soul. The day has stolen away, and I have not raised the hedge, until the crop in which Thou delightedst was eaten. But O High King of the Right settle my case, and with the flood of graces wet mine eye. It was by thy graces Thou didst cleanse Mary, and didst save David who made repentance, and Thou broughtest Moses safe from drowning, and O Merciful Christ rescue me.

Ο! Δ ΙΟΡΑ ΧΡΙΟΡΤ Δ Ο'ΦΥΛΑΙΝΣ ΑΝ ΠΑΙΡ
 Δ'Ρ ΟΟ ΑΘΛΑΘΑΘ, ΜΑΡ ΟΟ ΘΙ ΤΥ ΨΗΔΙ.
 CUIPIM CUIPIMΘ * Μ'ΑΝΑΜΑ ΔΡ ΟΟ ΡΣΑΤ
 Δ'Ρ ΔΡ ΥΔΙΡ ΜΟ ΒΑΙΡ ΝΑ ΤΑΒΔΙΡ ΟΑΜ ΕΥΛ.

Δ ΘΑΙΝΠΙΟΞΑΙΝ ΠΑΡΗΤΑΙΡ, ΜΑΤΑΙΡ Δ'Ρ ΜΑΙΣΘΕΑΝ,
 ΣΣΑΤΑΝ ΝΑ ΝΣΡΑΡΑ, ΔΙΝΣΕΛ Δ'Ρ ΝΑΘΗ,
 CUIPIM CΟΡΔΙΝΤ Μ'ΑΝΑΜΑ ΔΡ ΟΟ ΙΔΙΗ
 Δ ΙΗΥΙΡΕ ΝΑ ΟΙΨΙΤΑΙΣ ΜΕ, 'Ρ ΒΕΙΘ ΜΕ ΡΑΟΡ.†

'ΝΟΙΡ ΤΑ ΜΕ Ι Ν-ΔΟΙΡ, 'Ρ ΔΡ ΘΗΥΑΘ ΑΝ ΒΑΙΡ,
 'Σ ΙΡ ΣΕΔΡΗ ΑΝ ΔΙΜΡΗ ΣΟ ΟΤΕΙΣ[ΙΜ] Ι Ν-ΨΙΡ,
 ΔΕΤ ΙΡ ΡΕΔΡΗ ΣΟ ΟΕΙΡΕΑΝΝΑΘ 'ΝΑ ΣΟ ΒΗΔΑΤ
 ΔΣΥΡ ΡΥΔΣΡΑΙΜ ΠΑΙΡΤ ΔΡ ΜΙΣ ΝΑ Ν'ΟΨΙ.

ΙΡ ΕΥΑΙΛΙΕ ΣΑΝ ΜΑΙΤ ΜΕ Ι ΣΟΙΡΝΕΑΙΛ ΡΑΙΛ,
 ΝΟ ΙΡ CΟΡΜΨΙΛ ΛΕ ΒΑΘ ΜΕ Δ ΕΑΙΛΙ Δ ΡΤΙΨΙ,
 ΟΟ ΒΗΥΡΡΨΘΕ ΑΡΤΕΑΘ ΑΝΔΣΑΙΘ CΑΡΗΜΑΙΣ' ΡΑ' ΘΡΗΨΙΣ,‡
 'Σ ΟΟ ΘΕΙΘΕΑΘ ΟΑ ΒΑΤΑΘ 'ΡΝΑ ΤΟΝΝΤΑΙΘ ΡΥΔΡ'.§

Δ ΙΟΡΑ ΧΡΙΟΡΤ, Δ ΡΥΔΙΡ ΒΑΡ ΘΙΑ Η-ΔΟΙΝΕ,
 Δ'Ρ Ο'ΕΙΡΜΙΣ ΔΡΙΡ ΑΝΝ ΟΟ ΜΙΣ ΣΑΝ ΛΟΕΤ,
 ΝΑΘ ΤΥ ΕΥΣ ΑΝ ΤΡΛΙΣΕ ΛΕ ΔΙΤΗΙΣΕ ΟΟ ΘΕΑΝΑΗ,
 'Σ ΝΑΘ ΒΕΑΣ ΑΝ ΡΜΥΑΙΝΕΑΘ ΟΟ ΜΙΝΝΕΑΡ ΟΙΤ.

* "CUIPIMΘ" Ι Σ-CΟΝΝΑΘΤΑΙΘ, Ι Ν-ΑΙΤ "CΟΜΑΙΡΕ," .Γ. ΟΙΟΙΟΝΝ.

† Aliter "ΤΟΣ ΜΟ ΠΑΙΡΤ ΔΣΥΡ ΤΑ ΜΕ ΡΑΟΡ."

‡ = ΡΑΙΡΗΣΕ.

§ "ΘΕΙΘΕΑΘ 'ΣΑ ΒΑΤΑΘ 'Ρ Δ ΕΑΙΛΙΡΕΑΘ Δ ΡΝΑΗ" aliter "ΡΕΘΙ,"
 ΔΕΤ Ο'ΔΕΤΡΑΙΣ ΜΕ ΑΝ ΙΙΝΕ ΛΕ CΟΜΨΥΑΙΜ ΟΟ ΘΕΥΝΑΗ.

O King of Glory who art full of grace, it was thou who madest
beoir and wine of the water; with a little bread thou didst satiate
 the multitude, Oh! attend to, help, and save me. O Jesus Christ who

O Jesus Christ—to the Father's will
 Submissive still—who wast dead and buried,
 I place myself in Thy gracious hands
 'Ere to unknown lands my soul be ferry'd,

O Queen of Paradise, mother, maiden,
 Mirror of graces, angel and saint,
 I lay my soul at thy feet grief-laden,
 And I make to Mary my humble plaint.

Now since I am come to the brink of death
 And my latest breath must soon be drawn,
 May heaven, though late, be my aim and mark
 From day till dark, and from dark till dawn.

I am left like a stick in a broken gap,
 Or a helmless ship on a sunless shore,
 Where the ruining billows pursue its track,
 While the cliffs of death frown black before.

O Jesus Christ who has died for men,
 And hast risen again without stain or spot,
 Unto those who have sought it Thou showest the way,
 Ah, why in my day have I sought it not!

didst suffer the passion, and wast buried because thou wast humble,
 I place the shelter of my soul under Thy protection, and at the hour
 of my death turn not thy back upon me.

O Queen of Paradise, mother and maiden, mirror of graces, angel
 and saint, I place the protection of my soul in thy hand, O Mary
 refuse me not, and I shall be saved.

Now I am in age and on the brink of the death, and short is the
 time till I go into the ground, but better is late than never, and I
 appeal for kindness to (*or perhaps* "*proclaim that I am on the side*
of") the King of the elements.

I am a worthless wattle in a corner of a hedge, or I am like a boat
 that has lost its rudder, that would be beaten in against a rock in
 the ocean and that would be a-drowning in the cold waves. O Jesus
 Christ, who didst die on a Friday, and didst rise again as a faultless
 King, was it not Thou who gavest me the way to make repentance,

Do tápla ar ucúr míle 'r oét g-ceud,
 An píce go beaét i g-ceann an bó-béas,
 Ó'n am tuirlingis Chríost a reub na geataí,
 Go dtí an bliadain a n-dearbairí Reaéúire * an Aitriúge.

Cóm cnaibítead agus do bí an Reaéúire, agus bí
 ré 'na duine fíor-cnaibítead san amhar, ní faib ré
 san meirnead Gaedelaad agus san inntinn áirí,
 agus do bhortuigeaó é ar uairib cum móráin do fáó
 go ró geur anaíad na n-daoine nac faib ar don
 inntinn leir féin. Úioó rin mar tá ré: aét as ro,
 ar móó ar bit, ábrán breáas caíca, óir ir fíor-ábrán-
 caíca é, do rinne ré (mar ir follurac ó fiaónuire an
 oáin féin) am éigin timcíoll na bliadna 1831, nuair
 torais an buairnead air a nglaoótar "Cozas na
 n'Deacmúir" i n-Éirinn. Táinig an ceatramháó
 Seóirre i gcróin 'ran mbliadain 1820, agus do cuir

* Aliter Raipereirí."

and was it not little that I thought about Thee? There first happened
 one thousand and eight hundred [years], and twenty exactly, in
 addition to twelve, from the time that Christ descended, who burst
 the gates, until the year when Raftery made the "Repentance."

¹Mr. Meehan's copy ends with the following curious verses which
 would seem to show that Raftery got his poem translated into
 English by a man named Kelly, to give it a wider vogue. I print
 the verses exactly as they stand. They may serve to show the
 difficulty of translating badly written and half-phonetic Irish such
 as we find in many manuscripts of the last sixty years.

le criochnuáó an aipriúge 7 í beir ro léigse
 ta Ceilíó feltaó (?) i aipriúáó go beupla,
 le buaó bippreac (?) gáíra agus crioairre
 beir as gac duine glacaic a cómairle.

Suibhe doneaó raturín 7 doinead
 don te uapóac do cinne daoinead
 na don beirte upasáó an aipriúge rin deuntaó
 7 cuirim-ra an aetcuinúirí ar tora Chríosta.
 Amen

One thousand eight hundred years of the years,
And twenty and twelve, amid joys and fears,
Have passed since Christ burst Hell's gates and defences,
To the year when Raftery made this Repentance.

Pious as Raftery was, and he was without doubt a truly-pious person, yet he was not without a Gaelic courage and a high spirit, and he was prompted at times to say much that was too sharp against those who did not think as he thought himself. Let that be as it may, but here, at any rate, is a fine battle-song, for it is a real battle-song,¹ which he composed (as is plain from the internal evidence of the poem itself) some time about the year 1831, when the troubles which are called the "Tithe War" arose in Ireland. The fourth George came to the throne in the year 1820, and Daniel O'Connell established the great Catholic Association three years after that; and the Roman Catholics, who were until this time bruised down in the dirt, without heart or spirit, began to raise their heads

¹ It was just the same in Munster, where the bitterness was equally intense. Many of the peasantry looked on the "Repealers" as the army of Ireland. See the poem of "Máire Buiré," a woman of the County Cork, whose songs went all over the county, and who sang [see *Gaelic Journal*, for December, '96]—

Do cuala[r] r'geul beas anoir go b'éiréanac
O fearóis fléibe bí i nDúh-choill

So mbéiré Repealer agur a fóirraíde treuna
Agur congnam Dé o'á r'ciúrad,
Agur an buiréan ro an b'éapla san fíon san fearra
Agur ceata p'leap oá n'p'gao.

i.e. "I heard a little story now, lately, from the golden plover of the mountain that was in Dubhchoill, that there will be a

Dómnall O Conaill an Comh-cuman móir Catoilcead
 ar bun trí bliadhna 'na diais rin, agus do torais na
 Rómánaigh, do bí go dtí an t-am ro bfuighe ríor ann
 ran sclábar, san rporiav san rpreacab, a gcinn do
 togbáil arís. Táinig buaid eua ar muin buaid, go
 bfuair ríav faoi deiread a raoirre, agus ceav ruighe
 i bparliméav ran mbliadain 1829, agus an bliadain
 'na diais rin do bfuir amac an coav obann ríochmar
 ríor-réarib rin anaav na nveacmuid o'icavoir go
 dtí reo leir "na minirteirib gailloa" mar eugavari
 orra. Bí rporiav na rean gaeveal fíor ann rna
 vaoinib. Saoil ríav, mar ir oóig, gur anaav
 sacraa do bí ríav as troiv, mar do troiv a n-aic-
 reaca ríopa. Do cuiread an rop o'a réivav le
 reavib mar an Reacúire Caoc, agus má réar na
 vaoin go vaingionn le céile ar cúl Dómnall Uí
 Conaill, tis linn beir cinnre nár veas an congnaí
 agus an ríorav do ruavavari o vántaib gaeveilge,
 mar an ván ro. Do bí troiv cruavie ivi na
 vaoinib agus na raivivivib i gcúige Laigean agus i
 gcúige Múman, as Carraig Seac, as an Dún, as
 Baile-an-balla, as Rat Ciapáin, as Rat Córmaic,
 agus i n-aiteacuib eile, agus do caillead mórán

Repealer and his strong forces and the help of God steering him, and
 this lot of English speakers, without wine, without feast, and
 showers of bullets routing them."

Her bitterness is even greater than Raftery's; she says—

Tá mbeinn-re faon-las fa tobac geárra
 A'f fá folur bán san múcaó,
 A'c go n-aivé'ainn tráct ar an vream do éráiv mé
 D'eivé'ainn láivir eua.

again. Victory came to them after victory, until at last, in 1829, they got their freedom and leave to sit in Parliament; and the year after that there broke out that sudden, fierce furious war against the Tithes, that up to this time they used to pay to the "foreign ministers," as they called them. The spirit of the old Gaels was yet in the people. They thought, I am sure, that it was against England they were fighting, as their fathers fought before them. The wisp was put a-blowing by men like Blind Raftery, and if the people stood firm together at the back of Daniel O'Connell, we may be sure that they found no small help and encouragement from Irish poems like this one. There was severe fighting between the people and the soldiers in Leinster and in Munster, at Carrickshock, at Doon, at Wallstown, at Rathkeeran, at Rathcormac and other places, and great numbers of men were killed. The bitterness and

And again—

Tá mo fúil leim' m'áisiúir na maḡao fá'n mbán-ḡlar
 'S go bpeicfeao tláe an cúmplaet,
 'S go mbéirfeao uá n-áimioh i bpollaiḡ báiríte,
 'S le fáil áiríad uá uáiríad.
 Ceata p'leam aḡur picíre tpeuna,
 'S aḡur i maolaiḡ b'áiríte,
 Clóc aḡur cmaob i láim ḡac aon-ne
 aḡur mallaeḡ ué aḡ an ḡcúmplaet.

i.e., "Were I laid low under shredded tobacco and under white lights unquenched [*i.e.*, were I dead and being waked], if only I should hear tell of the tribe that tortured me, I should rise up strong against them.

"I hope in my Master that I shall not go under the green sod till I see the crew without power, and till I shall be counting them drowned in pools, and overwhelmed with tall rocks, showers of bullets, and sharp pikes, leaving them in bruised heaps, a stone and a branch in each man's hand, and the curse of God on the crew."

Surely O'Connell had good war-material at his hand if he had been the man to use it!

anger that came upon the people in the course of these years is incredible. They were not thus, either before this time or after it, and this bitterness is evident in the poems which Raftery composed about this period. Here is the Battle-song which he made encouraging apparently the Connachtmen to stand firm at the back of the Munstermen in the Tithe War. He composed it to the air of the old song, the *Cúis dá plé*.

THE "CÚIS DÁ PLÉ" BY RAFTERY.

Rise up and come, for the dawn is approaching,¹
 With sword, and with spear, and with weapon to slay,
 For the hour foretold by the saints and apostles,
 The time of the "FIVE"² is not far away.
 We'll quench by *degrees* the light of the Lutherns,
 Down on your *knees* let us pray for the Southernns,
 God we shall *please* with the prayers of the Catholics,
 Munster's afire and *Cúis dá plé*.³

Lust was the cause, it was lust and adultery,⁴
 —Sins that leave many beneath the sod—
 Why Henry swerved from the path of Popery,
 Who sold his faith and who sold his God.

Catholics, Munster is on fire, and *Cúis dá plé*—i.e., the cause is a-pleading.

² This would make it appear that Raftery composed his song in 1833 or 1834, since the Tithe War did actually come to a successful issue in 1835, and in the same year Thomas Drummond inaugurated a new regime at Dublin Castle.

³ Pronounced "*Koosh daw play*," which means "the cause a-pleading."

⁴ Adultery is a sin according to the Commandments, in spite of which, plenty have been deceived with regard to the case. Henry conceived a liking for it and he raised the schism, he sold the faith

Cuir Wolsey oroc-mún faoi Cranmer a'r Latimer,
 Calvin a'r Lúiteir do éanraigil an t-airctiagal,
 Sin iad an cúigeair o'úgbaraid na mallactan
 O'fás oroc-mear agus ruais ar fadéal.

Tá'n dá cúige múnán ar ruidal, 'r ní ratarao
 So leasgear dóib deachtair a'r cior dá réir,
 'S dá otcargairé dóib congnam a'r éire [oo] fearam
 Deiró' gáirid lág a'r fad beanna réir.
 Deiró' fadil ar a g-cúl, a'r fad teact ar air ad,
 Agus "Orangemen" bhrúigte i gcúmar* fad baile 'gáinn,
 Bheiteam a'r Júry† i teact cúigte ag na catolcraig
 Sacra na marb, 'r an éiríon ar fadéal,

* "Cúir," M.S.

* Sgríobta "ingéiríon" 'ran M.S. mar labhairtear i g-Connact-aid é.

† 'S é "coirte" an t-ainm ceart coitcionn, act veirí an reachtúire "Júry" le "comairte," no com-fuaim, do déanam le "cúl" agus le "bhrúigte."

and power of God. Wolsey inspired Cranmer and Latimer with an evil design, Calvin and Luther [were they] who bound-fast the articles, those are the five of the authors of the curse who left the Gael under dis-respect and rout.

¹(It is impossible not to regret the intrusion of this foolish and awkward verse in an otherwise fine war-song.)

The two provinces of Munster are afoot, and will not stop till tithes be overthrown by them, and rents according, and if help were given them and [we were] to stand by Ireland, the [English] guards would be feeble, and every gap [made] easy. The Galls (i.e., English) will be on their back, without ever returning again, and the Orangemen bruised in the borders of every town, a judge and a jury in the court-house for the Catholics, England dead, and the crown on the Gael.

²From this verse it appears that some at least of the peasantry, even at that early period, distinctly associated the struggle against tithes with the idea of a possible struggle against rents. Very few appear to have seen this at the time, though Dr. Hamilton, the collection of whose tithes led to the sanguinary affair of Carrickshock in Kilkenny, where no less than 28 of the police were killed and wounded, said to the spokesman of a deputation of the peasantry who waited on him: "I tell you what it is, you are refusing to pay tithes now; you will refuse to pay rents by and by," to which the spokesman of the peasantry retorted: "There is a great difference,

Inspired by Wolsey were Cranmer and Latimer,
 Calvin and Luther drew up the articles,
 Five in sooth who made war on Catholics,
 Leaving in ruin the Gael down-trod.

There's a fire afoot in the Munster provinces,¹
 Its "down with the tithes and the rents we pay,"²
 When we are behind her, and Munster challenges,
 The guards of England must fall away.
 Though Orangemen grudge our lives, the fanatics,
 We'll make them budge, we accept their challenges,
 We'll have jury and judge in the courts for the Catholics,
 And England come down in the Cúis dá plé.

sir, between tithes and rents : we get *some value* for the rents, we get the land, anyway, for them, but we get no value at all for the tithes." The incredibly bitter feelings engendered by the struggle at Carrickshock in 1831, found vent in an English ballad, founded on an Irish model, one verse of which I heard from my friend Michael Kavanagh, of Washington, D.C., who was once private secretary to John O'Mahony, and author of the *Life of Meagher*, who was himself "raised" in that neighbourhood. This verse struck me as being so revoltingly savage, and at the same time so good a specimen of Irish vowel-rhyming, that it were a pity not to preserve it. It runs thus, as well as I can remember it :—

Oh, who could desire to see better *sporting*,
 Than the peelers *groping* among the *rocks*,
 With skulls all fractured, and eyeballs *broken*,
 Their fine long *noses* and ears cut *off*!
 Their roguish *sergeant* with heart so *hardened*,
 May thank his heels that so nimbly ran,
 But all that's past is but a *token*,
 To what we'll *show them* at Slieve-na-man !

It is worth mentioning that the Kilkenny peasants who made this desperate attack gave their words of command in Irish, and, no doubt, felt that they were the "Gael" once more attacking the "Gall."

Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, almost the best of our Anglo-Irish novelists, prophesied of the landlords who looked on quiescent during the Tithe War : "Never mind, their time will come ; rents will be attacked as tithes are now, with the same machinery and with like success." "His prophecy," says his brother, W. R. Lefanu, "was laughed at." Long after, one who had heard him said to him : "Well, Lefanu, your rent war hasn't come." All he said was : "'Twill come, and soon, too," as it did.

béiré aḡainn faoi cárḡ pléaríaca 'r cuiseadta,
 Ól a'r imirte a'r rópóit dá héir,
 béiré maire 'ḡur blát aḡur fár an ériannaib,
 snuad 'ḡur rnar aḡur oirúct ar feur.
 feicfiré rib fán a'r neam-áiré ar śacraḡaig',
 ári námaio le fán aḡur leaḡad a'r leari (?) oirra,
 teinnṡeada cnám ann ḡac áiré aḡ na catolcaig',
 'S nac rin í ḡan briadaé an cúir o'á pléiré.

ir iomóda fear bheáḡ faoi an tialt ro teilḡte *
 O corca ḡo h-innir 'r ḡo baile Roirḡe,
 aḡur buadailliré bána le fán aḡ imṡeact
 O ríáiré cille-éainniḡ ḡo "banṡri baé."
 áct iompócairé an cáiré 'r béiré lám maíṡ aḡainn-ne,
 searṡairé an máó ar élári na h-imirṡe,
 dá breicṡinn-ṡe an ríára o ḡortláirḡe ḡo bioirra 'irra,
 seinnṡinn ḡo veimín an cúir o'á pléiré.

éiriréiré ruar, a'r ḡluairéiré uile,
 téiréiré ar an ḡnoc aḡur ḡlacaiḡ buir nḡleup,
 aḡ dia tá na ḡrára a'r béiré ré 'n buir ḡcuiseadta,
 bíóiré aḡaib meirneac, ir bheáḡ an rḡeul é.
 ḡnótócairé rib an lá ann ḡac áiré ve śacraḡaig',
 buailiré an clári 'r béiré na cáiréiré teact éuḡaib,
 ólairé ar lám, anoir, ríáinte Rairṡeiréiré,
 'S é cúirṡeáó óaóib baill ar an ḡcúir o'á pléiré.

* Laḡairṡeairé an rocal ro mar "eilṡte." ir rocal coirṡionn
 i ḡConnaḡtaib é. ir ionnann "bí ré teilḡte" aḡur "Cúairé
 breirṡeairṡar na cúirṡe 'na aḡaíó."

¹ By Easter we shall have revelry and company, drinking and playing, and sport according; there shall be beauty and blossom and growth on trees, fairness and fineness and dew upon the grass. Ye shall see falling-off and contempt on the Sassenachs, our enemy precipitated, and overthrow and defeat (?) upon them, bonfires in every art (i.e., point of the compass) for the Catholics, and is not that, and no profit (?) the Cúis dá plé.

² The Celtic imagination of this verse, and its "revolt against the despotism of fact," is characteristic in the highest degree of the Irish poets.

When Easter arrives we'll have mirth and revelry,¹

Eating and drinking, and sport, and play,
Beautiful flowers, and trees, and foliage,

Dew on the grass through the live-long day.²
We'll set in amaze the Gall and the Sassenach,
Thronging the ways they will all fly back again,
Our fires shall blaze to the halls of the firmament,
Kindling the chorus of Cúis dá plé.

There are many fine men at this moment a-pining
From Ennis to Cork, and the town of Roscrea,
And many a Whiteboy in terror a-flying

From the streets of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay.
But there's change on the cards, and we'll now take a hand again,
Our trumps show large, let us play them manfully,
Boys, when ye charge them from Birr into Waterford,
It is I who shall lilt you the Cúis dá plé.³

Up then and come in the might of your thousands,
Stand on the hills with your weapons to slay;
God is around us and in our company,
Be not afraid of their might this day.

Our hand is victorious, their cards are valueless,
Our victory glorious, we'll smash the Sassenachs,
Now drink ye in chorus, "long life to Raftery,"
For it's he who could sing you the Cúis dá plé.

¹ There is many a fine man at this time sentenced, from Cork to Ennis and the town of Roscrea, and White Boys wandering and departing from the street of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay. But the cards shall turn and we shall have a good hand, the trump shall stand on the board we play at. If I were to see the race on them (*i.e.*, them driven to fly) from Waterford to Birr, I would sing you indeed the Cúis dá plé.

Rise up and proceed all of you, come upon the hill and take your equipment, God has the graces, and He shall be in your company. Let ye have courage, it is a fine story (I have to tell you), ye shall gain the day in every quarter from the Sassenachs. Strike ye the board and the cards will be coming to you. Drink out of hand now a health to Raftery, it is he would put success for you on the Cúis dá plé.

Athas ro anoir d'án níor reirthe, dá mb'féidir, do rinne ré am éigin, roir 1822, mar ceapaim (nuair o'iomparais cuir de na h-earbogaid, faoi rtiúrad 'Dochtúir Uí 'Dúbháil anagaid na "rsoil i rriáir Cille-dara") agus 1831 nuair cuirrad na rsoilte (mi)-náiriúnta ar bun, ath an Stannlaigeac. 'Do bí "rsoilte rriáir Cille-dara"—rsoilte do bí curta ar bun le aighio puiblie, agus do tug teagaras do ceir mife páirte, beas-nae*—ath rearam amac anagaid na Románac, agus ath riad so scailtíoir an bíobla beupla cur o'á léigead ionnta; agus o'oiris riad ann a leicéir rin de rliuge so riad riad, mar oubarit an t-earbog O 'Dúbháil "ath tógbail impearáin, lorgad-croide, agus beas-nae cogaid, ann rae baile beas." Ir corháil so scualair an Reachtúir t'rác ar an scómarile nuair "rsoilte náiriúnta" do cur ar bun, agus nae b'acaid ré ann ran rseul rin acé lán Sacraa ath iarrad buile eile do buala ar an tSean-bean-biéc agus a c'ierdeam do baic oí. Ir oóis gur c'ier reirdean so riad baogal ann so ndenrad na rsoilte nuad ro p'roterpúnaig de na daoinib: ní deapnadar, acé rinneadur leat-Sacraaig díob de'n cmeál ir meara, ath baic díob a oteangad, a rean-rseul, a n-abrán, a sceóil (do bí com-deangailte le n-a oteangaid) agus rae ní eile do bí 'na comarcta náiriúntaceta acá, 'ga b'rágbail anoiú, i pioct nae o'cuigeann an t-aor ós ann a condae réin agus ann a baile réin, na h-abrán b'raega agus na dánta uairle do rinne

* Bí timéóil oet millíún daoine i n-éirinn an t-am ro.

Here now is, if possible, a still bitterer poem which he made some time, as I imagine, between the year 1822—when some of the bishops under the leadership of Dr. Doyle turned against the “Kildare Street Schools”—and 1831 when Stanley established our so-called “National” (!) Schools. The Kildare Street Schools—which were established by public money and gave instruction to about 100,000 children¹—held out against the Roman Catholics, and said that they must have the English Bible read in them and they acted in such a way that they served, as Dr. Doyle said, “to generate discord, heart-burnings, and almost a civil war in every village.” Raftery, no doubt, heard talk of the new scheme of establishing “National” schools, and only saw in that report the hand of England seeking to strike another blow at the “Poor Old Woman,” and to rob her of her faith. No doubt, he believed that there was a danger that these new schools might make Protestants of the people. They have not indeed done this, but they have made them half-English of the worst kind, taking from them their language, their traditions, their songs, their music (which was bound up with their language), and everything that was a mark of nationality; and leaving them to-day in such a state that the youth of his own county and his own village can no longer understand the fine songs and noble poems which Raftery made for their fathers, nor that sweet Gaelic language which was spoken by all their ancestors before them, since the time the Milesians first set foot on

¹ The population of Ireland was then close on eight millions, of whom probably six millions were Irish-speaking or bi-lingual, and mostly taught in hedge-schools.

Rairteiríú 'o'á n-aiṯneacáib, ná an ḡaeṯeilḡ binn
 'oo bí 'o'á labairt aḡ a rinnneairíú pompa ó
 fear Clann Míleiríú ar 'o'túr, ar an oileán ro; 'ḡá
 b'páḡbáil mar an ḡceudna cóm rḡmorta rin ann
 a n-inntleacṯ, nac b'fuil acṯ 600 no 700 'o'poclaib ar
 a mbéalaib i n-áit 4,000 no 6,000 'oo bí aḡ a n-aiṯ-
 neacáib, i m'ocṯ nac b'fuil ionnta anoir acṯ mar beir-
 ead páirtíde ḡan céill i ḡcompaíro le n-a n-aiṯneac-
 aib-mópa!

Tá an t'án ro, mar ḡeall ar an b'ruac aḡur ar an
 treiríde acṯ ann, níor cor'múile le píora 'oo 'deun-
 fairíde áit éigín i ḡCúig' Ulaṯ, 'ná le haḡpán 'oo
 cumpairíde i Muig-Éó no i nḡailim, aḡur ní'l eólar
 aḡam ar don píora eile acṯ cor'múil leir. Ir fiú,
 mar rin, a ṯabairt ann ro.

IS FADÁ Ó CUIREAD SÍOS.

Ir fadā ó cuiread píor ḡo 'o'tiucpaṯ ré 'ran traogal
 ḡo noóirteiríde fuil 'r ḡo noeunfairíde r'léuṯta,
 'oo méir mar rḡríóḡ na naoim'ran mbliatáin an naoi* tá'n baogal.
 Má ḡéillimro 'oo'n ḡḡmortaíri naoimṯa.
 An bailla 'deunfairíde fuar ní fanann ré a b'pao fuar,
 ḡḡmortaíri ré ó'n o'poc-"pounṯation,"
 acṯ an áit a noeacáirí an t-aol ní cor'mócairí cloṯ ar c'oiríṯ,
 Tá an c'airmaig faoi 'na fuiríde nac b'pleurḡpaíro.

* Ir cor'múil ḡo maib an trean-c'airmaingneacṯ reo i ḡ-cuimne
 aḡ an r'eadtúiríe:—

Nuairí c'ailiríear an leóman a neairt
 'S an r'ótanán b'neac a b'píg,
 Seinnr'íro an c'áirneac ḡo binn binn
 'oirí a h-oṯ aḡur a naoi.

Ir cor'múil ḡo mearḡann ré an rḡríobtúirí aḡur rean-c'airmaing-
 neacṯa le c'áile! Labairtear "baogal" mar "baogal" ann
 ro, acṯ "naoimṯa" mar "naémṯa." 'Oá b'p'oiríde ré 'o'á r'ann
 'deunpaṯ ré "baéḡal" ve "baogal" aḡur "naoimṯa" ve
 "naoimṯa."

this island ; leaving them, too, in such thorough intellectual ruin that their vocabulary has dwindled down from some 4,000 or 6,000 words to 600 or 700, so that in comparison with their grandfathers they are mere ignorant children !

This poem, on account of the hatred and bitterness that is in it, is more like a piece which might have been made in Ulster than like a song composed in Mayo or Galway, and I do not know anything else that resembles it. For these reasons it is worth while to give it here.

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SAID ?

How long has it been said that the world should be bled,
And blood flow red like a river ?

In the year of the " Nine " ¹ when the crimson moon shall shine
(It stands written in the Scripture for ever).

The wall that has been built where no blood-cement is spilt
Slips forth from its uncertain foundation,

But where blood has gone and lime, it shall stand through tide
and time,

As a bulwark and a rock to the nation.²

¹ No doubt Raftery is alluding to the old prophecy scarcely yet forgotten, which may be thus translated :—

When the tawny Lion shall lose his strength,
And the bracket Thistle begin to pine,
Sweet, sweet shall the wild Harp sound at length
Between the Eight and the Nine.

Literally. " When the Lion shall lose his strength and the bracket [speckled] thistle his vigour, the harp shall play sweetly, sweetly, between the eight and the nine." In another poem of his called the " History of the Bush," he alludes to a prophecy that the " Gaels would score a point in the 29th year."

² *Literally.* It is long since it was set down that it would come into the world, that blood should be spilt and slaughter made, according as the saints wrote, in the year of the Nine is the danger, if we give in to the Holy Scripture. The wall which is built cold [*i.e.*, without mortar] it does not stay long up, it slips from the bad foundation, but where the lime went, a stone shall not move out of it for ever ; the rock is under it seated, which shall not burst.

17 píoimúide rean an Cúirt do faoileas éabhairt anuas
 ádt 'ré imearaim-re sur níó naé féioir,
 Tá naoim peadar le n-a bhuac asur Cúirt [vo] ceur an rluas
 á'r congdbódaio ríao na h-uain lé ééile.
 áóalethanur 'r vhuir do toparis an rseul ar vóuir,
 asur hannhiao an t-Oét do éméis a ééile,
 áét vóógalat ar mē á'r muais ar "Orangemen" so luat
 naé bfuair amiam an "consecration."
 áó éimise óaoib 'r áó luíde, rmuáinúid ar an mē,
 do émuéais ar fad an cine daonna,
 17 iomúda cori 'ran náoit ádt ní lia 'ná 'ran tpaógal
 'sur 17 beas an éaoi le' bfuiz'mir méióteac.
 17ebél do faoil an easlaip éabhairt faoi ólúge
 áó cur anaóaió * an beata naomta,
 Tá rí i ngeídbionn fíor á'r lúiteir le n-a taoib,
 'S íoc so cmuáio faoi an "reformation."†
 á óia, naé móir an rporit an vream do faoil ár noóóat
 so mbuó éigin vóib a bóta do féunaó,
 á'r uilliam do éionrúain gleó á'r do éuir na fadóil ó'á
 vtreóir
 ní féiciríó ríao níor mó é gleurta.
 Bainfeair clog 'ran róim, béio teinnite cnám á'r ceól,
 Annr fad beas asur [fad] móir tpe éirinn,
 O éainis Seóirre i g-cróin tá Orangemen faoi dhón,
 á'r gan neairt aca a ríón do féioeas.

* "á'r ranntais ríao" ran MS.

† Tá vóil móir áó an Reacúire, mar éiomio, ann rna foelaib
 áro-ólómaéa fállua ro érioénuigear i n-"aion" (= "éirinn").
 Na ceur fíliúde ve na fadóalaib do ríóib i mbuirla muasuar
 na foela ro arteaé ann 'r fad rann, beas-naé!

¹ Everlasting and ancient is the Court that it was thought to bring
 down, but 'tis what I think, that it is a thing impossible; St. Peter
 is at its brink (i.e., by its side), and Christ whom the multitude
 crucified, and they will keep the lambs together. Adultery and lust
 began the story first, and Henry VIII. who forsook his consort, but
 vengeance running and rout [fall] speedily on the Orangemen, who
 never got the consecration.

Everlasting is the court that they thought to make their sport,
 But that court can stand wind, rain, and weather,
 St. Peter is on guard, with Christ to watch and ward,
 And to gather all his lambs in together.
 Adultery and lust began the game at first,
 When Henry the Eighth ruled the nation,
 But shout and rout pursue that bloody Orange crew,
 Never favoured by our Lord's consecration.¹

Whene'er ye rise or lie, think upon God on high,
 And practise all his virtues—we need them—
 This strange world changes fast, as change both wind and blast,
 From a small thing may arise our freedom.
 Elizabeth who thought Faith might be sold and bought,
 And who harassed all the just of the nation,
 In chains she now is tied, with Luther at her side,
 They are paying for their "Reformation."²

Dear God ! but this is play ! they thought to burn and slay,
 But their courage ebbs away down to zero,
 Their William clad in mail, who left in chains the Gael,
 They shall never again see that hero.
 A bell is rung in Rome, it says our triumph's come,
 With bonfires, and music, and cheering,
 Since George is on the throne the Orangemen make moan,
 They run cold in every bone—they are fearing !³

² On rising up of you and on your lying down, think ye upon the King who created, throughout, the human race ; there is many a change in the wind, but not more plentiful than are in the world, and it is a little way through which we might find rescue. Isabel (*i.e.*, Elizabeth) who thought to bring the church under law, opposing the holy life, she is down in chains, and Luther at her side paying dearly for the reformation.

³ Oh, God ! is it not great the sport, the lot that thought to burn us, how they had to deny their vote ? And William who began the fight, and who put the Gael out of their way, they shall see him no more prepared [for fight]. A bell shall be struck in Rome, there shall be bonfires and music in every little and in every great [place] throughout Ireland. Since George came to the throne the Orangemen are under grief, and without power to blow their nose.

Δ ίορα έευρετα ι γεμανν νά πευέ αμ λάρ αν ορεαμ
 νάρ όιολ αν θεαν ο'οιλ εύ αμ αον έορ,
 άέτ λύιτειν 'ρ α όλιζε cam 'ρ αν bυναό έπειρεαρ ανν
 ναέ ολε αν σεαρτ ζο θρυιζιούρ ζέιλλεαό.
 μά'ρ φίον νο Ορανγεμεν νί'λ μαίτ νο'ν έλέιν ι γεαίπ
 'Sa έποτυζαό αμ ρύο λε λείζεαό αζ έίην[nn]
 Συρ ευζόοιρ ρινιαιλ (?) * 'ρ ρεαλλ αζυρ ελινεαό ελαιννε ζαλλ
 ο'ιομπαιζ αν βιόβλα ανονν 'ραν μβέαρλα.

Ευαλαίό μέ μυνα[b] bρευζ, ζο οτιυεφαίό ρέ ραν τραέζαλ
 ζο ζ-ευιρριόε μάιζιρτιν λείζιν ανν ζαέ εύιννε,
 νί θρυιλ ραν ζαίρ άέτ ρζέιμ† αζ μεαλλαό υαίινν αν επέρο
 αζυρ υιύλταιζιό νο ζινόέταιζιό λύιτειν.
 Επειροό νο'ν έλέιν 'ρ νά τέριόιό αμ ήαλαιμ ρέιν,
 νο καλλιριό ριβ μαε Οέ 'ρ εύμάετα,
 'S αν long ρο εύαίό α λείζ (?) μά τέριόεανν ριβ ανν νε λέιμ
 ιομπόεαίό ρί α'ρ βέιό ριβ ρύίτε.

Αλταιζιό λε Οια, εά αν ε-άεαιρ βαιρτελιό ρίαρ,
 'S conζδόεαίό ρέ αμ να σεορκαίό ζάρτα,
 αν ρλιοέτ ι ζ-εαέ νά ι ηγλιαέ‡ νάρ όιολ αν ράιρ αμιαή
 αζυρ ρεαρφαίό ρέ αναζαίό βύρκαίζ α'ρ Οάλαίζ.
 Εά ελαννα ζαλλ 'ν αμ νοιαίζ μαρ βειόεαό μαορμα αλλα αμ
 ρίλιαό

Θειό αζ ιαρηαίό αν ε-υαν νο ζοινο ό'ν ήάεαιρ.
 άέτ ο σεαλλαιζ όευνρφαό α θριαόάε ζαν εύ ζαν εαέ ζαν
 ρρμαν
 λε τοιλ α'ρ εύμάετ ρίζ να ηζιάρα.

* = ριονζαίλ = ούνήμαρθαό, νο μαρθαό ουινε ατά ζαοίαέ λεατ
 ρέιν.

† = αν ροαλ βέαρλα "ρcheme."

‡ "να α ζελιαρ," 'ραν MS. "ζλιαέ" = ερποιο.

¹ O Jesus, crucified on tree, do not see put down the people who never sold the woman who reared thee, on any consideration, but Luther and his crooked way, and the family that believe in him, is it not a bad right that they should get submission. If it is true for the Orangemen, there is no use for the clergy in their talk, and the proof of that, Ireland has to read, that it is injustice, murder and treachery, and the deception (?) of the children of the Galls that turned the Bible over into English.

O Christ for us who died, *we* never sold thy bride,
 Do not see us set aside we beseech thee,
 But they who sing the praise of Luther's crooked ways,
 Shall their impious petitions reach thee !
 The Orangemen assert that our clergy are but dirt,
 Insulting us since Luther's arrival,
 May treachery and shame be their lot who bear the blame
 Of turning into English the Bible.¹

I heard, if it be true, a rumour strange and new,
 That they mean to plant schools in each corner ;
 The plan is for our scaith, to steal away our faith
 And to train up the spy and suborner.
 Our clergy's word is good, Oh ! seek no other food,
 Our church has God's own arm round her,
 But if ye will embark on this vessel in the dark,
 It shall turn in the sea and founder.²

But thanks be to the Lord, Father Bartley is our sword,
 Set fast in our midst as a nail is ;
 'Tis he shall guard the sheep, his clann was not for sleep,
 He will stand against the Burkes and the Dalys.³
 The Gall is on our tracks, like wolves that rage in packs,
 They seek to tear the lamb from the mother,
 But O'Kelly is our hound, and to hunt them he is bound,
 Till we see them fall to tear one another.⁴

² I heard, unless it be a lie, that it shall come in the world that a master of learning shall be placed in every corner. There is nothing in the case but a scheme deceiving the flock away from us, and refuse ye the works of Luther. Believe in the clergy and go not exchanging grass, [*i.e.*, remain on your own pasture] or ye shall lose the Son of God and His power, and this ship that went to ruin (?) if ye go into it of a leap, it will turn and ye shall be underneath it.

³ The Dalys of Dunsandle, no doubt.

⁴ Render thanks to God, Father Bartley [*i.e.*, Bartholomew] is in the west, and he will keep guard over the sheep, he is of the race that in

ní'l rígeadóirí lawn na b'éiríe ná ghréaraíó anóidais a láe
 nac mbíonn as piocao b'reus ar úgdaí,
 a mbíobla ar báirí a méar, as dearmbúgaó 'ran éiteac,
 áct íocfaíó ríao i nveiríe cúire.
 fearí gan maóac gan léigean a mínigear óaoib an rgeul,
 Rairteríó d'éiríe le ar' tuidíao,
 ['s] aoirí go ríaoitear d'é nac maóaoí neac go h-eus
 b'éiríear as plé le leaoíaoib lúiteir.

'Do rígríob an Reaócuíre an t'ríomao d'an t'ímíolli
 an ama óeuna, tar éir an togtá ólúdaíla i gCon-
 daé an Ólárí 'ran mbliadain 1828, air ar glaoó ré
 buaíó Uí Conaill. 'Deir ré ruo airteac ann ran d'an
 ro marí an gceuna, amáil asur sur íaoil ré sur
 peacaí as t-oótmáó hannahaoi anaíao na n'gaebeal
 nuairí cuirí ré a bean uairí ! Ní íaoib don ruo óom
 reairí leir na dántaib rín amearí na n'aoine íoime
 ná ó íoin, asur ceiríom nac mbéirí asam áct an
 glain-ííunne nuairí veiríom go bfuil ríaoíao na n'án
 ro iméigíte ar íao ar Connaótaib anoir, asur tá na
 h-abraín íeín beas-nac iméigíte ar cuííne, eirí go
 bfuil an dícuíge, Condaé Múig Eó, asur móraín eile
 de íoíaoib an Reaócuíre le íáíaoil íór ar beul na
 íean-aoine anní íac áit. Ní tíubíao áct don
 íann amáin de "Buaíó Uí Conaill" ann ro, asur
 veiríom an íann ro, marí tá íráct ann, ar an írean-

battle or conflict never sold the passion [perhaps a mistake for "sold the pass"] and he will stand against Burkes and Dalys. The children of the Gall are after us, as it were wolves upon mountains, that would be seeking to steal the lamb from the mother, but O'Kelly will hunt them without hound, horse, or bridle, by the will and the power of the King of the Graces.

The man who weaves our frieze, the cobbler who tells lies,
 They read learned authors now !—cause for laughter !—
 Their bible on their lips and at their finger tips !
 But they'll pay for it all hereafter.
 A blind unlettered man expounds to you his plan,
 Raftery, whose heart in him is burning,
 Who bids ye all to know that none to heaven can go
 On the strength of their Luther's learning.¹

Raftery wrote a third poem about the same time, after the renowned election in the County Clare in 1828, which he called "O'Connell's Victory." He says a curious thing in this poem also, as though he thought it was against the Gaels that Henry VIII. sinned when he put away his wife ! There was nothing so bitter as these poems amongst the people before or since, and I believe that I shall be speaking only the exact truth if I say that the spirit of these poems is completely gone out of Connacht now, and the songs themselves are nearly passed out of memory, though the "Repentance," "County Mayo," and many other pieces of Raftery are to be yet found in the mouths of the old people in every place. I shall only give one verse of "O'Connell's Victory" here, and I give this verse only

¹ There is not a weaver of lawn or frieze, or a cobbler after his day, that does not be picking lies out of authors, their bible on the top of their fingers, assuring and perjuring, but they shall pay at the end of the case. A man without sight, without learning [it is] who expounds to you the story, Raftery, who listened to all that was said, and who says that to the heaven of God no one shall ever go who will be pleading with the books of Luther.

éarrannsiarad rín air ar labhair mé fuar. As
ro é.

Glóir do Chríost a' r' do Rí na nGrá! ¹

Tá'n éarrann lár, náir éir amháin,
saoil seághan a' r' mártain a tabairt le fáiníde,
's éog hannnaoi páirt leó, mar gheall ar mhaoi.
Cníonfaid an fótanán 'r tuicpíó an bláé dé,
béir an leóman ar lár a' r' ní fanfaid ann bhuí,
mar i' r' fada ó duibhíó go tuicpíó an lá geall
do feinnfead an éilíreac i mbliadain an naoi!

I' r leóir é reó anoir, a' r' déiríó go mbéiríó tuillead
asam le ráó i r' d'aoib an Reac'túire am éigin eile.

Cualair mé níor mó 'ná don d'án amháin ann a
bhuil cómhád i' r' duine beó asur anam duine máirí.
As ro ceann de'n tróir rín do fuair mé ó seághan
O Cearnaig atá 'na máigirí r' goile i mbeul-muilead
a gConradé Muiš-Éó. I' r pollarac nac bhuil ann a' r'
giota de'n abhán, asur go bhuil móirán amúša ann,
a' r' fadoilear 'na díais rín go mb' fíú a tabairt ann
ro. I' r é an t-ainm atá air, "Dán an Tuir," asur tá
ré coitcíoirta amearš na n'aoine timcíoil beul-
muilead. I' r carraig ar muir, an top ro, timcíoil
d'á míle déas ó'n talam asur tá teac-polair ann
anoir. I' r ar an g-carraig donpánais uaignis reo
do cuiread an t-anam as deunam a' r' reac'túir. I' r
doilís a ráó cia 'n uair no cia leir a n'earnaid an
dán. Ní'l mióirí ceart ar bit ann. I' r corhmúile é
le p'pór 'ná le d'án. Cuireann ré ann ar gcuimne an
beurraigeac't i' r rine do bí as na gaebealaib.

¹ Literally. Glory to Christ and the King of the Graces, the rock is strong that never failed. John and Martin thought to bring it down,

because the old prophecy which I noticed above is alluded to in it.

THE YEAR OF THE NINE.

Glory to Christ and the King of *Graces* !

The Rock's our *basis*, the Rock of Life,
 Though John and Martin made hard their *faces*,
 And Henry helped them, to gain a wife.
 But the Thistle shall wither and leave no *traces*,
 In gloom and *disgrace* is the Lion to pine,
 While the Harp shall sound to the wind's *embraces*,
 Long, lively, and loud, in the year of "Nine."¹

This is enough about Raftery, for the present ; perhaps I may have more to say about him on some future occasion.

I have heard more than one poem in which occurs a conversation between a living person and the soul of a dead man. Here is one of this sort which I got from John [O']Kearney, a schoolmaster in Belmullet, County Mayo. It is evident that there is only part of the song here, and that there is a great deal amiss in it ; but I thought, despite this, that it was worth giving here. The name it is called by is the "The Poem of the Tor," and it is common among the people round Belmullet. This Tor is a rock in the sea, some twelve miles from land, and there is now a lighthouse on it. It was on this solitary, lonely rock that the soul was put to do penance. It is hard to say when, or by whom, the poem was made. It has no regular metre ; it is more like prose than poetry, and reminds us of the very earliest poems of the Gael.

and Henry took part with them for the sake of a woman. The Thistle shall wither and the blossom shall fall off it, the Lion shall be overthrown and no strength shall remain in him, for it is long since it was said that the bright day would come when the Harp would play in the year of the Nine !

Ὡδῆ ἀν τῷν.

Ἀν Ὑννε.

Δ ἡλιὸς ὅς ῥαν ἐπλεῖθ
 Δτά σο ὁ ἔλαραὸ ἀν τῷν,
 Σεῖτε ἀγῶν οἷε ἰ ν-ἀνν ἰοῖα:
 Ἀν Ὑννε παοῖατα εὐ νο γεῖτε?*

Ἀν τ-ἀνν.

Ὁ εὐντεῖν ἀν σεῖτε ἰ ν-ἀνν ἰοῖα
 Ὡν σο νεῖνν πορτλόδαο νεῖτε,
 Νί Ὑννε παοῖατα μέ νά γεῖτε,
 Δέτ ἀνν βοέτ α ὁ ῥάγδαῖς ἀν παοῖατα πο.
 Δ'ῖρ νὰς νεαδέαο σο πλάτεαρ Ὡε ὁ ποῖν.

Ἀν Ὑννε.

Σεῖτε ἀγῶν οἷε ἀνν
 Σαν νεῖς σο νεῖνν νεῖτε,
 Σ'ῖρ οὐ ὁ ῥάγ εὐ ἀν παοῖατα πο
 Νο δεῖνν εὐ ἀνν, ὁ ποῖν, ἀνν πῖν?

Ἀν τ-ἀνν.

Πῖς νεῖνν σο Ὡννὰς πο εὐαὶ ἐορμῶν
 Σῶν ἀν τ-ἀνν νεῖ ἀν νεῖνν ἐλαοῖν,
 Πῶι νεῖνν, πῶι ἡοῖε,
 Δέτ νεῖτ† νεῖννὰς νὰ νεῖνν ἀν ἀν παοῖατα
 νεῖνν νὰ νεῖνν νεῖνν εἰλε ἀν.
 Νεῖνν νῖ μέ ἀν ἀν παοῖατα,
 Νῖ μέ σο ἡ-οῖνν ἀνν,
 Νεῖνν νῖνν νῖνν νεῖνν ἐορμῶν οἷνν πῖν,
 Δέτ νεῖνν ἰ νεῖνν νῖνν Ὡ ν-οῖνν πῖν.
 Νεῖνν νεῖνν σο ἡ-οῖνν ἀν Ὡννὰς
 Νῖ νεῖνν νεῖνν νεῖνν νῖνν,

* "Geilt" means a lunatic, but is, I think, sometimes confounded with a kind of spirit. It is pronounced "gelt."

† = "muna mbeῖνν."

THE POEM OF THE TOR.¹

[THE MAN.]

O fellow yonder on the mountain
 Who art being tortured at the Tor,
 [I put] a question on thee in the name of Jesus,
 Art thou a man of this world or a *geilt*? *

[THE SOUL.]

Since the question is put in the name of Jesus,
 Indeed I shall answer it for thee :
 I am not a person of this world, nor a *geilt*,
 But a poor soul who left this world,
 And who never went to God's heaven since.

[THE MAN.]

[I put] a question to thee again
 Without doing thee harm :
 How long since thou didst leave this world,
 Or art thou there ever since ?

[THE SOUL.]

Twenty years last Sunday
 The soul parted with the [evil]-inclined body,
 Under rain, under wind ;²
 And if it were not for the blessing of the poor on the world,
 I would be hundreds of years more there.
 When I was upon the world
 I was happy and airy,
 And I desired to draw profit to myself,
 But I am [now] in great tribulation, paying for that,
 When I used to go to Sunday Mass
 It was not mercy I used to ask for my soul,

¹ Pronounced "Tur."

² Cf. The fine North of England wake-dirge, with the refrain—
 Fire and sleet and candle light,
 And Christ receive thy saule.

Δέτ α' ρζιζε 'ρ α' μαζαὸ παοι ὄζ-ῤῥη,
 Δ'ρ κορρ μο Ὀρίορτ ορ μο ἔοιννε.
 Νυαίη ἔιζινη α-ῶαίε ἀρίρ
 Νί ἀρ ἑλόρ ἀν τραζαίητ θεϊόνην ἀζ ρμουαίεαὸ,
 Δέτ ἀρ ἀν μαοιν ὀρεάξ ἡόρ
 Ὅ'ῤῥζ μέ μο ὀαίξ 'ρ ἀν ἡβαίε.
 Βυὸ ἡαίτ μ'αζαρτ ἀζυρ μο ἔεαὸ ἡόρ,
 ἀζυρ μο ἑαίταρ (?) le ουλ ἀμαὸ νά * ἔμυινηξτε,
 ἡαίηεαὸτ ἀρ ὀιζ-εαὸ,
 ρεαὸ ἀζυρ ρέυρτα ορ μο ἔοιννε,
 Νίορ ἔυρ μέ ρυιμ ἀρ βίτ [ι μ'ἀναμ ?]
 Ζο ὀρααίὸ μέ ζαίρζε ἀν ὀαίρ ἀζ ἔμυινηξαὸ.
 Ταὸ ὀ ἔυαίτ νά ἡύρτα ουβα τεινεαὸ,
 Ταὸ ὀ ὀεαρ μυινητιρ Ὀρίορτα,
 ἀζ ἔμυινηξαὸ μεαρζ νά η-αίηεαί
 ἀν ἡαίξτεαη ἑλόρῡαη 'ζά νυείρμυαὸ.

"Νί'λ ῤίορ ἀζαμ ἀρ ρα ρεαὸαρ,
 ἀν η-αίηεαη Ὀρίορτα ἔ!"
 "Νί'λ ῤίορ," ἀρ Ὀρίορτα,
 ραηαορ ζευρ Νί αίηεξιμ ἔ."

ἀν ρινη λαῶαη ἀν ἡαίξτεαη ἑλόρῡαη,
 'Ζυρ ὀ'ρλιξ ἀρ α ζύναιβ ζεαίε,
 "Ὀ α ἡις, νὰ ουιτ το ζλευραὸ
 νά ἔαρηάιν λυαίηε
 le το ἔομ υαράλ το λορζαὸ"?

Ὀρίορτ (?)

α ἡάταη ἔυρεαὸεαὸ† (?) ἑλόρῡαη
 ἡά 'ρέ το ἔοιλ α ἔαδαιητ ζο ρλαίτεαρ
 [λείξιμ ἔετ ἔ?]
 'Σ ζο ἡβ-ῤῥαηρ ὀυιτ ἡίλε βλιαῶαη ἀρ ἀν τορ
 'ἡά αον υαίη ἀἡάιν ι η-ῤῥινην ραλαὸ.

* 'ηα=ἔμυ ἀν.

† "Perhaps κοίηεαίετα," suggested Father O'Growney to me, when I showed him this, i.e., "attendant mother."

But jesting and joking with young men,
 And the body of my Christ before me ;
 When I would arrive home again
 It was not of the voice of the priest I would be thinking,
 But of the fine great possessions
 I left behind me at home.
 Good was my haggard and my large house ;
 And my brightness (?) to go out to the gathering
 Riding on a young steed
 Banquet and feast before me.
 I set no store by my soul,
 Until I saw the prowess of Death assembling :
 On the side of the north, black walls of fire
 On the side of the south the people of Christ ¹
 Gathering amongst the angels,
 The Glorious Virgin hastening them.

" I do not know," says Peter,
 Does Christ recognize him ? "
 " I do not know," said Christ,
 Bitter alas ! I do not recognize him."

Then spake the Glorious Virgin,
 And lowered herself on her white knees,
 " O my son, was it not for thee were prepared
 The heaps of embers
 To burn thy noble body ?

O Mother, helpful, glorious,
 If it be thy will to take him to heaven,
 I let him with thee,
 And surely one thousand years at the Tor were better for
 you ²
 Than one single hour in foul hell.

¹ I have met many other allusions to the south being the side of the good angels, and the north the side of the bad ones.

² Addressed to the hearer.

Δς ρο τάν εϊλε θε'ν τρόρε ceυona το ρυαιρ μέ ο
 ῥιόμυρμαιρ Ο Concúbairi atá i mB'U'átluiain. Ir cómh-
 riáó é ioiri anam boét ar Cárriais Cáiril Δςυρ brátair
 beannaigste.

an t-anam boét Δςυς an brátair beannuigste.

an brátair.

i n-ainm íora Cníorτα το ceυραó ar an gcroic' Dia h-aoine,
 Cia tura ar an gcarrriais, Δςυρ cao fáé το γευρ-ζολ Δςυρ το
 caoineao?

h-uile oíóce ar mo glúnaib bím Δς éirteaét le το γεύ,
 áct ρυαιρ μέ ρocal ó muipe mátairi το v'taoib anoiú.

an t-anam.

ir anam boét μέ το δι ar bhuac íruiunn, Δςυρ i móρ-δaozal,
 ρaoi érom-ualaé peacaó maribta 'r eaó v'pázδais μέ an
 ρaozal.

nuairi rgar an t-anam leir an gcólainn éuaió ré i látair an
 bheitiú mór,

Δςυρ beiró' ré v'á iorzar anoir i n-írmionn áct muna mbeiró'
 muipe mór.

Crío ioiri-geuóe na maigóine ρυαιρ μέ am le áitmuíge το
 óeunam,

ρaoi fíoc Δςυρ ρaoi fíneaéta ar an gcarrriais reo Δς γευρ-ζολ
 Δςυρ Δς caoineao,

no go bfuizió μέ oíoe-ρaoiróine le h-éirteaét mo ómoc-míanta
 Δςυρ béarpar maiteamnar dam i n-ainm íora Cníorτα.

an brátair.

ir oíoe-ρaoiróine mipe, ar το glúnaib teimúí ρíor,
 Δςυρ innir dam το peacaió ó táinií tó go h-aoir.

ná ceil oim don éóir, bíóó rí beaz nó móρ,

beiró íora Cníorτα i látair Δς éirteaét le το glóρ.

an t-anam.

má gnuóim-pe ρaoiróin leat ná congδais é mar rún,
 bíóó m' am ar an gcarrriais reo gearri no buan,
 áct ρuazriais é i n-áimve amearz na gcneutúρ boét
 ar eagla go mbeiró' riav-ran mar táim-pe anóct.

Here is another poem of the same sort which I got from Próinsias O'Connor, in Athlone. It is a conversation between a poor soul on the Rock of Cashel and a holy Friar.

THE POOR SOUL AND THE HOLY FRIAR.

[THE FRIAR.]

In the name of Christ Jesus who was nailed to the cross upon Friday¹

Who are you on this rock, and why are you keening and crying ?
Every night on my knees your crying pierces me through ;
But I had news from Mother Mary this day about you.

[THE SOUL.]

I am a poor soul to the brink of hell who was hurled,
Under a load of deadly sin since I left the world ;
When my soul departed it went up to the Judge like another,
And would now be burning in hell but for Mary Mother.

Through the Virgin's intercession I found time repentance to make,
Under frost, under snow, on this rock I cry and I quake,
Till I find a confessor to shrive me of sins most grievous
Proclaiming pardon to me in the name of Christ Jesus.

[THE FRIAR.]

I am a confessor, go down at once on your knees,
Tell me what sins you have done since you came of age,
Conceal from me nothing, whether it be great or small,
For Christ Jesus is present and listening to your voice.

[THE SOUL.]

But keep not secret, O Father, my confession to thee,
However long my lot on this rock may be.
But blaze it out abroad unto every other poor wight
That they may never come to where I am this night.

¹This translation, though versified in the unmusical metre of the original, is sufficiently nearly literal.

Δη Βηλάταιρ.

Τά ρέ αναζαῖο m' uirio beannaiḡte focal paoirioin do leigean
ar mo beul,
ní ḡdeirnaḡ é o éuir Cníoirt an eaglaír ar bonn amearḡ
ḡaeḡeal,
aḡt nuairi beḡdear mipe méio leat, innir é do ḡáio,
ní'l don éeangail air-rean, aḡur fuagḡóḡaḡo ré é ar áio.

Δη τ-Αηαμ.

Τά μέ βλιαḡḡanta ar an ḡ-carḡiaḡ reḡ, aḡur éuaḡo na ceuḡta
an trliḡe,
níoir éuiraeḡar don éeirt oim, éuaḡo mo éaoineḡo leir an
nḡaoiḡ.
Beiróinn ann ro ḡo veiraeḡo an voimain aḡt muna mbeiró muipe
móir
Τά euairm ann mo éioiḡe ḡur ḡ'í éuiri éú ar mo éóir.

Δη Βηλάταιρ.

Τά do euairm ceairt, éuiri rí mé ar o'anam boḡt,
ḡeun paoirioin máit anoir aḡur beiró tú ar flaiḡear ḡé anoḡt.
'San áit rin ḡuiró ar ron na noaoine tá do ḡiaḡ ar an traoḡal,
i n-ainm ḡé toraiḡ o'paoirioin, ir éiḡin ḡámra eḡiall.

Ir ḡóisḡ ḡur toraḡ ḡáin fada é reḡ, aḡt ní ḡruair
mé an éuir eile ḡé. Τά an beupraiḡeḡaḡt beaḡ-naḡ
éom mi-flaḡḡmar mi-maḡalta leir an ḡán veir-
eannaḡ, aḡt ir cineál beupraiḡeḡaḡta é do bí éoitḡionn
ḡo leḡr amearḡ na noaoine le céaḡ βλιαḡan, aḡur
ciḡ ḡur mi-ḡinn, ir ríoir-ḡaeḡealaḡ é, ḡe'n trḡóit ir
meaḡa.

Αḡ ro ḡán ḡiaḡa eile aḡá le fāḡail rḡr i
ḡconḡaḡé muiḡ-éο. ḡo rḡríoḡ mé ríoir an éeio
éuir ḡé o beul mīceail mīc Ruairḡiḡeḡ o'n ḡconḡaḡé
rin, aḡur fuair mé tar éir rin na éiḡ ceatḡamḡna
ḡéiḡeannaḡa naḡ. raiḡ aḡ an Ruairḡiḡeḡeḡ ó mārḡain
O Calaoille i n-loḡpur ann ran ḡconḡaḡé éeioḡa.

[THE FRIAR.]

It is against my holy orders to let out one word of confession ;
 It was never done in this world since Christ first took possession ;
 But when I am done with thee, tell it all to some bard,
 For no vows constrain him, and he shall sing it abroad.

[THE SOUL.]

I am years on this rock, and hundreds have passed me by,
 And never once questioned me, with the wind went my cry
 Only for Mary Mother I should be here to the world's end,
 For I think in my heart that she sent you me to befriend.

[THE FRIAR.]

She sent me for your poor soul, and you think what is right,
 So make your confession, and be in God's heaven to-night,
 When there, pray for the people left behind thee, to Mary.
 Begin in the name of God, for I must not tarry.

No doubt this is only the beginning of a long poem, but I only got this much of it ; the versification is nearly as rude and irregular as that of the last piece, but it is a sort which the people greatly liked, and it is truly Gaelic, though of the most inferior kind.

Here is another religious poem which is also to be still found in the County Mayo. I wrote down the first part of it from the mouth of Michael MacRury, or Rogers, from that county, and I afterwards got the last five verses of it, which he had not got, from Martin O'Callally,¹ in Erris, in the same county.

¹ Now ill-called "Caldwell" in English.

muire agus naomh íosep.

nae naomhta do bí íosep,
nuair dóir ré muire mátaim?
nae é do fuair an tabairtar
do b'feairi ná an riosal áirde [ádamh]?

Óiúltaíe ré do'n óir buirde
agus do'n éiríon do bí as dáidí,
agus b'feairi leir deit as treóruíad
agus as múnad an eólaí do muire mátaim.

Lá amáin o'a maib an cúpla
as riúbal ann ran ngráiríon,
meas na reiríníó cúdaríe,
bláit úbla, agus áiríon;

Do éirí muire uíle ionnta
agus énuí rí leó, i látaim,
O bolad bheáe na n-úbal
bí go cúdaríe veir ó'n áiríon.

Ann rin do labair an máighean
de'n éiríad bí rann,
"Dain dam na reiríon rin
tá as fáir ár an grann.

"Dain dam mo fáir dea
óir tá mé las rann,*
á' r tá oibheada míe na ngráiríe
as fáir faoi mo bhoirín."

* "Ann a gcaill" buairt mac uí Ruairíe, deit buairt an
Callaoilead "las rann." Tá mé ann a gcaill="ceartuigeann
riao uaim."

¹ *Literally*: Is it not holy that St. Joseph was when he married
Mary Mother; is it not he that got the gift that was better than Adam's
world? He refused the yellow gold and the crown that David had had,
and he preferred to be guiding and showing the way to Mary Mother.
One day that the couple were walking in the garden among the

MARY AND ST. JOSEPH.

Holy was good St. Joseph
 When marrying Mary Mother,
 Surely his lot was happy,
 Happy beyond all other.¹

Refusing red gold laid down,
 And the crown by David worn,
 With Mary to be abiding
 And guiding her steps forlorn.

One day when the twain were talking,
 And walking through gardens early,
 Where cherries were redly growing,
 And blossoms were blowing rarely,

Mary the fruit desired,
 For faint and tired she panted,
 At the scent on the breezes' wing,
 Of the fruit that the King had planted.

Then spake to Joseph, the Virgin,
 All weary and faint and low,
 "O pull me yon smiling cherries
 That fair on the tree do grow.

"For feeble I am, and weary,
 And my steps are but faint and slow,
 And the works of the King of the graces
 I feel within me grow."

fragrant cherries, apple-blossoms and sloes, Mary conceived a desire for them, and fancied them at once, [enticed] by the fine scent of the apples that were fragrant and nice from the High King [*i.e.* God.] Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was feeble "Pluck for me yon jewels which are growing on the tree. Pluck me enough of them for I am weak and faint, and the works of the King of the graces are

Ann rin vo labair naom iórep
 De'n cómhád bí teann,
 "Ní bainfid mé úit na reóda
 A'r ní h-áil liom vo éilann.

"Slaod ar aitari ó vo leinb
 Ir air ir cóir úit beir teann,"
 Ann rin vo cómhuis iora
 So beannaisíte faoi na bhoim.

Ann rin vo labair iora
 So naomta faoi na bhoim
 "Írlis go h-íriol
 Ann a fiaónuire, a éirinn."

O'úmlaig an crann ríor ví
 Ann a bfiáónuire san máil,
 Agus fuair í mian a choirde-rí
 Slaon-bíreac ó'n scann.

Ann rin vo labair naom iórep
 Agus éir é féin ar an talam,
 "Sáb a-baile a mháire
 Agus luir ar vo leabur.
 So ucéir mé go h-Iairusalem
 As veunam aicrúge ann mo beacair."

Ann rin vo labair an máighean
 De'n cómhád bí beannuisíte,
 "Ní macair mé a-baile
 A'r ní liuríor mé ar mo leabur,
 Ait tá maiteammar le fáil as
 Ó rí na ngráir ann vo beacair."

growing beneath my bosom." Then spake St. Joseph with utterance that was stout, "I shall not pluck thee the jewels, and I like not thy child. Call upon his father, it is he you may be stiff with." Then stirred Jesus blessedly beneath her bosom. Then spake Jesus holily, "Bend low in her presence, O tree." The tree bowed down to her in their presence, without delay, and she got the desire of her inner-heart, quite directly off the tree. Then spake St. Joseph, and cast himself upon the ground, "Go home, O Mary, and lie upon thy couch

Then out spake the good St. Joseph,
 And stoutly indeed spake he,
 "I shall not pluck thee one cherry,
 Who art unfaithful to me.

"Let him come fetch you the cherries,
 Who is dearer than I to thee,"
 Then Jesus hearing St. Joseph,
 Thus spake to the stately tree:

"Bend low in her gracious presence,
 Stoop down to herself, O tree,
 That my mother herself may pluck thee,
 And take thy burden from thee."

Then the great tree lowered her branches
 At hearing the high command,
 And she plucked the fruit that it offered,
 Herself with her gentle hand.

Loud shouted the good St. Joseph,
 He cast himself on the ground,
 "Go home and forgive me, Mary,
 To Jerusalem I am bound ;
 I must go to the holy city,
 And confess my sin profound."¹

Then out spake the gentle Mary,
 She spake with a gentle voice,
 "I shall not go home, O Joseph,
 But I bid thee at heart rejoice,
 For the King of Heaven shall pardon
 The sin that was not of choice."

* * * * *

¹ *These six-line verses are alien to the spirit of the Irish language, and probably arise from the first half of the next quatrain being forgotten.*

until I go to Jerusalem, doing penance for my sin." Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was blessed, "I shall not go home, and I shall not lie upon my couch, but you have forgiveness to find from the King of the graces for your sins."

Τρί μί ό'ν λά ριν
 Ρυζαό αν λεανθ beannuizte,
 Τάινις na τρι μιζτε
 Δς veunam dōmizte vo'n leand.

Τρί μί ό'ν οιοόε ριν
 Ρυζαό αν λεανθ beannuizte,
 Ann a rtabla fuair peannta
 Eioiri bulán Δsur apal.

Ann ριν vo ladair an mhaizvean
 So ciuin Δsur so céilliúe,
 "A mhic Ríς na scapao
 Cía 'n nóρ mbéiró tú ar an tpaogal?"

"Béiró mé Diaμoaoim
 Δsur mé víolta Δς mo námaio,
 Δsur béiró mé Dia haoime
 Mo ériacair poll Δς na táiriuió.

Béiró mo ceann i mbáiri rpice
 'S fuil mo érioiúe i lári na rriáioe,
 'S an tpleiς nime oul tpe mo érioiúe
 Le rpíoealaó an lá ρin.

Tiucpaíó toiμneac Δsur tinnteaó,
 Σaot móρi Δsur fearéain,
 Bainpear an polur ve na peultaió
 Ve'n ngréim Δsur ve'n ngealaiz.

Three months from that day, the blessed child was born, there came three kings making adoration before the child. Three months from that night the blessed child was born in their cold bleak stable between a bullock and an ass.

Then spake the Virgin softly and sensibly, "O Son of the King of the friends, in what way shalt thou be on the world."

I shall be on Thursday, and I sold to my enemy, and I shall be on

Three months from that self-same morning,
 The blessed child was born,
 Three kings did journey to worship
 That babe from the lands of the morn.

Three months from that very evening,
 He was born there in a manger,
 With asses, and kine and bullocks,
 In the strange cold place of a stranger.

To her child said the Virgin softly,
 Softly she spake and wisely,
 "Dear Son of the King of Heaven,
 Say what may in life betide Thee."

[THE BABE.]

"I shall be upon Thursday, Mother,
 Betrayed and sold to the foeman,
 And pierced like a sieve on Friday,
 With nails by the Jew and Roman.

On the streets shall my heart's blood flow,
 And my head on a spike be planted,
 And a spear through my side shall go,
 Till death at the last be granted.

Then thunders shall roar with lightnings,
 And a storm over earth come sweeping,
 The lights shall be quenched in the heavens
 And the sun and the moon be weeping.

Friday a sieve [full] of holes with the nails. My head shall be on the top of a spike, and the blood of my heart on the middle of the street, and the spear of venom going through my heart with contempt upon that day.

There shall come thunder and lightning, great wind and rain, that shall take the light from the stars, from the sun and from the moon.

béir na h-aingle ar fad taid
 ag reinn ceoil dúinn agus aite,
 mar u'fás mé an bealaic méir
 ag síol éada le uil go fíaitir.

Anoir ó dúbhamar an méar rin
 i n-éiric ár breacaid,
 náir fásamair an fadgal
 go fíadmaic méir le uil go fíaitir.

Do bí d'an eile ar muipe agus íoré ríar
 amearg da n'aoine i uorad na h-aoire reo. Fuair
 mé ar u'fás é ó m'naoi-uairil do fuair é ó fear i
 gConrad Muineadain, aic bí ré, mar fadil mé, bonn-
 or-cionn aise go mór, agus níor fadil mé mbur fíu a
 ríaríodad ríor. Aic bur mór m'iongantar, i mbliadna,
 an d'an ceudna u'fíairint arí i gcló i leabair beag
 uib fíadilge do bí ag Mártain O Calaoille i
 n-lorpur i gConrad Muig Eó. Do bí cuir mór de na
 uilleodgaib feudta agus caillte, aic uibairt reiréan
 gur b'é "An Rór Spioradálta," an t-ainm do bí air.
 Ní fadail mé aríam i n-aon aic é, roime rin. Bí, mar
 fadil mé, timcioll 150 leatanaic ann, agus ír uóig
 gur cuiread i gcló é ag na h-eirboggaib Catoilce trí
 nó ceirre fíad bliadán ó roin, nuair nac fíad mórán
 aic fíadilge ag an gcuir ír mó de na daoinib i n-aon
 aic i n-éirinn. Ír coríuile gur le uillad do cuiread
 i gcló é, óir ír coríuile le canamain leir Cuinn 'nā
 le canamain leir móga an caint adā ann, agus
 conairc mé "leat" i n-aic "leat" ann, i n-aic no
 uó, mar labairtear é i uorad-fíor de Cúig-Uilad.

While angels shall stand around me,
 With music and joy and gladness,
 As I open the road into heaven,
 That was lost by the first man's madness."

* * * * *

Christ built that road into heaven,
 In spite of the Death and Devil,
 Let us when we leave the world
 Be ready by it to travel.

There was another poem on Mary and Joseph disseminated amongst the people at the beginning of this century. I first got it from a lady who had it from a man in the County Monaghan, but he gave it, as I thought, upside down, and I did not consider it worth putting on paper. Great, then, was my astonishment this year to see the same piece again in print, in a little black Irish book in the possession of Martin O'Calally, or Caldwell, in Erris, in the County Mayo. There were a great many of the leaves torn or lost, but he said that the name of it was the *Spiritual Rose*. I had never seen it in any place before. There had been, apparently, about 150 pages in it, and, no doubt, it was printed by the Catholic bishops, sixty or eighty years ago, when most of the population knew very little but Irish in any part of Ireland. Apparently it was by an Ulsterman it was printed, for the language is more like that of Conn's Half than of Owen's Half; and I saw in one or two places *leacht*, "with you," written instead of *leat*, according to the spoken language in

The angelsshall be on each side, playing music for us, and joy, as I have left the way ready (*i.e.*, the road unencumbered) for the seed of Eve to go to heaven.

Now, since we have said all that, in eric for our sin, may we not leave the world till we be ready to go to heaven.

Bí cuio mairt d'án ann, aót páraon, ní raib binnear
 na ceapc-ḡaebeilge ionnta, agus í n-áit na n-abrán
 breáḡ atá amearḡ na n-aoine féin, ní raib aót rian-
 nairneáct mí-binn ar nór an b'éarla, san bliar san
 rnar san binnear, amail agus dá dtugtaróe an obair
 le deunam do bailréar éigin do bí san eólar ar fír-
 óligtib agus ar maḡailib agus ar binnear na rean-
 d'án ḡaebeilge. Atá an píora ro ar muipe agus
 lórep com mairt le don ceann eile do bí ann san
 leabhar, agus b'éarfaib mé trí rianin dé ann ro, mar
 rompla. Do bí naoi rianin ann, ar r'ao. Tá an
 leabhar ro clóvuailte ann rna l'itpead'ais Rómánacá,
 agus b'éarfaib mé é go v'ipeac mar do bí ré rḡríobta.
 Tairbeánfaib ré an róit leabhar do rḡar an eadlaip
 Catoilceac amearḡ na n-aoine í dtorac na h-aoipe
 reo.

JOSA, MUIRE AGUS JOSEPH.

Mo Dhia, mo sholus, mo bheatha mo ghradh
 Mo bhrídh ma luadhghair mo lon fos,
 Tamhair dhamh meoramh aoiche agus la
 Orta Dhia gach solas.
 Meadaigh mo ghradh mosnaigh smo bhron,
 Agus foscail mo bheol chum a raite
 Agus tabhair dhamh smuanamh go cinthe ghnath
 Air Josa Muire agus Joseph.

¹ It happened very strangely that after I had copied this poem from O'Calally's book, an old Irish scholar died, and his books and MSS., mostly written at the beginning of the century by one John O'Mahon, in an island on the Shannon, came into my possession, and amongst other things I found the English version of this hymn, to Jesus Mary and Joseph, printed as a leaflet, and bound up with some Irish MSS. There was no date, but the imprint was—"Limerick, printed by S. B. Goggin, 22 Denmark-street, where County Dealers can be

the east of Ulster. There were a good many poems in the book, but alas! there was not the sweetness of the true Gaelic in them, and in place of the fine songs that are amongst the people themselves, there was only un-melodious versifying, after the manner of the English, without taste, beauty or melody, just as though the work had been given to some bungler to do, who was without knowledge of the true laws and rules and sweetness of the old Irish poems. This piece about Mary and Joseph is as good as any other that was in the book, and I shall give three verses of it here for a specimen. There were nine verses altogether in the piece. This book was printed in the Roman letters, and I give it here just as I found it, as it may serve to show what kind of books—as far as the language went—the Catholic Church scattered amongst the people at the beginning of the century.¹

JESUS, MARY AND JOSEPH.

My God, my life, my love, my light,
 My strength, my joy, my treasure,
 Let it be my thought both day and night
 In Thee to take my pleasure.
 Increase my love, my sighs, my groans
 My careless lips to move it,
 And let my thoughts be fixed alone
 On Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

constantly supplied with Ballads, Pictures, *Processes* [!], Books and every article in the Printing Line, on the most moderate terms." Until I chanced upon this I thought, the Irish was so bad, that it must be a translation from the English, but the English, too, is bad enough to be a translation from any language! I give it here as a curiosity instead of a literal translation.

Serios uaim mo chiortha o mo Dhia
 Josa mhilis na duilt me
 Agus tabhair dhamh meoramh, da shior,
 Air Josa Ohriosda ceasamh.
 Air ghradh agus an onoir da naomh phais
 Pron orain na tiolcaidhnadh so [sic]
 Sin a thabhairt faoi do bhrataigh Slan
 Josa Muire agus Joseph.

Gloir do Dhia an Tathair da shior,
 Air a ta me gearaidh pardun
 Agus don mac air mo shon a fuair bas
 Agus dhoirt a chuid folla go humhal damh.
 Agus don Spiorad Naomh go leir na dtí
 Doirt oroin a nuais da Ghrasta
 Ar nairre a bheith go einte [sic] ghnath
 Air Josa Muire agus Joseph.

As ro rompla ar an atcuinge bíor as na daoine
 bocta as dul trío an tír as cruinniú dá b'éirce.
 Cúlaí píosáid de'n tróirt ro go minic. Toruigeann
 an cuio ip mó aca mar ro, no ar fúige corinníil
 leir

Duine boct mé atá
 San biaó san beata,
 San cuio san corpur,
 San duine san deóráid,
 San maoin san muinísin,
 San teac san téadair, 7c.

Fuar mé é ro o p'póinriar O Concúbair i mb'u'á-
 luain do cúlaí as íean-íear uall as íáíáib
 t'ama é.

as íarraí b'éirce.

Tá mé as íarraí b'éirce, i n-onóir do 'Día, o'íora Críost, asur
 o'á íáíáir an íáíáínean ííuie, i n-onóir do na naoim asur do
 na h-ainíleib go h-uile, i n-onóir o'áon íáíac ííuie do íeimead i

Blot out my crimes and me forgive,
 O Lord do not deny me,
 And let my thoughts for ever be
 On Jesus Crucified.
 In honour of Thy passion's sake,
 This new year's gift bestow us,
 That us into protection take
 Sweet Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

To God the Father glory be,
 His mercy still I crave for,
 And to His Son who died for me
 Who spilt his blood to save me.
 And to the Holy Ghost all three
 Their grace and gifts bestow us,
 And our thoughts for ever be
 On Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

Here is a specimen of the petitions which poor people who go round the country collecting alms have. I often heard pieces of this kind. Most of them begin thus, or in some way like this :

A poor person am I,
 Without food, without provision,
 Without portion, without cost,
 Without a person or a stranger,
 Without goods, without hope,
 Without house, without warmth, etc.

I got this from Próinsias O'Connor in Athlone, who heard it from an old blind man at the races of Tuam.

ASKING ALMS.

I am asking alms in honour of God, of Jesus Christ, and of His Mother the Virgin Mary ; in honour of the Saints and Angels altogether ; in honour of the one Son of Mary, who was born in solitude amongst the

n-uaiɣneap amearɣ na n-apal aɣur na noám ː ptabla fuaɣ, ː
 n-uaiɣ an meadon-oioðe, ː n-onóɣi vo'a allur pola ː ngoɣt ɣe-
 remina nuaiɣ tuɣ na bɣaonta uaið fioɣ zo talam, ː n-onóɣi
 vo'n ɣɣiúrpað vo fuaɣi ré ː tɛað ɣiołaiɣ aɣur an ɣioin deiłɣne
 vo'a bɣiɣað fioɣ aɣi a ɣeann nio naomta, ː n-onóɣi vo'n ɣioiɣ vo
 łion e le piantaɣ, aɣur ː n-onóɣi vo ɣɣeapuaɣað

Δ ἔσθ' ἄστυρ ἡ λῆμα
 Ὁ ἐμῶν τῶν πατέρων
 ἡ ὀρθὴ τοῦ κόσμου
 ἡ ὀρθὴ τοῦ κόσμου.

1 η-σηόηη ηο'η ηυαηό ζλόηηηαη ηυαη ηέ αη αη ηβάρ,

Δὲ οὐτ' ἰὸρ' εὖμ' ἱγῆνν' κα' η'-αἰτ' ἡεᾶς' καοῖντ' α'
 λ'ε' ἀνμᾶνναιθ' οὐο' θῖ' ἀνν' οὐο' ῖ' αοῖαθ' ;

1 η-οηόηη ηο'η έαοη αη έός πέ 50 πλαιοέαρ α ιμάεαι ηίλεαρ αςυρ
έηόηης ί ηα βαηηηίοζαη πλαιοίη.

Cuirim faoi bhlígh mó ghribe
h-uile duine déarfad uam véime
mar don le n-a gcuid cúlaim
deó agus a gcuid maib,
Go dtugaid Dia dóib na fálaitir,
'S í an véime folac' na breacad
agus díbhíteoir an námaio fálaigh.

Δη τέ βέδμηδαρ δείης το να βοιότ

τά ρέ τὰ ὅλαια τὰ ἰατρὰ

Do'n Tigherna Dia le h-aghaidh a mairt

'S as leasant ruar * ruoir uó féin

1 ȝcipre Riȝ na bflaitear.

Cuireann na daoine ó a bfuair mé an cúroir mór
de na píoraidí seo ruim mhór i dtadair na déirce.
Rug naé iongnatad dóib é rin, óir ní h-iaó go
coitcionnta, áit na daoine ir boicéte agus ir dona

* "Δὲ λεγόντ' ἑαυτὸν" = "Δὲ συγ. ἰ. ὑπαίρχει." Ὁμοσ-
 ὁ' n mβέαιλα.

asses and the oxen, in a cold stable at the hour of midnight; in honour of His sweat of blood in the field of Gethsemane, when the drops fell from Him down to the ground; in honour of the scourging which He received in the house of Pilate, and the crown of thorns being bruised down upon His very holy head; in honour of the cross which filled Him with pains, and in honour of the fastening

His feet and His hands
To the tree of Passion
Before His Mother
Very sorrowful.*

In honour of the glorious victory which He gained over Death.

Going down to Hell of the Holy Father,
To save the souls that were in it; *

in honour of the way in which he raised to heaven His dear Mother, and crowned her Queen of Heaven.

I place under the virtue of my prayer
Everyone who shall give me alms,
Together with all their care [*i.e.* children and dependents]
Alive, and their care dead,
That God may give them the heavens:
Alms-giving is the cover of sins,
And the banisher of the foul enemy.*

He who will give alms to the poor

He is giving a loan
To the Lord God for His good
And laying up a store for himself
In the treasury of the King of the Heavens.*

The people from whom I have heard most of these pieces set great store by the giving of alms. That is natural for them, since as a rule they are only the poorest people, and

* *All these lines are in a sort of rhyme, and the whole is a kind of metrical recitative. This is the only specimen of this sort that I have preserved, but I have heard much better ones. O'Daly has given a far better specimen in Poets and Poetry of Munster, 2d Series, at the end.*

a bfuil na dánta ro aca, agus i r uata féin i r mó
 teartraigear an déire. Cualaid mé mórlán de'n
 tróirt ro ó fean-daoinib do tigeaó ag iarraidó déirce
 ag dorur gac tige, agus ní raib riao gan a gcuir
 rgeul le cur i n-úimhál dúinn com tairbheac agus atá
 an déire do'n anam. Ag ro ceann ó fean-mnáoi,
 Máire ní gabaláin ó Cátair-na-mar, o'innir do'n
 fear ceutna é, i r uaid do fuair mire é. I r é an
 t-ainm atá air, "Déire na Noctas."

DEIRE NA NOCTAS.

Ann ran t-fean-aimpír do bí lánamhain pórtá 'na
 gcóinnuidé i ngar do Cátair-na-mar i gConradé
 mhúig eó. Bí móir-feirgear de mhúigín aca, aet cuir
 Dia maoin fadógalta cúa, agus ní raib earbuid doin
 nio orra aet gíad Dé.

Buó duine cráibteac rial an fear, agus bí ré go
 maic leir na boctuib, aet buó cruaóctán gan trócaire
 an bean, naé otiúbpaó déire do duine ná deómaide,
 agus 'réir an duine boct o'eiteac ní bídeac rí fártá
 leir rin aet buó gnátaé léi marluígaó tabairt dó.
 Dá otiucpaó duine ionnán obair do deunam ag
 iarraidó déirce uirri, deáppaó rí leir, "muna mbeid-
 ead go raib tú i o'rgairte fallra ní beidteá ann ro
 anoir ag iarraidó déirce agus ag boóruígaó mo éinn
 le do cuir cainte," agus dá otiucpaó fean-fear no
 fean-bean naé bfeutpaó obair do deunam, 'ré deá-
 paó rí leó "go mbuó éoir doib beic marb a bpaó
 roime rin."

Don oide Noctas bí ríoc agus rneacta móir ar an

those most miserably off, who have these poems, and it is they who themselves are often most in need of alms. I have heard a great deal of this sort of thing from old people who used to come looking for alms to the door of every house, and they were not without their stories to explain to us how profitable to the soul is alms-giving. Here is one such from an old woman named Mary Gowlan, from Cauher-na-mart (Westport), who told it to O'Connor, in Athlone, from whom I got it. The name of it is Christmas Alms.

CHRISTMAS ALMS.

In the old time there was a married couple living near Cauher-na-mart, in the County Mayo. They had seven of a family, but God sent them worldly means, and they wanted for nothing but the love of God.

The man was a pious and generous person, and was good to the poor, but the wife was a hard miser without mercy, who would not give alms to man or stranger, and after refusing the poor man she used not to be satisfied with that, but she used to give him abuse also. If a person able to do work were to come looking for alms from her, she would say, "Unless you were a lazy vagabone you would not be here now looking for alms and bothering my head with your talk;" but if an old man or an old woman who could do no work would come to her, it is what she would say to them that they ought to be dead long before that.

One Christmas night there was frost and snow on the

calam. Ûi ceine maic i ticiġ p̄atorais uġ Ċiarbāin, buo ē rin ainm fir an tige, aġur bi an bōro leaġta. Ûi p̄atorais, a bean, aġur a muiġin 'na ruiġe aġ an mbōro aġur iao p̄iō le toul i n-euōan ruiġēir maic, nuair ċualaiō riao buille aġ an toqur. O'ēiġ an bean aġur o'forgiai ē. Ûi fear boct amuiġ aġur o'fiarriuiġ ri ōē c̄iēuō to bi p̄ē 'iarraiō.

"Cā mē aġ iarraiō ōēiġce i n-onōir o'tora C̄riōrt to ruġaō an fēile reo, aġur to fuair bār an ċnoir na p̄aire ar ron an ċinō ōaonna."

"Imtiġ leat a rġluġaiġe fallra," ar riġe, "ōā mbeirōeā leat cōm maic aġ obair aġur cā tū aġ aiġfir pairopeācā ni beirōeā aġ iarraiō ōēiġce anoct nā aġ cur trioblōiōe ar ōaoiniō fiūntacā," aġur leiġ rin buail ri an toqar amaō anaġaiō an ōuine boict, aġur fuiō ri fiōr aġ an mbōro.

Ċualaiō p̄atorais poinn ōe'n cōm̄iāō to ċuġ ri to'n fear boct aġur o'fiarriuiġ p̄ē cia bi aġ an toqar.

"Stangaiġe fallra bi aġ iarraiō ōēiġce," ar ri, "aġur muna mbeirōeā ġur rġriarġe fallra bi ann, ni beirōeā p̄ē aġ iarraiō ōēiġce ar ōaoiniō acā aġ p̄aoġruġaō aġ-curo beācā ġo c̄ruaiō, aōt b'fearri leiġ beic aġ p̄āō pairopeācā 'nā aġ obair ar ron biō."

O'ēiġ p̄atorais; "ir olc an ruō to pinne tū," ar p̄ē, "ōuine ar biġ o' eiteāc̄ p̄aoi ġreim biō, aġur ġo mōr-mōr a eiteāc̄ oiōcē Noŋlaġ. Naō ē ōia to ċuir ċuġainn ġāc̄ niō ō'ā b̄ruil aġainn, acā niōr mō ar an mbōro 'nā beirōear iġte anoct. Cā fiōr ōuit an mbēirōm̄iō beō amāp̄ac?"

ground. There was a good fire in Patrick Kerwan's house—that was the man's name—and the table was laid. Patrick, his wife, and his family were sitting down at the table, and they ready to go in face of a good supper when they heard a knock at the door. Up rose the wife and opened it. There was a poor man outside, and she asked him what he was looking for.

"I'm looking for alms in the honour of Jesus Christ, who was born on this festival night, and who died on the cross of passion for the human race."

"Begone, you lazy guzzler," she said, "if you were one half as good at working as you are at saying your prayers, you would not be looking for alms to-night, nor troubling honest people," and with that she struck the door to, in the face of the poor man, and sat down again at the table.

Patrick heard a bit of the talk she gave the poor man, and he asked who was at the door.

"A lazy good-for-nothing, that was looking for alms," said she, "and if it wasn't that it was a lazy vagabond that was in it, he would not come looking for alms from people who are earning their share of food hardly, but he would sooner be saying his old prayers than working for meat."

Patrick rose ; "bad was the thing you did," said he, "to refuse anyone for a morsel of meat, and especially to refuse him on Christmas night. Isn't it God that sent us everything that we have ; there is more on this table than will be eaten to-night, how do you know whether we shall be alive to-morrow?"

"Suirò rìor," ar rìre, "a'sur nà bì a's òeunam amadain dìot pèin, nì tearcuigeanne peanmòirheadt ar bit uainn."

"So n-a'praigidò Dia do c'poidè," arsa pàrpaig, a'sur leir rin fuair ré lán a d'á glaic d'arán t'òe biad a'sur amad leir a's leanamaint an fìr boidt, a's tui, ar lorig a coire ann ran t'neadta, com luat a'sur o' feut ré, so t'áinig ré ruar leir. Seadairó ré an biad d'ò ann rin, a'sur t'ubairt leir so maib b'ion air faoi a bean d'á eitead, "a'ctir d'óig," ar ré, "so maib fearis uirri."

"So maib maic a'sad faoi do biad" ar ran fear boct: feadairó ré an biad ar air d'ò arir, a'sur t'ubairt "tá do cuir a'sur do buirheadar a'sad; ir aingeal ar flaitear mire, do cuiread cuig do mnaoi, i fuoet duine boidt, le déirce d'iarrairó uirri i n-onóir d'íora Críort do fusaó an oirde reo a'sur d'fulaing páir na c'poidè ar ron an éinid d'adonna. Ní maib rí fáirta le m'eitead sur marlaig rí mé. Seobairó tura luat móir ar ron do déirce, a'ct maivir le do mnaoi ní béir rí a-b'rad so mbéir rí 'na fearam i látar íora Críort le cunrar do t'ubairt d'ò ar an gcaoi ar éait rí a h-am ar an traogal ro. Ní'l mórlán amadici le aicrigè do òeunam, a'sur a'sair uirri, úráio maic do òeunam d'è."

D'iméig an t-aingeal a'sur d'fíll pàrpaig a-baile. Suiró ré rìor, a'ct níor feut ré ite ná ól.

"Cad tá ort," ar ran bean, "an n'oeapnairó an r'póinre rin d'ada ort?"

"Mo b'ion! ní r'póinre bí ann, a'ct aingeal ar

"Sit down," says she, "and don't be making a fool of yourself, we want no sermons."

"May God change your heart," says Patrick, and with that he got the full of his two hands of bread and food, and out with him, following the poor man, going on the track of his feet in the snow as quick as he could, till he came up with him. He handed him the food then, and told him he was sorry for his wife's refusing him, "but," says he, "I'm sure there was anger on her."

"Thank you for your food," said the poor man. He handed the food back again to him, and said, "[there], you have your food and your thanks, [both]. I am an angel from heaven who was sent to your wife in the form of a poor man, to ask alms of her in the honour of Jesus Christ, who was born this night, and who suffered the passion of the Cross for the human race. She was not satisfied with refusing me, but she abused me also. You shall receive a great reward for your alms, but as for your wife she shall not be long until she is standing in the presence of Jesus Christ to give Him an account of the way in which she spent her life on this world."

The angel departed, and Patrick returned home. He sat down, but he could neither eat nor drink.

"What's on you?" says the wife, "did that stroller do anything to you?"

"My grief! it was no stroller was in it, but an angel

flaitear do cuipead éugad i muict tuine le déine
 d'iarraio óir i n-onóir d'Íora Críóir, agus ní raib tú
 rárta le n-a eitead, sur marlaig tú é le ríoc-
 ainmneadaib. Anoir, ní'l d'am ar an traogal ro
 fada agus i n-ainm Dé, suirim tú, deun úraio
 maic Dé."

"Bí do tóir," ar ríre, "raoilim go bfacaió tú
 cairébre no sur cáil tú do cáil, agus nár fóirig
 Dia óir ná ar tuine ar bit d'fágraó teine maic agus
 ruipéar maic as iú amad 'ran tneadta i nuaig
 falligóir (tuine fallra) acé diahal móran céille do
 bí agus ariam!"

"Muna nglacfaio tú mo cómaire, déio aicneadar
 óir nuair déidear tú mall," ar ráoirais, acé ní raib
 don maic ann a cáint.

Nuair táinig Noúlaig beas ní raib an bean ionnán
 rinnéar a réirtead, bí rí boðar agus dall. Oiré
 an dá-la-deus níor feo rí a leaba d'fágbáil, agus
 bí rí as rámaile as ráó "caðair déine déine déine
 dóib, caðair gac níó 'ran cig dóib, i n-ainm Íora
 Críóir."

D'fan rí tamall mar rin go dona, ar pointe an báir
 agus i gan céill. Táinig an ragar go minic acé níor
 feo ré don níó do deunam léi. An reactiáó lá do
 táinig an ragar cuici, eus ré an ola déigeanac leir,
 le n-a cup uirri.

Laró na coinnle, acé múcaó ar an mball iao.
 D'iarri ríao a laró arir, acé ní lappáó an méao
 rplannca bí i gCondae mung Eó iao. Ann rin fáoil
 ré an ola do cup uirri gan coinneal. Acé ar an mball

from heaven who was sent to you in the shape of a man to ask alms of you, in honour of Jesus Christ, and you were not satisfied with refusing him, but you must abuse him with bad names. Now, your life on this world is not long, and in the name of God, I beseech you, make a good use of it."

"Hold your tongue," she said, "I think that you saw a ghost, or that you lost your senses, and may God never relieve you, nor anyone else who would leave a good fire, and a good supper, running out in the snow after a lazy rap; but the devil a much sense was in you ever."

"If you don't take my advice, you'll repent when you'll be too late," said Patrick; but it was no use for him to be talking.

When Little Christmas [New Year's Day] came, the woman was not able to get dinner ready; she was deaf and blind. On the Twelfth Night she was not able to leave her bed, but she was raving and crying, "give them alms, alms, alms, give them everything in the house in the name of Jesus Christ."

She remained for a while like that, between the death and the life, and she without sense. The priest came often, but he could do nothing with her. The seventh day the priest came to her, and he brought the last oil to anoint her with.

The candles were lit, but they were quenched upon the spot. They tried to light them again, but all the coals that were in the county Mayo would not light them. Then he thought to put the oil on her without a candle, but on the

do lionaib an áit le deatac mór agus buí beag nár
 taótac an ragar. Cuair pádrais go dorur an
 treomra, áit níor feo ré uil níor fuio. Cuair
 ré a bean as gairtair “deoc! deoc! i n-ainm
 Críosta!”

D’fán sí mar rin ar feo dá lá, agus i beo, agus
 éluinóir i ó am go n-am as glaoac “deoc! deoc!”
 áit níor feo ríac uil anaice lei.

Do cuireo ríor ar an earbog O Dubtaig, agus
 táinig ré ríor deireo, agus beir fean-bpáir lei.
 Bí ré as iomcár cpoire ann a deap-láim. Nuair
 táinig ríac i ngar do tíg pádrais táinig ríac de
 ppeucánair ionga a nuar orra d’aon ríuair, agus
 buí beag nár baineo ar na ríle ar an ríu.

Tánga ar go dorur pádrais ann rin, agus lara ar
 na coinnle. D’forsaíl an t-earbog leabair agus
 dubair lei na bpaíre, “Nuair corócar mire as
 léigear na n-urraigear tairair-re na ríeagar.”
 Dubair ré ann rin, “Imtíg a anam Críostaí!”——

“Ní anam Críostaí í,” ar gú, áit ní fácaí
 ríac aon duine.

Corair an t-earbog arí, “Imtíg a anam Críostaí-
 áil ar an traogal ro, i n-ainm an aiar uile-
 émaicair do éraicair tó, i n-ainm íora Críost
 o’fulaing an páir ar do íon, i n-ainm an Spíoraí
 Naomh do dírtear ort.” Sul ar feo ré níor mó
 do ríac táinig coirneac agus cinnteac mór, boíraig-

spot the place was filled with a great smoke, and it was little but the priest was smothered. Patrick came to the door of the room, but he could go no further. He could hear the woman crying "a drink, a drink, in the name of Christ !"

She remained like this for two days, and she alive, and they used to hear her from time to time crying out "a drink, a drink," but they could not go near her.

Word was sent for the Bishop O'Duffy, and he came at last, and two old friars along with him. He was carrying a cross in his right hand. When they got near Patrick's house, there came down on them with one swoop a multitude of kites, and it was little but they plucked the eyes out of the three.

They came then to Patrick's door and they lit the candles. The bishop opened a book and said to the friars, "When I shall begin reading the prayers do ye give the responses." Then he said, "Depart O Christian soul ——"

"She is not a Christian soul," said a voice, but they saw no one.

The Bishop began again, "Depart O Christian soul out of this world, in the name of the all-powerful Father who created you——." Before he could say more there came great thunder and lightning. They were deafened with the thunder : the house was filled with smoke. The lightning struck the gable of the house and threw it down. The

eaó iad leir an tóran, bí an tead líonta le deatac. Úaíl an tinn-teac binn an tige agus leas sí í. Táinig an dílinn anuas sup faoil na daoine sup deirleadh an domáin do bí ann.

Tórais an t-earbog agus an beirt brátaí ar a n-urinaigtiú arís. “O a tigeapna do réir ioma-dam-lacta do tócaire deare go tócairead uirthi,” ar fan t-earbog. “Amén,” ar na bráitíre.

Táinig ciúnas beas, agus éuaíó an t-earbog go dtí an leaba. Táinig pádrais boct go taobh eile na leaba, agus níor éiríodh sup fairsil an bean a beul agus táinig fluas dar-daol amac ar. Leis pádrais rínead, agus nuair ré i gcoinne teine le n-a cur oíra. Nuair táinig ré ar air bí an bean marb agus bí na dar-daol imtígte.

Dubairt an t-earbog urinaigtiú ar a cionn, agus ann rin oimtiú ré agus an beirt bráitíre; agus éuaíó pádrais amac le mná o’fáil leir an gcorp do nige, aet nuair táinig ré ar air ní raib an corp le fáil bor nó eall. Bí rporán óir faoi n-a muin-eal agus oimtiú an rporán leir an gcorp, agus ní’l don éintar ar deactar aca ó foín.

Ir ioma rgeul agus cur-ríor do bí as na cómar-rannaib i taobh mná pádrais Uí Chártháin. Dubairt foín doíob go fús a diaabail leir í, anam agus corp. Dubairt daoine eile go fús na daoine maite leó í. Ar éaoi ar bit ní’l don éintar uirthi ó foín.

Faoi éann míora ’na díais rin, táinig an galas breac ar na páirtib agus fuair ríad uile báir. Bí brón an-móir ar pádrais, bí ré ’na donas, leir féin,

deluge came down so that the people thought it was the end of the world that was in it.

The Bishop and the two friars began at their prayers again. "O Lord according to the abundance of Thy mercy, look mercifully upon her," said the Bishop. "Amen," said the friars. There came a little calm and the Bishop went over to the bed. Poor Patrick came to the other side of the bed, and it was not long till the woman opened her mouth and there came a host of dardeels¹ out of it. Patrick let a screech and ran for fire to put on them. When he came back the woman was dead, and the dardeels gone.

The Bishop said prayers over her, and then he himself went away and the two friars, and Patrick went out to get women to wash the corpse, but when he came back the body was not to be found either up or down. There was a purse of gold round its neck, and the purse went with the body, and there is no account of either of them from that out.

Many was the story and version that the neighbours had about Patrick Kirwan's wife. Some of them say that the devil took her with him. Others said that the good people carried her away. At all events there is no account of her since.

At the end of a month after that the speckled disease (smallpox) broke out amongst the children and they all died. There was very great grief on Patrick. He was alone, by himself, without wife, without children, but he said : "Welcome be the will of God."

¹ *The Dardeel, or Dharadeel, is a chafer or beetle with a cocked tail, the most loathsome insect known to the Irish peasant. It was he betrayed Our Lord in the Irish Legend. He is always burnt in Connacht. They call him a "crocodile" in English*

ḡan mħnadoi, ḡan ċlann, aċt vubairt ré “fáilte roimħ
toil De.”

Seal ḡearr ‘na diaiḡ rin díol re a maib aige aḡur
ċuaid ré arteaċ i mainirtir. Ćait ré a beata ḡo
ċraibċteaċ aḡur fuair ré bār doibinn. ḡo vtuḡaid
Dia dūinn-ne veaḡ-bār aḡur an beata fíor-buan!

* * * * *

Tá níor mó ve dāoinib boċta i n-Ċirinn ‘nā atā i
n-don tír eile ran Ċóraig, b’Ċirir, aċt dā boċte iao
ir rial tabartaċ ro-ċroibċeaċ iao, aḡur ir beaḡ vaine
vo díultóċaċ fear vĊirce faoi ḡlac mine no faoi
ċanna prātaib. Vo ċan an t-Ćairi Uilliam Ingir
beaḡ naċ ceuo bliadain a’r dā-fíċio ó foin i vtaoib
na vĊirce i n-Ċirinn:

molaċ ḡaċ don a fliḡe ‘ran tpaogal,
molaċ an ċĊirvo a’r molaċ an ceannuige,
molaċ na mílte a maoin ‘r a réim
aċt molaim-re an vĊirce ‘rí an ċĊirvo ir fearr i.

Lá má bíċim le h-imnibċe ċrĊeċ
bíċim lá ‘na vĊeḡ ‘r mé ḡlaobāċ na ḡcanna,
lá le fíon, ‘r aḡir ḡan dpaon,
aḡur molaim an vĊirce ‘r i n-ċĊirvo ir fearr i.

Δḡ ro vān ve’n tḡórt ceurua vo ċualaid mé ó
ḡrċinriar O Concubair* i mb’l’āċludain vo ċualaid

* O ḡḡrċob mé na línte reo fuar vo fuair mo ċara ḡrċinriar O
Concubair bār, aḡur ḡlacaim an ocáir reo ḡo fonnmar le ráċ ċom
móir aḡur atā an ċaili rin vām féim aḡur vo ċúir na ḡaeċeilḡe i
ḡConnāċtaib. Vo bí ré le paḡa aḡ ḡuinnuḡaċ ḡḡeul aḡur aḡrān
ó ḡaċ don tpaon-vaine vo tḡeaċ tḡé bh’l’āċ-luain a maib a leċċero
rin aige, aḡur ni maib don ruo v’ā ḡfuair ré naċ vtiubraċ ré vām-
ra ḡo rial fonnmar. Ni ḡfuair mé móirān aḡrān uaid, aċt mearaim
naċ maib don ḡḡeuluibċe ċom maib leir aḡ an taoib reo ve’n tḡion-
ainn aḡur tā a lān ve na ḡḡeultaib vo fuair mé uaid le ráḡail
ann mo “ḡḡeuluibċe ḡaeċalaċ.” na flaitir ḡo ḡrāḡ ré!

A short time after that, he sold all that he had and went into a monastery. He spent his life piously and died a happy death. May God grant us a good death and the life that is enduring.

* * * * *

There are perhaps more poor people in Ireland than there are in any other country in Europe, but despite their poverty they are generous, free-giving and hearty, and few are the people who would refuse a beggarman for a 'lock' of meal or a handful of potatoes. Father William English sang of alms in Ireland nearly a hundred and forty years ago:—

Let each one praise how he spends his days;
Let the tradesman praise and the merchant too,
But a Beggar's jovial life is mine.
'Tis a life right fine, I tell it you.

To-day if I frown at my luck run down,
To-morrow I'm calling the quarts of beer.
To-day I may pine, but to-morrow brings wine,
And a Beggar's life is a life of cheer.¹

Here is a poem of the same sort which I heard from Próinsias O'Connor² in Athlone, who heard it from a beggar-

¹ Let each man praise his way in the world; let the tradesman praise and let the merchant praise, let the thousands praise their property and positions, but I praise the Alms, she is the best trade. . . . One day if I be with anxiety enfeebled, I be the day after, and I calling the cans [drinking in the tavern], a day with wine, and again without a drop, and I praise the Alms, she is the best trade.

² Since I wrote the above lines my friend Próinsias O'Connor died, and I must take this opportunity of saying how great a loss his death is to myself, and to the cause of Connacht Gaelic. He was for a long time collecting stories and songs from every old person who used to pass through the town of Athlone, and there was nothing that he got from them that he would not gladly and generously give to me. I never got many songs from him, but I think that there was not a better story-teller this side the Shannon, and a great number of the stories which I heard from him may be found in my "Gaelic Story-teller." The heavens be his bed!

é ó fearn-déirce dar b'ainm fearad O Cataraig ó
 conrad na Gaillime. Ní píora plaetmair é, ádt
 beirim ann ro é, as rúil nac mbéir an té léigfear é
 com píeró asur atá cuir d'ár n-daoiuib móra Gaillim
 le mí-mear do cáiteam ar na daoiuib bocta ro, bíor
 as iomcár málá. Bíonn riad go minic com cráibtead
 ciallmair le duine ar bit. Nac bfuil feallramnaat
 máit ann rna lincib reo leanar.

an bacac súgac sógna.

níl ór asam, níl rtor asam, níl aigeat ann mo póca,
 ádt bíom rúgac sógna sac mairin asur traetnóna.*
 iarmair m'áran ar Ohia a'r ní eiteann ré mé,
 mar rin béiró mé rúgac sógna go teiróeann mo énáma i gcé.

nuair vuirigim ar mairin beirim míle buirdear don té
 do éimvaid mé ann ran oirde asur eug rlan mé go torac an laé.
 téiróim cum airmun beannuigte h-uile mairin ann ran mbliadain,
 asur aóruigim iora Críort tá im' látarí ran bpáilíon (?)

as tóruigeadt mo déirce bíom as rió m'urnuigte ar an trlige,
 bíonn paurí ar bárrí mo teangaó le rió annr sac uile cig,
 ní bíonn eagla rair lóirín oim as teadt ve'n traetnóna,
 mar bíonn fáilte ann sac cig iorim an bacac rúgac sógna.

ní iarmair pluir ná braitlín ádt rop beag glan ve'n tuige,
 asur coolluigim com rólárac asur dá mbéiróim i gcúirt an rís.
 bíom as aipling ar [an] bplaitear [áit] na n-aingeal asur na
 naoim,

asur bíonn m' aingeal-éimvoad as fairíe le mo éaoib.

* O'atraig mé an dá líne reó le n-a nveunam níor binne óir bí
 riad mo fearad.

¹ *Literally.* I have no gold, have no store, have no silver in my
 pocket, yet be I jolly and contented every morning and evening, I ask
 my bread of God, and He does not refuse me, so I shall be jolly and
 contented until my bones go into clay.

When I waken in the morning I give a thousand thanks to Him who
 protected me in the night and brought me safe to the beginning of the

man named Peter Casey from the County Galway. It is not a finished piece, but I give it here in the hope that anyone who may read it may not be so ready as some of our foreign upper classes are to disparage these poor people who "carry a bag." They are often as pious and sensible as anyone. Is there not good Philosophy in the following lines :—

THE MERRY JOVIAL BEGGAR.

I have no more a golden store—this sets the world a-scorning,
Yet I be happy every night and merry every morning.
Each day my bread I ask of God, He sends me not away,
So I shall always merry be, till I be laid in clay.¹

I thank Him when I wake me up each morn, as well I may,
He brought me safely through the night and lets me see the day.
I hear each morning precious Mass, a blessed means of grace,
And Jesus Christ I still adore within His sacred place.

Upon the roads I pray my prayer, my thanks to God I pour,
Good prayers I have upon my tongue to say at every door.
No fear have I the night to pass, exposed to winter's rigour,
For every house will welcome me, the merry jovial beggar.²

I ask no bed, no sheet, no quilt—a wisp of straw lay down
And I shall sleep as sound and deep as kings on beds of down.
I dream of Heaven, the glorious home where angels walk in white,
My guardian angel at my side will watch me through the night.³

²[Cf. *Friar Tuck's* song in "*Ivanhoe*" :—

"For the best of good cheer and the seat by the fire
Are the undenied right of the barefooted friar."]

³Cf. Béranger's poem "*L'Ange Gardien du Gueux*," beginning :—

*A l'hospice un gueux tout perclus
Voit apparaître son bon ange, etc.*

day, I go to blessed Mass every morning in the year, and I adore Jesus Christ, who is before me in the tabernacle (?)

Whilst searching for my alms I be saying my prayers upon the way.
I have a little prayer on the top of my tongue to say in every house.

ní'l meaf ašam ar íarúðreaf, ní bíonn ré buan ná iomlán,
 'D'á tóruigeaét leigeann na mílte a n-anam boét ar feaérlán.
 A'r go leašann ré mar an rneácta faoi éaf breáš na gréine,
 áét béiró an t-anam boét 'd'á bárrí rin* aš fulainš na péine.

Tá tuilleaó ann ran bpíora ro, áét ní mearaím go
 mbaineann ré leir ó éaf. Átá an rann veiréannaó
 'óé mar 'óo tug an Concúbaré 'dam-ra é, aírteáó go
 leóir: aš ro é.

ná feít ar aitérige [ar] leabuiró báir, áét toraíš 'ran am i lárí,
 innir 'óo feacaíó 'óo 'Dhia ašur na bac le rašart ná brátaí.

Aš ro píora eile 'óo fuair mé ó'n breaf ceurona.
 'Dubairt ré go raib tui rann eile ann áét naó raib
 ríao aige. 'Óo glaoó ré ar an nšioa ro "páoraíš
 Šiolla-muire ašur an rašart" áét ní'l fíor ašam
 cia h-é.

páoraíš [mac] Šiollamuire ašus an rašart.

[páoraíš.]

éiríš ruar a máire ašur tabair éuam an t-áear 'lliam,
 Cluinnim crieróil mo báir ašur go luat béiréao aš tuiall,
 feicim an báir aš teáét 7 barántar ršríóóta ann a lárí,
 ašur an 'Díabál le n-a fálaib, le mo áaitéam 'ran teine-cnám.

'Deannuíš an rašart arteaó le "'Sé 'óo beáta a
 páoraíš."

* "Go ríorruíóe," 'óubairt an feaf.

There is no fear on me about lodgings on the coming of the evening.
 for there does be a welcome in every house for the merry jovial
 beggar.

I ask no blanket nor sheet, but a small clean wisp of the straw, and
 I sleep as comfortably as though I were in the court of the king. I do
 be having visions of the heavens, the place of the angels and of the

I seek no gold to have or hold, for riches wear not well,
 And countless thousands seeking it have cast themselves to hell,
 For gold must melt like snow in Lent, before the breath of Spring,
 But the soul that courts it, it must die, a low unlovely thing.

There was more in this piece, but I do not think that it by right belonged to it. The last verse of it, as O'Connor gave it to me, was curious enough, it ran thus:—

Do not wait for a repentance on the bed of death, but begin at this present time,
 Tell your sins to God, and do not mind priest or friar.

Here is another piece I got from the same. He said that there were three other verses in it, but that he had not got them. He called it Patrick Gilmurry and the Priest, but I do not know who he was.

PATRICK GILMURRY AND THE PRIEST.

[PATRICK.]

Rise up, Mary, and go and bring me the priest this minute,
 I hear my death-bell a-tolling, and I shall not long be in it.¹
 I see the Death coming with his warrant unrolled in his hands
 And hard at his back I can see where the Devil stands.

The priest saluted and came in with a "God save you, Patrick."

saints, and my guardian angel does be watching by my side. I have no regard for riches, they be neither enduring nor complete : seeking them the thousands let their poor souls go astray, and sure they melt like the snow under the fine heat of the sun, but the poor soul shall on account of that, be suffering the pain.

¹This translation, though rudely versified like the original, is so nearly literal as not to require another.

[An Sagart.]

bíod meirnead agho, ní'l baogal báir oir 'ran am-i-láeari,
 cuir do mhúinighin i n-íora Críort agho [i] Muirne a mháeari.
 Deun faoiríoin máir agho glan o'anam o [uo] peacairíob beag[a]
 agho móir[a]
 agho go cinnte maearíob o'anam go cáeari Dé na glóir[e].

[páomais.]

ní'l tu ag innreacé na píinní, béiréao i n-írrionn gan máil,
 tá an diaéal agho an báir i láeari—feuc iao-ran éall.
 ní'l cōir o'á nveairnar ariam ná bpeicim go foiléir rghíobéa,
 'San leabair móir tá i láeari an áiríobpeicim íora Críorta.

peicim írrionn forghailte mar mhíir de laraíir móirí beirg,
 agho mac Dé 'na fúirde ar neull líonta le feirg,
 tá fiaónuipir ríó láiríir i m' agho, ní'l don trúil agho le ghár,
 acé má tá cúmaéc ar bíé agho, iairí agho fág óam rpar.

[An Sagart.]

ní'l cúmaéc agho le rpar fágail uir, acé, nio níor fearí,
 Deun ghíoirí cpoiríob-bhíúáirí agho ní baogal uir tuicim 'ran áir,
 mar béairíob míre maíreáiríir uir i n-áinn íora Críorta,
 Do fuairí báir ar ron peacairí iomláin an éiríob óaonna.

Ag ro áiríán diaéa eile do fuairí mé ó'n gConcúb-
 naé do éualairí é ag rean-mháoi do ruagáir 'r do tóg-
 baó i lár condaé Muig-Éó. Do rghíob mé cuirí de
 o béal rean-mhá i n-áice le fíor i gcondaé na ghail-
 líníe mar an gceáona. Torairíeann ré marí torairíear
 an t-áiríán rár-áirííghé rín Seagán O Duiríir an
 ghleanna, acé ír eugraííail ar fao an cuirí eile dé.
 Tá ré truaillíghé go móir, agho ír truaí náé bfuil
 ré i gceairí agho ann ro. Do éualairí mé an éuio
 rann dé reó cúig bliáona déag ó foim ag fearí óg
 áluinn lúíímar láiríir, do caraó oim ar fííab, i gcondaé
 áirííairí. Ír marí ro do bí ré áige.

[THE PRIEST.]

Keep a good courage, Patrick, there's no fear of death at this moment,

Put your trust in Mary Mother and in Christ's blessed atonement.

Of your sins great and small make a good confession before me.

And your soul shall mount certainly to the city of God to glory.

[PATRICK.]

O Father, that is not true, for it is hell is before me

The Death and the Devil I see them stand in the doorway.

Every crime I committed, each thought that had sinful bias

I see in the Arch-Brehon's book, Jesus Christ's, who shall try us.

Hell I see opened like a wall of great red fierce fire.

And the Son of God on a cloud with a face of ire,

And witnesses too strong against me, and no hope of grace ;

Oh, if you can, Father, ask respite for one little space.

[THE PRIEST.]

I have no power of respite, but better by far,

Make an act of contrition and fear not where devils are,

In the name of Christ Jesus forgiveness to thee I am giving,

Who died for the sins of the entire world of the living.

Here is another religious poem that I got from O'Connor who heard it from an old woman who was born and bred in the middle of the County Mayo. I wrote down some of it from an old woman in the County Galway also. It begins like the well-known song "Shawn O'Dwyer a' glanna," but the rest of it is completely different. It is very much mutilated, and it is a pity we have not got it right, here. I heard the first verse of this fifteen years ago from a young, handsome, vigorous man, that I met upon a mountain in the county Kerry. Here is how he had it.

Éirteó liom le real ašur
inneórad uuit cia cailleadó,
Seáđan O Duibhí an ġleanna
San tpiáct ar a *ghama*.

Maí euaidó anoir a éapall
A éoin a ġadairi 'r a laéain
So uoinn* faoi émé u'á ġcáptadó,
ní'l fíor cá 'r ġad an t-anam
bí i n-ámuġ ġeal a éléib.

Óeí Seáđan O Dálaiġ ġur uine uar u'ainm
Uairíin i Maġ-Ealla i ġconuac Corcaíġ uo rinne an
uán ro i uotracé. Má 'r fíor rin ir fuo airtead é
cuio ué u'fáđail aġ rean-mnáoi éoin faua rin ó ait a
úeunta. Aġ ro maí uo bí ré aici-rí.

seáđan o duibhí an ġleanna.

Éirtigíó liom fearra
A'r innreócao uaoib cia cailleadó,
'sé Seáđan mac Dairi a' ġleanna
Ašur ġan áipeam ar a réim.†

Tá a éú, a ġadairi, 'r a éapaili,
's a éeann so uoinn i ualaim,
Ašur ġan fíor cá 'r ġad an t-anam
bí i n-ámuġ ġeal a éléib.

Ir caoin ciúin an éladairie [an] uár,
Ašur ir caoin a bíúear a éeangá
ar nóí an tpaogail-re maib ‡
A'r ġan cúntar ar rġeul.ġ

Adt anoir ó támaoiu le rreagairt
So maib oíriainn ġpiáó an tpađairt:

* Uo labairi ré an focail ro maí "so uaiġin" "*dine*." Labairi-
éeari maí *down* i ġConnaétauib é.

† "Ar a ġein," uubairt rí.

Listen to me for a while
 And I shall tell you who was lost [*i.e.*, died]
 John O'Dwyer of the Glen,
 With no talk his of game,

How now his horses went
 And his dogs, his hounds, and his ducks,
 Deep under clay, cast out,
 There is no knowledge of where the soul went
 That was in the bright dwelling of his breast.

John O'Daly says it was a man named Warren, in Mallow, in the County Cork, who first composed this poem, If this is true it is curious to find some of it so far from the place of its composing. Here is how the old woman had it :—

JOHN O'DWYER OF THE GLEN.

Come round and listen all, and
 I'll tell you who has fallen,
 'Tis John O'Dwyer a' glanna
 Whose state was of the best.

His dogs, his hounds, his horses,
 And he himself are corpses,
 But where is now the soul gone
 That housed in that white breast?

Death is a coward sneaking,
 He comes upon us creeping,
 He falls upon us sleeping,
 A cold unwelcome guest.

But now, since we must answer,
 Let us receive the clergy,

‡ “An nóir na taoḡaile” oibdaíte rí.

§ “No an cúntaib na rḡeul,” oibdaíte rí. ní cúigim go maite rín.

Δξυρ αη υαηη άη ηβάηη ηα η-αηηγλε
 ζο η-άηηηηηό ηηαο άη η-αηηη
 ζυαη ζο ηαοάηε ηα θηηαίηεαη
 ι ζοόηηηαοαη ηα ηαοηη.

[Δέη] αεηη ζιόηη όηηη-ηε α αέηηη
 τά ζο αήηαέηαέ αηη ηαη θηηαίηεαη,
 ηη ηυαη ηίσηηηηόε έ αη η-αηηη
 Όο θαιη ηυ ηεαη ό'η ηαοζαη.*

ηη ηυ έεαη ζαέ ηηό τά 'η αεαηό
 [Όο] έηηη αη η-αέηη 'η αη ηαηαή,
 Δξυρ έηη ηόηηηη ηα ηεηηα ζεαηα†
 ηαη ηοιηηε αη αη ηηέηη.

ηη ηεαη ηε ηάο ηα ηεαέα
 Δξυρ έηη ζέ τόηη ηηηε ηεαέα,
 Όο έηαηό αη ήζοαηη ηαηηε
 Αη ηηεηηαήη αηαέ α ηέηηη.

ηηαηη έηη ζηηαη‡ αη ηηαήηαηό έαηηηη
 ζο ζεηηηηηηό α ζεηηη ηεαηα
 ηαη ητόηη ι ζοόηηηη α έαηηηε
 ζαη ηγεηηηεαήη τόηη ηέηη.

'ς ιαο ηεέη ηα η-ηηηηηηεαό ηηόηηη,
 ηάηη όηηηηαηη ηηαή αη ηηαβαηη,
 Αη ηαηηηεαη ηηάηαέ έαηηεαέ.
 [ηη ι ηάέηηη ηηηε Όέ.]

ηάηη έαηη ηίσηα ηηόηη ηά ηαηα
 ηά ηόηη αη ηηέ ό'η ηεαέηηη||
 Α'η ζο θηηαηη ηη αήηαέη α'η έαηηεαήη
 έαη ηηηάηη εηηε αη ηηαοζαη.

[΄ζέ] ηόηη αηίσηη άη η-αέηηη
 Όο έαηη ηηη ηάηηη 'ηα|| ηεαηη,
 [Αη ηση αη ηηαοζαη ηαη] ηεαηηηη
 ι η-άηηηη ζεαη α έηηηη.

* "Λε η-αηηε αη αη ηαοζαη" ηηθαιηηε ηη, ηηηη ηαέ ηεηηηηη.

† "ηα ηεηηα ζαέ όηόέ" ηηθαιηηε ηη.

‡ "ζηηαη θηηηε."

And at our death may angels
 Raise up our souls in ransom,
 To dwell with Christ in heaven
 Where the saints are at rest.¹

But a thousand glories to thee O Father
 Who art powerful in the heavens,
 Enduring and eternal is the soul
 Thou tookest with Thee from the world.

It is Thou didst shape each thing that was shapen,
 Who didst create the air and the earth,
 And gavest us the bright stars
 As a light in the sky.

The bees are little to mention
 Yet He gave them their way of life,
 Who went to good authors [teachers]
 To make out their learning.

When comes the sun of the shining summer
 Sure they gather their share of honey
 As a store for using
 In the winter for themselves.

They are the people of the prayers whom I praise
 Who never refused the scapular.
 The flowery chalk-white Virgin
 She is the Mother of the Son of God.

Who never wore silk or satin or hat
 Or any kind [of thing purchased] from the city,
 And yet she got power and splendour
 Beyond [all] other women of the world.

Jesus Christ is our Father
 Who spent three-quarters-of-a-year a child
 For the sake of the world, as I believe,
 In the bright dwelling of her breast.

|| "πάρι δαίτ céimbhric na ríosa i lár an ghéimhíúó gúimh ríóí no
 hatadó no rógit ar bíit oaoi ó'n gcádaí" uubáitit rí.

¶ "máir gac leantb."

¹ This much, versified, is sufficient to show the metric of the original.

no go muḡaḡó é go deaib*
 i mainpéar ruar an aḡail,
 ḡan ruaiḡnnear ḡan doibnear
 ḡan veire ar biḡ ḡan aéir.†

Δ χρίοταιῖς [ῖ ῥ α εάιῖοε]
 ḡlacaiḡiḡó ḡún pearth
 leir na neitib ḡinne an leand
 tḡrát éúḡilḡiḡz ré ar an talam
 le ḡrátó uúinn-ne go léir;

nuair éáinḡz re 'nuar‡ i bpearraim
 níor ḡlac ré "léar" ar talam
 ní óeááir i bḡiaḡáḡ le marcaiḡ'
 níor ḡḡáḡáḡz aḡiam cluitḡe
 níor ḡuirḡ aḡ cúḡit ná halla,
 ná i utiḡ-óḡta aḡ ól leanna,
 áḡḡ [an] ḡíor-uirḡe caél.

As ro píora ó ðeul-muiléaḡo ḡiar i ḡconḡaḡé muiḡ-
 eó, 'o ruair mé ó mḡac Uí Cḡarḡnaiḡz, máḡḡirḡir ḡḡoile
 ann ran áit rin. Ir polluráḡ naḡ ḡruil ann áḡḡ bloḡ,
 aḡur go ḡruil cuirḡ de'n píora tḡruailḡiḡḡe aḡur cuirḡ
 ué caillte.

seandus na n-aitḡeáḡ naomḡa.

An ḡcualairḡ ḡib reanáḡur na n-aitḡeáḡ naomḡa
 no an páir mór u'ḡulainḡ íora Cḡríorḡa?
 'Sé ḡáḡáil Siol éaḡa ar na móir-ḡianḡaib,
 ar íḡḡionn paláḡ na noeáḡan ḡíorḡuirḡe.

[mac 'Dé.]

"naḡ móir an tḡruaḡz Δ utiucḡairḡ 'ῖ Δ utáinḡz
 'o leiḡean go h-íḡḡionn ar deaḡán áḡḡair,
 Δ áḡair caḡ é an uair no an móir-ḡáḡaḡ
 'o ḡlacḡá ar iomlán ḡíl-euḡa 'o ḡáḡáil.

* "Deaib" focal Muirḡneáḡ=boḡḡ.

† "ḡan doibinn veir no aéir" uḡḡairḡe ḡí.

‡ "Cuairḡ ré ruar," uḡḡairḡe ḡí.

Till He was born poor
 In the cold manger of the ass,
 Without rest, without happiness,
 Without any comfort, without air.

O Christians and friends
 Make a resolve in future
 [To follow] the things the Child did,
 When He descended on the earth
 With love for us altogether.

When He came down in person
 He took no lease of land,
 He did not go to the hunt with the riders,
 He did not ever love games,
 He never sat at court or hall,
 Or in the tavern drinking ale,
 But the thin spring-water.

Here is a piece from Belmullet in the west of the County Mayo which I got from O'Kearney, a schoolmaster there. It is evident that it is only a fragment, and that some of it is corrupt and the rest lost :—

THE HISTORY OF THE HOLY FATHERS.

Have you heard of the offer that Christ once offered,
 Have you heard of the passion that Jesus suffered,
 To save the race of Eve from burning,
 From hell and the devil and pains eternal ?¹

[THE SON OF GOD.]

“ Must all who have come or shall come go shiver,
 For cause so trifling, in hell for ever ?
 O Father what price or what satisfactions
 May save the race from their sinful actions ? ”²

¹ *Literally* : Have you heard the history of the holy fathers, or the great Passion which Jesus Christ suffered, it was He who saved the race of Eve from their great pains, from foul hell, of the eternal demons.

² “ Is it not great the pity, all who shall come or have come, to let them to hell for a little cause ? O Father what is the reward or the

[Ἰδ.]

ἢ ἕλκεται δὸν οὐαίρ ἄν βίε νά μόν-πάραθ
 ἄν ῥον ῥιολ εὐδα υἷε το πάδαιλ,
 ἀέτ ρυλ ἡνι ριζ, ζαν εὐίρ ζαν εἰν [ἀνν]
 το ὁόρταθ ρυλ ἄ θρῦξρὶο ριὰο ράριον.

[ἡνι ὁέ.]

“Ὁ ἄεταρ καίτρὶο το ῥιν πάδαίλ, ἄρ ράιτε,
 ζο θρῦξρὶο ριὰο μαίτεαῖνναρ ἄζυρ ζῆράα,”
 ἄζυρ εὐαίρ ρέ ἀνν ῥιν ὁ ζάριον ράριταρ
 ἄζυρ λείζ ρέ ὁέ ρέιν* ἀν ράιρ ἀνν.

ἡνιρ βί ρέ κυρ ρολα ὁἰ ἡλαίρὸ' βάνα
 εἰνιζ εὐίρ ἄρ ρεαυαί. “ταρ εὐζαίρ ἀ ζῆράθ ζίλ.”
 “ζο[?] το ὁότταρ μόν ἄ ρεαυαί,
 σευρταίρ το θευλ μέ
 τῆι ἡ-υαίρ ροιῖν μαίριν.”
 ἀνν ῥιν ζοίλ ρεαυαί
 ἄζυρ εὐίρ, ζο κῆρτα.

ἡνι μαίρ νάρι ζοίλ ἡνι ὁέ ὁ βυθ αἷζε βί ἀόδαρ,
 “τά μο ἐρῶντε ἄν κῆτ ἄρ μο ζυαλαίρ ἄ' ῥζάιναθ.
 λε μέαο ἀν ῥεῖρτα ζεαδαρ μέ ἀμάρτα.”

[Ἰδ.]

“Ὁ ἄ ἡνι, νάρι ζεαίλ το ρυλαίρ?”

[ἡνι ὁέ.]

“ζεαίλταρ ἄ ἀεταρ ἄζυρ καίτρεαο ἄ θευαῖν.”

ἄζ ρο ὁάν θεαζ ρίρ-ῖμπλῖο το ρυαίρ μέ ὁ ῥεαν-
 ῖοδαίρ ὁαίλ το βί ἰ ζ-κονταέ ῥορκομῖν.

*“λείζ ρε το δὸν” οὐδαίρ ἀν ρεαρ ἄζυρ “ζο ζάριον.”

great satisfaction which thou wouldst take to save the whole of the race of Eve?

I shall not take any reward at all or great satisfaction for saving the entire race of Eve, but the blood of the Son of a King, without grime, without spot, to be poured out before they shall find pardon.

[GOD.]

I shall take no price nor no satisfactions
 To save the race from their sinful actions,
 But a King's son's blood who is guiltless and stainless,
 For that alone may I hold them blameless.

[THE SON OF GOD.]

"Thou shalt have it, and welcome, O King of Heaven,
 That the race by Thy grace may be all forgiven,"
 Then Christ went down out of Paradise Garden
 And suffered the Passion to gain us pardon.

* * * * *

When he was pouring blood from His white brows
 John came, and Peter, "Come to me bright love,"
 "For all thy great confidence O Peter
 Thy mouth shall deny Me
 Three times before morning,"
 Then Peter wept
 And John, sorrowfully.
 Is it not well the Son of God did not weep, since it was He
 had the cause [for it] !
 "My heart is shaking and My shoulders bursting
 With all the rending I shall get to-morrow."

[GOD.]

"O Son didst thou not promise to suffer?"

[THE SON OF GOD.]

"I did, O Father, and I must do it."

Here is a very simple little poem that I got from an old
 blind piper in the County Roscommon.

"O Father you must get that and welcome, till they shall get
 forgiveness and grace." And then He went from the garden of
 Paradise, and assumed (?) the Passion upon Himself—[*Literally* :
 "laid the Passion off Himself," and this would make sense if the
 reading so "to the garden" be right, only the lines must then be
 misplaced.]

Ὁ ΔΑ ΜΒΕΙΘΙΝΝ-ΣΕ 'ΣΑ 'ΘΡΛΑΙΤΕΑΣ.

Ὁ ΔΑ ΜΒΕΙΘΙΝΝ-ΣΕ 'ΡΑΝ ΘΡΛΑΙΤΕΑΡ ΝΑΗ ΘΡΕΑΣ ΜΟ ΡΣΕΥ
 ΝΟ ΑΜΕΑΡΣ ΝΑ Ν-ΕΑΡΒΑΛ ΝΑ Ν-ΑΙΝΓΙΟΛ Δ'Ρ ΝΑ ΝΑΟΗ,
 ΔΣ ΤΑΒΑΙΡΤ ΜΟΛΑΘ ΔΣΥΡ ΒΥΙΘΕΑΔΑΙΡ ΟΟ ΔΟΝ ΗΝΑC ὉΕ,
 ΔΣΥΡ ΣΙΛΙΗ ΝΑ ΘΡΛΑΙΤΕΑΡ ΣΟ ΘΡΑΓΑΙΘ ΡΙΟΛ ΕΑΘ'.

'S ΣΥΗ ΡΕΑCΑC ΒΟCΤ ΜΙΡΕ ΕΥΑΙΘ Ι ΟΥΡΕΑΡ* ΔΗ ὉΙΑ
 ΛΕ ΡΜΥΑΙΝΤΕΑΔΑΙΘ ΜΑΛΛΑCΤΑΙΘ ΔΣΥΡ ΑΝ-ΤΟΙΛ ΑΝ ΤΡΑΟΞΑΙΛ,
 ΤΑ ΡΥΙΛ ΔΣΑΜ ΛΕ ΜΥΙΡΕ Δ'Ρ ΛΕ ΡΙΣ ΣΕΑΛ ΝΑ ΝΣΗΑΡΤΑ
 ΣΟ ΛΕΑΡΟCΑΙΘ ΜΕ Μ'ΑΝΑΜ 'Ρ Δ ΘΡΥΙΛ ΡΟΗΝΑΜ ΟΕ Μ' ΡΑΟΞΑΛ.

ΡΕΙCΡΙΜΙΟ ΡΕΑΘΑΗ ΔΣΥΡ ΡΕΙCΡΙΜΙΟ ΡΟΛ
 ΡΕΙCΡΙΜΙΟ ΜΑΡCΥΡ Δ'Ρ ΡΕΙCΡΙΜΙΟ ΕΘΗ,
 CΙΘΡΙΜΙΟ ΝΑ Η-ΕΑΡΒΑΙΛ 'Ρ ΝΑ Η-ΑΙΝΓΙΕ ΣΟ ΛΕΘΗ,
 Δ'Ρ ΜΑ ΕΡΕΙΣΙΘ ΡΙΘ ΑΝ ΡΕΑCΑΘ ΟΟ ΣΕΟΒΑΙΘ ΡΙΘ ΑΝ ΣΙΛΙΗ

ΕΥΑΛΑΙΘ ΜΕ ΤΗ ΡΑΙΝΝ ΕΙΛΕ ΟΕ'Ν ΡΙΟΡΑ CΕΥΘΝΑ Ο
 ΗΔΑΡΤΑΙΝ Ο CΑΛΛΑΟΙΛΕ Ι Ν-ΙΟΡΡΥΡ Ι ΣCΟΝΟΔΕ ΜΥΙΣ ΕΘ,
 ΜΑΗ ΛΕΑΝΑΡ.

ΑΝ ΣCΛΥΙΝΝ ΡΙΘ ΜΙΡΕ Δ ΕΛΑΝΝ ΔΘΔΑΙΗ ΔΣΥΡ ΕΑΘ
 ΝΑ ΟΕΥΝΑΙΘ ΑΝ ΡΕΑCΑΘ, ΜΑ'Ρ ΔΙΛ ΛΙΘ Ε.
 ΔCΤ ΟΕΥΝΑΙΘ ΘΥΗ ΘΡΑΟΙΡΟΙΝ ΣΟ Η-ΥΗΑΛΙ ΛΕΙΡ ΑΝ ΣCΛΕΙΗ,
 'S ΣΥΗ Β'Ε ΡΙΛΑΙΝΤΕ ΑΝ ΑΝΑΜ' ΑΝ ΤCΑCΡΑΙΜΕΙΟ.

CΑCΡΑΙΜΕΙΟ ΘΕΑΝΝΥΙΣΤΕ Δ ΘΡΥΙΛ ΙΝΝΤΙ ΡΥΙΛ ΔΣΥΡ ΡΕΘΙΛ,
 CΟΗΡ ΔΣΥΡ ΑΝΑΜ ΔΗ ΣΙΛΑΝΥΙΣΤΕΘΗ'.

Δ ΙΟΡΑ ΗΙΛΙΥ ΟΟ CΕΥΡΑΘ ΒΕΘ
 CΟΙΜΗCΕ Μ' ΑΝΑΜ' ΟΗΤ Δ ΣΙΛΑΝΥΙΣΤΕΘΗ.

* "ΡΥΔΑΙΗ ΟΥΡΕΙΡ" ΟΥΘΑΙΡΤ ΡΕ.

¹ *Literally*: If I were in heaven would it not be fine, my story! or amongst the apostles, the angels and the saints, giving praise and thanks to the one Son of God, and the glory of the Heaven may the race of Eve get.

And sure I'm a poor sinner that went into treason against God, with the thoughts, the course and unbridled-will of the world. I hope to

IF I WERE IN HEAVEN.

If I were in Heaven my harp I should sound
 With apostles and angels and saints all around,
 A-praising and thanking the Son who is crowned,
 May the poor race of Eve for that heaven be bound !¹

Sure it's I'm the poor sinner who spent all my day
 'Mid the lusts of the world 'neath the vile world's sway,
 But I hope yet in Mary and the King of the Graces
 To amend my poor life in this world while my race is.

We shall see Peter there, we shall see Paul,
 We shall see Mark there and we shall see John.
 Apostles and angels are plenty before you,
 Forsake ye your sins and ye all shall find glory.

I recovered three more verses of the same piece from
 Martin Calally, or Caldwell, in the County Mayo, as
 follows :—

Do ye hear me, ye race of Adam and Eve,
 Forsake ye your sins if ye wish to live,
 Confess to the clergy and humbly repent
 For the health of the soul is the Sacrament.

The body and soul of our Saviour is sent
 In the flesh and the blood of the Sacrament,
 Sweet Jesus, tortured by wicked bands,
 I place myself in thy gracious hands.

Mary and the bright King of the Graces that I may amend my soul
 and all of my life that remains before me.

We shall see Peter and we shall see Paul, we shall see Mark and
 we shall see John, we shall see the apostles and the angels in plenty, and
 if ye forsake your sins ye shall get the glory.

Do ye hear me, O race of Adam and Eve, do not ye commit sin
 if ye desire it, but make your confession humbly to the clergy, and
 sure the health of the soul is the Sacrament.

The Blessed Sacrament in which is blood and flesh, body and soul
 of our Saviour, O sweet Jesus who wast crucified alive, the protection
 of my soul on thee, O Saviour.

'D'éirigh an mhaighdean amach ann ran lá,
 agus connaic sí an dalld agus an t-pleig ann a láimh.
 'Do bual pé buille ar an gcroíche bí rian,
 naé móir an orná rinne rí na n-ghráir!

As ro na deic n-aiceannta mar tá ríad as saé uile
 duine, éis liom a riad, bfuil saédeilg aise i gCon-
 naédaib.

na deic n-aiceannta.

Creio a mhic i n'Dia go glan,
 ná tabair ainm Dé san páit,
 Coiméad an traoire mar is cóir,
 Tabair doo' a' d'ar doo' m'á' d'ar onóir,
 ná deun marbhad, goir, ná d'ruir,
 ná ríadnuire b'réige i n-don éir,
 ná riantaig bean naé leat péin
 Clann duine eile ná 'áirnéir.

As ro anoir na deic n-aiceannta curta i nDán, mar
 fuair mire iad ó m'ac Uí Cearnaigh i mBeul-muilleo
 i gConradé Muig Eó, do fuair iad ó sean-fear boct
 san léigean 'ran aic ceunna.

na deic n-aiceannta.

Creio a mhic i n'Dia go glan
 'Sé do leat é a cur i ruim,
 'S buó h-aoibinn uirt lá na gcread—
 Seobair tu neamh o'á éionn.

ná tabair ainm Dé san páit,
 Congdaig a g'rád mar is cóir,
 O d'fúlaimis pé dúin-ne an páir
 Is cruaid an cáir san leanaímaint do.

The Virgin rose out in the day, and she saw the blind man and, the spear in his hand, he struck a stroke on the heart that was sound, is it not great the sigh that the King of Grace gave! [NOTE.—The soldier who pierced Christ's side is frequently alluded to as the Dall or the blind one. It is said no one could be found to pierce His side with the spear except a blind man who could not see Him. Some of

The Virgin arose, she arose with the day,
 And she saw the Blind Man with the spear to slay,
 He smote on the heart that was sound in its place,
 —How heavily moaned the King of Grace!¹

Here are the Ten Commandments as everyone, I may
 say, has them, who speaks Irish in Connacht.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Believe my son in God, purely,
 Do not take God's name without cause,
 Keep the holiday as is proper,
 Give your father and your mother honour.
 Do not kill, steal, or commit adultery,
 Or [give] false witness in any case,
 Do not covet a wife who is not your own,
 Another person's children or goods.

Here now, however, are the Ten Commandments as I got
 them in poetry from O'Kearney in Belmullet in the County
 Mayo, who got them from a poor unlearned old man that
 was in the same place.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Believe my son in God for *aye*
 Belief thy *stay* and prop shall be,
 And on the dreadful Judgment *Day*
 In heaven I *pray* thy place to be.²
 The name of God, without a cause,
 Oh ! pause my son, before thou take,
 He suffered death by cruel laws
 And bore His passion for our sake.

the sacred blood touched his eyes, and he recovered his sight and was converted. This story is still repeated. There appears to have been a certain quantity of legend gathered round him.]

² *Literally*: Believe, son, in God purely, it is for thy good to take account of Him, and it shall be happy for thee on the Day of the Spoils, thou shalt get heaven on the head [on account] of it.

Do not take the name of God without a cause, keep His love as is proper, He suffered the Passion for us, it is a hard case not to cling to Him.

Conḡbairḡ an traoire mar ip cóir
 aḡur oibneada móra an rriormaro naomh,
 ní'l fíor aḡar má'r áro vo ḡlór
 An mbeiréa beó ar an meadon-oiré'.

Tabair vo o' áair 'r vo o' máair onóir
 'S [vo] ḡac don neac ar b'é a áair,
 ná mealair tu le neicib an traoḡail
 á'r ceangail le pérom vo áair.*

Ná veun cóiré marbaó clao
 ná a élu traḡalta baic ve neac,
 smuainḡ ar áiteannair an mḡ
 táinig éirḡ maor o neamh.

Ná veun ára [cóiré] oír
 ['S a] furaét dúinn vo áair ḡan é,
 mian na colna cuir ar ḡcúl
 má bíveann vo dúil le flairéar oé.

Soir a-cóiré ná veun
 ip ḡair an léim leirḡair leat,
 air le vo áair féin,
 ná téir ve léim ann ran "air."

Fíatnuiré bérige i n-aon éir
 má fé vo rún leamamair vo
 Seobair tu a luac foirbte
 i n-irmonn fíor ḡo veó veó.

Seó iao áiteanna an mḡ
 'O cuiréar éirinn mar éall-lóin,
 Tabairt airé oírb ip air an éall
 'ná teac ná brian vo áair róiminn.

* n: tuirḡ an líné reó ḡo maic.

¹ Keep the holiday as is proper and the great works of the Holy Spirit, thou dost not know, though thy voice be loud, whether thou shalt be alive by the middle of the night.

Give to thy father and thy mother honour, and to everyone whose right it is, do not thou be deceived with the things of the world and bind thy bundle with effect (?)

Never do corrupt [or partial] killing, nor take his worldly fame from anyone, think of the Commandments of the King that came to Moses from heaven.

And holy keep each holy day
 Alway within the spirits bound,
 For know thy soul may pass away
 And leave thee clay ere midnight sound.¹

The honour that is always due
 To father and to mother give,
 Who should be reverenced, reverence too,
 Let not the world thy heart deceive.

Commit no murder, do not slay,
 Take not away man's worldly fame,
 These words contain our King's desire,
 That once in fire to Moses came.

In sensual sin thou shalt not fall
 Fly from it all though sore the wrench,
 Dost thou to heaven indeed aspire
 Lawless desire forever quench.

Take not in theft—through greed or sport—
 For life is short and death is there !
 Touch not, I say, another's hoard
 Incline not toward the devil's snare.

Bear no false witness, speak no lie,
 (Our swift words fly the soul before,)
 False witness drags us down with it
 To hell's black pit for evermore.

These the Commandments of our King
 And these shall bring us on our way,
 Better to bear his laws in mind
 Than find ourselves a demon's prey.

Do not ever commit adultery, and how easy it is for us to come [do] without it, put back the desire of the flesh if thy desire be for the heaven of God.

Theft for ever do not commit, short is the course that shall be allowed thee, come with thy own gatherings [savings] : do not go of a leap into the trap.

False witness in any case, if it be thy desire to stick to it, thou shalt get its perfect reward in hell below for ever and ever.

These are the Commandments of the King which were sent to us as intelligent provision (?) It is better sense to take heed to them, than to choose before us the house of pain.

Ír cormhúil nac bfuil tír ar bit 'ran Eórpais (taobh-
amuis, b'éiríir de cúro de tír na h-Elbectia no de'n
Tíreól) ann a bfuil an meap céadna as na daoine
ar seanmnúideacht asur ar glaine na mban, asur
atá ada i gConnachtuib. Ann ran abhán ríor-éaoín
clúmhail rin, a coraisgear:

"Tá mé rínte ar vo tuamba,"

aveir an fear vo bí i ngráó leir an mairgoin vo fuair
bár:—

Tá na ragsairt 'r na bháirtne
Sác lá liom i bfeairt,
Vo éionn beir i ngráó leat
A óis-bean 'r tu marb;
Óéanraínn forgráó ar an ngráó óuit
A'r víoionn vuit ó'n bfeairtáinn,
Asur cúma gráir mo éioirde-re
Tu beir ríor ann ran talamh!

Nuair ir vóis le mo mhúinntir
So mbíom-re ar mo leabá,
Ar vo tuamba 'reab bíom rínte
Ó oirde so mairgoin;
As cur ríor mo émuatáin
A'r as emuab-íol so vairgeann,
Táir mo éailín ciúin rtuama
Vo luabáó liom 'na leabó.

Áct ní'l an fear bhónac san ráraó, ar raó, nuair
éimuirgeann ré ar seanmnúideacht an té vo bí
marb.

* *Literally*: The priests and the friars are every day in anger with me, for my being in love with thee, O maiden, and thou dead. I would protect thee from the wind and shelter thee from the rain, and

It is probable that there is no country in Europe outside, perhaps, a part of Switzerland and the Tyrol, in which people have the same veneration for the chastity and purity of women as they have in Connaught. In the pathetic and well-known song that begins—

“ I am stretched upon thy tomb ”

the man who was in love with the maiden who had died says :—

The priests and the friars
 Wear faces of gloom,
 At me loving a maiden
 And she cold in the tomb.
 I would lie on your grave-sod
 To shield you from rain,
 'Tis the thought of you there
 That has numbed me with pain.

When your people are thinking
 That I am asleep,
 It is on your cold grave, love,
 My vigil I keep.
 With desire I pine,
 And my bosom is torn,
 You were mine, you were mine,
 From your childhood, my storeen.*

But the mourner is not entirely left without comfort when he remembers the purity of her who is dead.

the bitter melancholy of my heart it is, thee to be down within the ground. When my people are certain that I am [lying] on my bed, it is on thy tomb that I do be stretched from nightfall until morning. Reasoning upon my hardship, and bitterly-lamenting and sorely, for my gentle courteous girl who was bethrothed to me when a child.

An cuimín leat-ra an oiríche
 Do bíor-ra agus turra
 Fá bun an éirínn oiríchní
 'S an oiríche ag cupi cuirne,
 Céad molaó le h-íora
 Naé nvearinnamari an millead,
 'S go bfuil do éirínn máigheannair
 Marí éirínn foillire or do éinne.

Do éinneamari ann ran rgeul do éug me fuar ar
 Naomh Beathar, marí duibairt an Tigeirina go nvear-
 naid an rean-meirgeoirí do éongbais bea ó oic,
 níor mó de máit 'ná na ragairt féin. Ag ro rgeul
 eile ag cupi an fuio céadna i n-úimail dúinn, agus ag
 cairbeánt marí naé maib ré i gcúimáct ag don fuo
 áct ag an Oige féin an oiríoch-ppioraíto ralaó do díbir
 ó éis na mbraídar. Fuair mé an rgeul ro ó píríoin-
 riar O Conéubair agus níor áirais mé ann áct focal
 no do. Níl píor agam cia uaid fuair reiréan é, óir
 veairmaó mé a fiarfuige é. Tá speannamlaó ann
 ran gcaoi ann a veairbeántar leirge, meirge, agus
 neamh-fuim an píobairé, óir ir móiré méadairgear
 leir rin feabair an don veag-ghíomha amáin do rinne
 ré.

BRÁITRE ÁRLÁIR.

Ann ran aimpirí, a beaó ó íoin, bí teac de bráit-
 reacaib ar bhuac loca Árláir,* áct níl ann anoir áct
 na rean-ballair, agus uirge an loca ag bualaó fuar

* Ar an mbótar íoirí loéglinne, i gconradé Rorcomáin agus
 Cillcéallais i gconradé mhuig éó.

You remember that night
 'Neath the thorn on the wold,
 When the heaven was freezing
 And all things were cold,
 Now, thanks be to Jesus,
 No tempter came o'er you,
 And your maidenhood's crown
 Is a beacon before you.

We saw in the story about Saint Peter which I gave above, that Our Lord said how the old drunkard who kept a woman from evil had done more good than the friars themselves. Here is another story explaining the same thing to us, and showing us how it was not in the power of anything except of Virginity itself to banish the foul and evil spirit from the house of the friars. I got this story from Próinsias O'Connor, and I have altered only one or two words in it. I do not know from whom he got it, for I forgot to ask him. There is a certain humour in the way in which the laziness, drunkenness, and carelessness of the piper are portrayed, for by this the excellence of the only good deed he ever did in his life is the more enhanced.

THE FRIARS OF URLAUR.

In times long ago there was a House of Friars on the brink of Loch Urlaur but there is nothing in it now except the old walls, with the water of the lake beating up against

Literally. Dost thou remember the night that I and thou were at the foot of the blackthorn tree, and the night freezing hard? A hundred thanks to Jesus that there was nought to repent of [*literally*, that we made not the spoiling], and thy crown of maidenhood is now like a shaft of light [*shining*] before thee.

'na n-*agaid* h-uile lá 'ran mbliadain a mbíonn an *gaoth* *as réirdeas* ó *deas*.

Nuair *bí na bpráirí* 'na *scóinnu*irde ann ran *tig* rin, *bí ronnar* i n-*éirinn*, *asur* ir *iomda ógána* do *ruair deas-fógluim* ó na *bpráirí* *deas* *'ran tig* rin *atá* *anoir* 'na *naom* ann ran *bplaitear*.

Uuó *gnáta* le *daoinib* na *mbailteas* *cruinnu*-*gá* don lá *amáin* ran mbliadain *cum pátrúin*, 'ran *ait* a *raib* *trio* *asur* *ár móir* nuair *bí na fí* *bolg* i n-*éirinn*, *asur* *bídeas* na *bpráirí* *ameas* na *n-daoin*e *óg* le *deas-fompla* do *éadairt* *doib* *le na gcong*báil ó *trio* *ó ead*rann. *Bídeas* *piobairt*, *fioláir*, *fí* *cláir* *asur* *báir* ann, *as an bprátrúin*, *mar* don le *fí* *trionpa* *asur* *fí* le *n-adar* *ceoil*: *bídeas* *rean* *asur* *óg* *cruinnig*te ann, *asur* *bídeas* *ad*ráin *ceoil* *daíra* *asur* *rpóir* ann a *meas*.

*Ác*t *bí* *atru*gá *móir* le *teac*t, *asur* *éainis* *ré* *go* *trion*. Rinne *trio*-*trionpa* *éigin* a *beala* *ama* *go* *loc* *árláir*. *Éainis* *ré* i *tor* *í* *mu*ct *cullaig* *duib* *í* *riac*laí *air* *com* *fa*da le *íce* *asur* *com* *geur* le *bair* *pnáta*ir.

Don lá *amáin* *cuair* na *bpráirí* *ama* le *riá*al *ar* *bhu*ac an *loc*a. *Bí* *cátaoir* *geair*ta *ar* an *geair*ais *tim*cioll *íce* *triois* ó'n *mbhu*ac, *asur* *créa* *o'* *feic* *re*ad *ri*ad 'na *fuir*de ann ran *geátaoir* *á*c *culla* *móir* *duib*.

¹ Hence the name *ár-lar*=slaughter-site, called in English *Urlaur* (floor). The remains of the monastery is on the brink of the lake of the same name in the County Mayo, just inside the borders of the County Roscommon, and about four or five miles from the town of Kilkelly. There are several places called *Urlaur* in Ireland, meaning "level-ground," "floor," or "area," and the derivation from *ár* is evidently a piece of folk-etymology. It was built by Edward Costello

them every day in the year that the wind be's blowing from the south.

Whilst the friars were living in that house there was happiness in Ireland, and many is the youth who got good instruction from the friars in that house, who is now a saint in heaven.

It was the custom of the people of the villages to gather one day in the year to a "pattern," in the place, where there used to be fighting and great slaughter¹ when the Firbolgs were in Ireland, but the friars used to be amongst the young people to give them a good example and to keep them from fighting and quarrelling. There used to be pipers, fiddlers, harpers and bards at the pattern, along with trump-players and music-horns; young and old used to be gathered there, and there used to be songs, music, dancing and sport amongst them.

But there was a change to come and it came heavy. Some evil spirit found out its way to Loch Urlaur. It came at first in the shape of a black boar, with tusks on it as long as a pike, and as sharp as the point of a needle.

One day the friars went out to walk on the brink of the lake. There was a chair cut out of the rock about twenty

and his wife Finola, daughter of the O'Conor Donn, for the Dominican Friars, and was dedicated to St. Thomas. The Dominicans settled in it about the year 1430. On the dissolution of the monasteries it was granted to Lord Dillon, and has now with the rest of his enormous property been bought by the Congested Districts Board, for distribution among the tenants. We are told that there was once a town there, but there is now no trace of such to be seen. This monastery being in such a retired spot was set aside for the reception of novices throughout Connacht. The 'pattern' here spoken of used to be held on the 4th of August, St. Dominick's Day.

Ní faib fíor aca creuto do bí ann, agus duhairt curo aca suim maolaó mór uirge do bí ann. Aót ní maolaóir a b'fao i n-amhar d'á tsoib, mar leis ré r'ghrao ar do cuala daoine reacht míle ar gac tsoib dé. D'éirigh ré ann rin ar a coraib-deirid agus bí as r'ghraoaoil agus as damra ar fead cúpla uair. Ann rin léim ré ann ran uirge agus ní túirge rinne ré rin 'na d'éirigh r'toim mór, do bain an ceann de t'eac na mbriatair, agus de gac uile t'eac i bpoisreacht reacht míle do'n áit. D'éirigh tonnta boirba ar an loc do cuir an t-uirge fíde t'pois ruar 'ran aér. Ann rin táinig an teinteac agus an toirneac, agus faoil huile duine go mbuó é deirid an domain do bí ann. Bí toirceadair com mór rin ann nac b'reat'fao duine a lám fén d'feiceál dá gcuirfead ré amac poime i. Cuaid na briat'ne arteac agus t'oraig r'ao as fad uirnaig'teac, aót níor b'faoa go faib cumlódar (com-luadar) aca. Táinig an cullaó mór duib arteac, d'forghail a beul agus cuir amac ál banb ar. T'oraig'eadar ar an móimio as r'it anonn agus anall agus as r'ghrioc com h-áro agus dá mbeir'eac na reacht mbair oirra leir an oirar. Bí eagla agus iongan-tar ar na briat'uib, agus ní faib fíor aca creuto do buó cóir doib deunam. Táinig an t'abóio i láitair agus d'iarir oirra uirge coirneag'ta do t'adairt cuige. Rinneadar rin, agus com luac agus éraic ré b'raon de ar an gcuillac agus ar na banb'uib cuadar amac 'na l'arair teineac as t'adairt curo (cota) de'n t'aoib-balla leó arteac 'ran loc. "Míle buir'eac'ar do 'úia," ar ran t'abóio, "tá an t'ad'bal im'tig'te uainn."

feet from the brink, and what should they see seated in the chair but the big black boar. They did not know what was in it. Some of them said that it was a great water-dog that was in it, but they were not long in doubt about it, for it let a screech out of it that was heard seven miles on each side of it; it rose up then on its hind feet and was there screeching and dancing for a couple of hours. Then it leaped into the water and no sooner did it do that, than there rose an awful storm which swept the roof off the friar's house, and off every other house within seven miles of the place. Furious waves rose upon the lake which sent the water twenty feet up into the air. Then came the lightning and the thunder, and everybody thought that it was the end of the world that was in it. There was such great darkness that a person could not see his own hand if he were to put it out before him.

The friars went in and fell to saying prayers, but it was not long till they had company. The great black boar came in, opened its mouth, and cast out of it a litter of bonhams. These began on the instant running backwards and forwards and screeching as loud as if there were the seven deaths on them with the hunger. There was fear and astonishment on the friars, and they did not know what they ought to do. The abbot came forward and desired them to bring him holy water. They did so, and as soon as he sprinkled a drop of it on the boar and on the bonhams they went out in a blaze of fire, sweeping part of the side-wall with them into the lake. "A thousand thanks to God," said the father Abbot, "the devil is gone from us."

Ác̃t mo b̃rón! ní d̃eac̃aib̃ ré a b̃rao. Nuair̃
 o'im̃t̃is̃ an t̃or̃c̃aaoar̃ c̃uaaoar̃ go b̃ruac̃ an lõca ãsur̃
 c̃onnc̃aaoar̃ an c̃ullãc̃ t̃ũb̃ 'na f̃uiõe ran g̃c̃á̃taoib̃
 cloic̃e do b̃i g̃earr̃c̃ta amãc̃ ann ran g̃c̃arr̃aig̃.

"f̃á̃g̃ mo c̃ur̃ãc̃ t̃am,' ar̃ ran t̃-Áb̃óiõ ãsur̃
 oib̃eob̃raib̃ mé an b̃iteãm̃nac̃."

f̃uaiaaoar̃ an c̃ur̃ãc̃ ãsur̃ uir̃g̃e coir̃p̃eag̃ta t̃ó,
 ãsur̃ c̃uaib̃ beir̃t̃ aca ar̃teãc̃ 'ran g̃c̃ur̃ãc̃ leir̃, ác̃t
 c̃om̃ luat̃ ãsur̃ t̃áñg̃aaoar̃ i ñg̃ar̃ do'n c̃ullãc̃ t̃ũb̃, léim̃
 ré ar̃teãc̃ 'ran uir̃g̃e, t̃'éir̃is̃ an r̃toir̃m̃ ãsur̃ na
 tonnt̃a b̃or̃ba, ãsur̃ do caitẽãõ an c̃ur̃ãc̃ ãsur̃ an
 t̃riúir̃ do b̃i ann ruar̃ go h-ár̃o ar̃ an t̃alãm̃, ãsur̃ a
 g̃c̃ná̃m̃a b̃uir̃te.

C̃uir̃eaoar̃ r̃ioir̃ ar̃ t̃ó̃c̃t̃úir̃ ãsur̃ ar̃ an ẽar̃bog̃,
 ãsur̃ nuair̃ o'innir̃ r̃ião an r̃g̃eul̃ do'n ẽar̃bog̃ t̃ũb̃air̃t̃
 ré "t̃á ball̃ d̃e'n Diab̃al, i m̃õc̃t̃ b̃r̃á̃c̃ar̃ ann b̃ur̃
 mear̃g̃ ác̃t g̃eob̃aib̃ m̃ire amãc̃ é g̃an m̃oill̃." Ann
 riñ o'or̃t̃uig̃ ré t̃ó̃ib̃ uile go léir̃ do t̃eãc̃t̃ i l̃á̃c̃air̃,
 ãsur̃ nuair̃ t̃áñg̃aaoar̃, g̃áir̃ ré amãc̃ ainñm̃ h-uile
 b̃r̃á̃c̃ar̃, ãsur̃ mar̃i o'f̃r̃eag̃air̃ g̃ac̃ aon aca do c̃uir̃eaõ
 ar̃ leat̃-t̃aob̃ĩ é. Ác̃t nuair̃ g̃áir̃ ré amãc̃ ainñm̃ an
 b̃r̃á̃c̃ar̃ l̃ú̃c̃ár̃ ní raib̃ ré le f̃á̃g̃ail. C̃uir̃i ré t̃eãc̃t̃-
 air̃e 'na c̃oinne ác̃t níor̃ f̃eud̃ ré aon c̃unt̃ar̃ o'f̃á̃g̃ail
 air̃. f̃á̃ t̃eob̃is̃ t̃áiñis̃ an b̃r̃á̃c̃air̃ do b̃ioaoar̃ o'
 iar̃raib̃ c̃um an t̃or̃air̃, áait̃ r̃ioir̃ c̃ioir̃ do b̃i faoi n-a
 m̃uiñeal̃, b̃uail̃ cor̃ uir̃r̃i, rinne g̃áir̃e m̃óir̃, éar̃ ar̃ a
 f̃áil̃, ãsur̃ ar̃teãc̃ 'ran lõc̃ leir̃. Nuair̃ t̃áiñis̃ ré c̃om̃
 f̃ãda leir̃ an g̃c̃á̃taoib̃ ar̃ an g̃c̃arr̃aig̃ f̃uiõ ré uir̃r̃i,
 b̃aiñ ré an t̃-éãõac̃-b̃r̃á̃c̃ar̃ t̃é, ãsur̃ áait̃ ré amãc̃
 'ran lõc̃ é. Nuair̃ nõc̃t̃ ré é f̃éiñ c̃onnc̃aaoar̃ go raib̃

But my grief! he did not go far. When the darkness departed they went to the brink of the lake, and they saw the black boar sitting in the stone chair that was cut out in the rock.

"Get me my curragh," said the Father Abbot, "and I'll banish the thief."

They got him the curragh and holy water, and two of them went into the curragh with him, but as soon as they came near to the black boar he leaped into the water, the storm rose, and the furious waves, and the curragh and the three who were in it were thrown high up upon the land with broken bones.

They sent for a doctor and for the bishop, and when they told the story to the bishop he said, "There is a limb of the devil in the shape of a friar amongst you, but I'll find him out without delay." Then he ordered them all to come forward, and when they came he called out the name of every friar, and according as each answered he was put on one side. But when he called out the name of Friar Lucas he was not to be found. He sent a messenger for him, but could get no account of him. At last the friar they were seeking for, came to the door, flung down a cross that he had round his neck, smote his foot on it, and burst into a great laugh, turned on his heel, and into the lake. When he came as far as the chair on the rock he sat on it, whipped off his friar's clothes and flung them out into the water. When he stripped himself they saw that there was hair on him from the sole of his foot to the top of his head, as long

plionna ari ó bonn a dóirfe go mullaic a éinn, com fáda le meigisio gádaí. Ní raib ré i b'fao 'na donar. Táinig an cullaic duib éuige ó iocáir an loca, agus coruigeádaí as pinnce agus as damra ar an gcarraí.

Ann rin ó'fíafraí as an t-eapbós cía an áit a tóidínis an bíteamínac rin ar, no cía an áoi a b'fuaíré ádaic brádaí, no ca fáo ó táinig ré 'na meaf.

Ó'fíeasáir an t-uacáirán go tóidínis ré mí ó foín, ó tuair, agus go raib ádaic brádaí ari nuair táinig ré, agus náí fíafraí ré don rgeul dé cao é do tús cum na h-áite rin é.

"Tá tu ró dáil le beir i ó' uacáirán," ar ran t-eapbós, "nuair nac h-áitínígeann tu diabol ó brádaí." Com fáo agus bí an t-eapbós as caint bí fáile gac uile duine ó'á raib i ládaí, ari, agus níor módaí fáo go tóidínis an cullaic duib caob-fíar díob, agus an bíteamínac do bí 'na brádaí as marcuigeáic ari. "Gá an bíteamínac, gá é," ar ran t-eapbós. "Níor gá tu fáin mé," ar ran bíteamínac, "nuair bí mé mo gádaí-peata asao, agus nuair bí tu as tabaíic dam na fáila nac tóuubá do na daoinib boéta, do bí las leir an ocpur, go raib maíic asao ar a fon, agus beir coirneul teir asao tuit nuair fáspar tu an raogal ro."

Bí eagla ar cuio aca, áic tús cuio eile díob íaracáic leir an gullaic duib agus a maracá do gádaí, áic ó'ímtígeádaí uacá arteaic ran loc, fáídeádaí ar an gcarraí agus coruigeádaí as ríneáogáoil com h-áirí rin go n'beamínad ar an t-eapbós agus na bráicre boádaí, agus níor fáuádaí

as a goat's beard. He was not long alone, the black boar came to him from the bottom of the lake, and they began romping and dancing on the rock.

Then the bishop enquired what place did the rogue come from, and the (father) Superior said that he came a month ago from the north, and that he had a friar's dress on him when he came, and that he asked no account from him of what brought him to this place.

"You are too blind to be a Superior," said the bishop, "since you do not recognise a devil from a friar." While the bishop was talking the eyes of everyone present were on him, and they did not feel till the black boar came behind them and the rogue that had been a friar riding on him. "Seize the villian, seize him," says the bishop.

"You didn't seize me yourself," says the villian, "when I was your pet hound, and when you were giving me the meat that you would not give to the poor people who were weak with the hunger ; I thank you for it, and I'll have a hot corner for you when you leave this world."

Some of them were afraid, but more of them made an attempt to catch the black boar and its rider, but they went into the lake, sat on the rock, and began screaming so loud that they made the bishop and the friars deaf, so that they could not hear one word from one another, and they remained so during their life, and that is the reason they were called the "Deaf Friars," and from that day (to this)

fochal do éloirtint ó céile, agus o'fhanadair mar rin
 fadó a mbeata, agus rin é an t-ábhar a tucadh na
 "bhairne boora" orra, agus ó'n lá rin tá an rean-
 nád rin i mbeul na n'aoine, "tá tu com boora le
 brácair árláir."

Ni tug an cullac duib ruaimnear, lá ná oirde, do
 na bairneib. Uirde ré féin agus an biceamnac
 de compánac do bí aise, 'sá ngeur-árád ar iomav
 áoi, agus níor feuo ríad féin ná an t-earbog iad do
 élaoid ná do díbir.

Fá deiread bí ríad as brac ar an áit o'fágbail
 ar fadó, aet duhairt an t-earbog leó foigto do beir
 aca go nglacfaó ré cómairle le Naomh Seapailt
 Naomh-pátrún Muiḡ-Eó. Cuaid an t-earbog cuig an
 naomh agus o'innir ré an rgeul do ó túr go deiread.
 "Ni tárla an níó brónac rin ann mo condaé-re," ar
 ran naomh, "agus ni maic liom lám do beir asam
 ann." Ann ran am ro ni maib Naomh Seapailt aet
 'na áro-fasairt i n-íorú(?) aet ruo ar bit do glac
 ré i lám o'éirgead ré leir, mar bí ré 'na naomh ó
 n-a óise. Duhairt ré leir an earbog go mbeirdead ré
 i n-árláir faoi ceann reachtmáine, agus go mbeirdead
 iarrac aise leir an oroc-rrioriad do díbir.

O'fíll an t-earbog cum na mbrácair agus o'innir
 doib na focla duhairt Seapailt leir. Tug an
 reachtmáinead rin meirnead móir doib. Caiteadair
 an reachtmáin rin as nád páirnead, aet táinig
 deiread na reachtmáine, agus o'imtíg reachtmáin eile,
 agus ni táinig Naomh Seapailt. 'Ni mar faoiltear

the old saying is in the mouth of the people, "You're as deaf as a friar of Urlaur."

The black boar gave no rest to the friars either by night or day: he himself, and the rogue of a companion that he had, were persecuting them in many a way, and neither they themselves nor the bishop were able to destroy or banish them.

At last they were determining on giving up the place altogether, but the bishop said to them to have patience till he would take counsel with Saint Gerald, the patron saint of Mayo. The bishop went to the Saint and told him the story from beginning to end. "That sorrowful occurrence did not take place in my county,"¹ said the saint, "and I do not wish to have any hand in it." At this time Saint Gerald was only a higher priest in Tirerrill (?) but anything he took in hand succeeded with him, for he was a saint on earth from his youth. He told the bishop that he would be in Urlaur, at the end of a week, and that he would make an attempt to banish the evil spirit.

The bishop returned and told the friars what Gerald had said, and that message gave them great courage. They spent that week saying prayers, but the end of the week came, and another week went by, and Saint Gerald did not come, for "not as is thought does it happen."² Gerald

¹ It is not clear why he is made to say this, for the ruins of the monastery are well within the borders of the present County Mayo, but the boundaries may have been changed since, or else the saint considered Sligo as his county.

² A proverb. Observe the curious impersonal form of bíteap "it be's," a form unusual in some parts of Connacht.

bíteapí.' Buaileadh Gearraitc tinn, mar bí ré i nDán
 do, agus níor feuto ré teacht.

Don oirdce amáin bí bhionglóir ag na bhráitrib,
 agus ní ag don ceann amáin aca do bí sí, áct ag
 h-uile fear ran tigh. Ann ran mbhionglóir connairc
 gac fear aca bean gleurta le lineadac gléigal,
 agus dubairt sí leó nac raib cúmáct ag duine beó
 an ríoc-rpioraó rin do díbir, áct amáin ag píobairc
 óar b' ainm do Donncaó O Shrádaigh do bí 'na cóm-
 nuide i tTaidhneán, fear do pinne, ar ríre, níor mó
 de maic ar an traozal ro 'nā an méad ragaic agus
 bráitair ran tír.

Ar maidin, lá ar n-a márac, anóidigh paitheaca na
 maidne do ríó, dubairt an t-uachtarán, "A bhráitire,"
 ar reirean, "bí mé ag bhionglóir an oirdce aréir faoi
 ríoc-rpioraó an loca, agus bí tair no aingeal i
 láitair adubairt liom nac raib cúmáct ag duine beó
 an ríoc-rpioraó do díbir áct ag píobairc óar b'
 ainm do Donncaó O Shrádaigh, atā 'na cómnuide i
 tTaidhneán, fear do pinne níor mó de maic ar an
 traozal ro 'nā an méad ragaic agus bráitair ran
 tír."

"Bí an bhionglóir céadna agam-ra" ar ra h-uile
 fear aca.

"Tā ré i n-agair ar gceirtoim bhionglóir do
 ceirdeamaint," ar ran t-uachtarán, "áct buó mó 'nā
 bhionglóir é. Connairc mé aingeal ar taoib mo
 leapta gleurta le lineadac gléigal."

"So veimhin connairc mire an puo ceudna," ar ra
 h-uile fear aca.

was struck with illness as it was fated for him, and he could not come.

One night the friars had a dream, and it was not one man alone who had it, but every man in the house. In the dream each man saw a woman clothed in white linen, and she said to them that it was not in the power of any man living to banish the evil spirit except of a piper named Donagh O'Grady who is living at Tavraun,¹ a man who did more good, says she, on this world than all the priests and friars in the country.

On the morning of the next day, after the matin prayers, the Superior said, "I was dreaming, friars, last night about the evil spirit of the lake, and there was a ghost or an angel present who said to me that it was not in the power of any man living to banish the evil spirit except of a piper whose name was Donagh O'Grady who is living at Tavraun, a man who did more good in this world than all the priests and friars in the country."

"I had the same dream too," says every man of them.

"It is against our faith to believe in dreams," says the Superior, "but this was more than a dream, I saw an angel beside my bed clothed in white linen."

"Indeed I saw the same thing," says every man of them.

¹ Tavran or Towraun is a townland somewhere between Ballaghaderreen and Loch Errit, not very far from Urlaur.

“Duò teacétairé ó Óia do bí ann,” ar ran t-uacét-airián, aḡur duḡairt ré le beirt bhrátaí uul i ḡcoinne an píobairé. ‘D’imtiḡeadaí ḡo Tairneán aḡ tóruig-eacét an píobairé, aḡur fuairtadair i ticiḡ an óil, leat ar meirḡe, é. ‘D’iarrtadair air teacét leó cum uacét-airián na mbhrátaí i nÁrlár.

“Ní raḡad ticiḡ ar an áit reó, ḡo b’fás mé mo páiré,” ar ran píobairé, “bídear aḡ bainfeir aréir aḡur níor h-íocad fór mé.”

“ḡlac ar b’ocail ḡo n-íocfai tú,” ar na bhráitḡe.

“Ní ḡlacfao pocal uaine ar bit, airtḡio ríor, no fanfao mar a b’uul mé,” ar ran píobairé. Ní raib don máit i ḡaint ná i mblatad, b’éigín doib fillead a-baile ḡan an píobairé. ‘D’innir riad an rḡeul do’n uacétairián, aḡur tuiḡ ré airtḡio doib le uul ar air i ḡcoinne an píobairé. Cuaḡad ḡo Tairneán airí, tuiḡadair an t-airtḡio do’n píobairé, aḡur ‘d’iarrtadair air teacét leó.

“Fan ḡo n-ólad cnaigín eile, ní tuiḡ liom ceól cnoiḡeamhail do feinm ḡo mbéir mo fáit ólta aḡam.”

“Ní iarrfamaoio ort ceól do feinm. Ir ḡnaite (ḡnó) eile atá aḡainn leat.”

‘D’ól an ḡrádaigead cúpla cnaigín, cúir na píobairé faoi n-a arcall aḡur duḡairt, “atá mé réir le uul lib anoir.”

“Fás na píobairé do ‘d’iaḡ,” ar na bhráitḡe, “ní béir riad aḡ tearcál uait.”

“Ní fásfainn mo píobairé mo ‘d’iaḡ dá mbuó cum flaitir do bí mé uul,” ar ran píobairé.

Nuair táinig an píobairé i látaí an uacétairián, tóraig

"It was a messenger from God who was in it," said the Superior, and with that he desired two friars to go for the piper. They went to Tavraun to look for him and they found him in a drinking-house half drunk. They asked him to come with them to the Superior of the friars at Urlaur.

"I'll not go one foot out of this place till I get my pay," says the piper, "I was at a wedding last night and I was not paid yet."

"Take our word that you will be paid," said the friars.

"I won't take any man's word, money down, or I'll stop where I am." There was no use in talk or flattery, they had to return home again without the piper.

They told their story to the Superior, and he gave them money to go back for the piper. They went to Tavraun again, gave the money to the piper and asked him to come with them.

"Wait till I drink another naggin, I can't play hearty music till I have my enough drunk?"

"We won't ask you to play music, it's another business we have for you."

O'Grady drank a couple of naggins, put the pipes under his oxter (arm-pit) and said, "I'm ready to go with ye now."

"Leave the pipes behind you," said the friars, "you won't want them."

"I wouldn't leave my pipes behind me if it was to Heaven I was going," says the piper.

When the piper came into the presence of the Superior,

an t-uachtarán 'sá rghnútuḡaḡ i ṡṡaṡiḡ na nṡeaḡ-obair
do rinne ré ar feaḡ a beaḡa.

"Ní ṡearṡaíḡ mé aon ṡeaḡ-obair ar feaḡ mo
raḡḡail a ḡfuil cuimhne aḡam-ra uirṡu," ar ran
píobair.

"An ṡṡṡ tu aon ṡéirṡ uair ariam?" ar ran
t-uachtarán.

"ḡo deimhín ir cuimhín liom anoir ḡo ṡṡṡ mé píora
ṡeicḡ-bpíḡne ṡ' ingín mḡairṡ ní ṡómnail. Aon
oirḡe amḡáin do bí earḡuḡ an-mḡr uirṡu raṡi píora
ṡeicḡ-bpíḡne, aḡur bí rí aḡ ṡul í péin do ṡiol le n-a
ráḡail, nuair ṡṡṡ mire ṡí é. Seal ḡearṡ 'na ṡiaḡ
rin do rṡuaín rí ar an bpeacaḡ marḡḡa do bí rí ṡul
'a ṡeunam, ṡṡṡ rí ruar an ṡomán aḡur a cuḡ
caṡuḡḡe, cuair arṡeaḡ ḡo teaḡ na mban-ruaḡalta,
aḡur ṡeir na ṡaṡine ḡur caḡ rí beaḡa cṡaibḡeaḡ.
Ruair rí báṡ timcḡioll reaḡt mbliadḡa o foín, aḡur
cuairḡ mé ḡo raiḡ aingle aḡ reinm ceṡil binn 'ran
treomṡa, nuair bí rí aḡ ráḡail báir. Ir truaḡ naḡ
raiḡ mire aḡ éirṡeaḡt leḡ, mar beirḡeaḡ an porṡ
aḡam anoir!"

"Anoir," ar ran t-uachtarán, "ṡá ṡroḡ-rpíoraḡ
ann ran loḡ rin amuḡḡ, aṡá 'ḡ ar nḡeup-cṡaḡ ṡe lḡ
aḡur ṡ' oirḡe, aḡur ruarṡamar ṡairbeaḡt ó aingleal
do ṡáinḡ cṡḡainn i mḡpiongḡlóirḡ, naḡ raiḡ aon fearṡ
beḡ ionnánṡ an ṡroḡ-rpíoraḡ rin do ṡibṡṡ aḡṡ
ṡurṡa.

"An aingleal ríṡionn no boinṡionn bí ann?" ar ran
píobair.

"ṡuḡ beaṡ do cṡonnaṡṡ rínn-ne," ar ran t-uachtarán,
"bí rí ḡleupṡa le linéaḡaḡ ḡléḡeal."

the Superior began examining him about the good works he had done during his life.

"I never did any good work during my life that I have any remembrance of," said the piper.

"Did you give away any alms during your life?" said the Superior.

"Indeed, I remember now, that I did give a tenpenny piece to a daughter of Mary O'Donnell's one night. She was in great want of the tenpenny piece, and she was going to sell herself to get it, when I gave it to her. After a little while she thought about the mortal sin she was going to commit, she gave up the world and its temptations and went into a convent, and people say that she passed a pious life. She died about seven years ago, and I heard that there were angels playing melodious music in the room when she was dying, and its a pity I wasn't listening to them, for I'd have the tune now!"

"Well," said the Superior, "there's an evil spirit in the lake outside that's persecuting us day and night, and we had a revelation from an angel who came to us in a dream, that there was not a man alive able to banish the evil spirit but you."

"A male angel or female?" says the piper.

"It was a woman we saw," says the Superior, "she was dressed in white linen."

"Cuirfid mé cúis píosaid deic bpiḡne leat sur v' ingean mḡaíre ní Dómnadill do bí ann," ar ran píobaire.

"Ní'l ré olirteanac dúinn-ne geall do cup," ar ran t-uachtarán, "ac̃t mḡa d'ibreann tu tpoḡ-ppioḡad an loḡa, geḡbaid tu fice píosa deic bpiḡne."

"Tabair dam cúpla cnaisín de biotáille maic le meirneac do tabairt dam," ar ran píobaire.

"Ní'l deḡr biotáille ann ran tig," ar ran t-uachtarán. "Tá fíor aḡad naḡ mblaramaoio de ar don ḡor."

"Muna tḡugann tu braon le n'ól dam," ar ran píobaire, "deun an obair tu féin."

D'éisín doib fíor do cup ar cúpla cnaisín aḡur nuair d'ól an píobaire iad tḡbairt ré go raib ré réiḡ, aḡur d'iarḡ ré orra an tpoḡ-ppioḡad do ḡair-beáit do. Cuadair ann rin go bhuac an loḡa, aḡur tḡbairt ríad leir go tḡiucḡad an tpoḡ-ppioḡad ar an ḡcarrais h-uile uair do buailḡeac ríad an clog le fuasḡad fáilte an aingil.

"Teirig aḡur buail é anoir," ar ran píobaire.

D'imḡis na bḡaitḡe aḡur ḡoraisḡeacair aḡ buailac̃ an ḡluis, aḡur níor bḡad go tḡáinis an cullac̃ tḡb aḡur a mḡacac̃ aḡ rḡáin cum na carraisḡe. Nuair cuadair ruar ar an ḡcarraisḡ, leis an cullac̃ rḡḡeac ar, aḡur ḡoraisḡ an biḡeamnac̃ aḡ damḡa.

D'feuc an píobaire orra, aḡur tḡbairt, "ran go tḡugaid mire ceól daoib." Leir rin d'fáirs ré na píobaid air aḡur ḡoraisḡ aḡ reinn, aḡur ar an móimio léim an cullac̃ tḡb aḡur a mḡacac̃ arḡeac̃ ann ran

"Then I'll bet you five tenpenny pieces that it was Mary O'Donnell's daughter was in it," says the piper.

"It is not lawful for us to bet," says the Superior, "but if you banish the evil spirit of the lake you will get twenty tenpenny pieces."

"Give me a couple of naggins of good whiskey to give me courage," says the piper.

"There is not a drop of spirits in the house," says the Superior, "you know that we don't taste it at all."

"Unless you give me a drop to drink," says the piper, "go and do the work yourself."

They had to send for a couple of naggins, and when the piper drank it he said that he was ready, and asked them to show him the evil spirit. They went to the brink of the lake, and they told him that the evil spirit used to come on to the rock every time that they struck the bell to announce the "Angel's Welcome" [Angelical Salutation.]

"Go and strike it now," says the piper.

The friars went, and began to strike the bell, and it was not long till the black boar and its rider came swimming to the rock. When they got up on the rock the boar let a loud screech, and the rogue began dancing.

The piper looked at them and said, "wait till I give ye music." With that he squeezed on his pipes, and began playing, and on the moment the black boar and its rider leapt into the lake and made for the piper. He was think-

loca, agus tugadair aghaid ar an bpíobaire. Bí
reirean as bpat ar iúce, nuair táinig colum mór
bán ar an rpeir, or cionn an cullaisg duiú, agus a
márcas, do éirí teinteac ríor 'na mullaac agus do
mairb iad. Caid na tonnta iad ruar ar bhuac an
loca, agus cuair an píobaire agus o'innir do'n uac-
arán agus do na bpaicirib go raib oroc-rpiorao an
loca agus a márcac mairb ar bhuac an loca.

Tangadair uile amac, agus nuair conncadair go
raib a náimoe mairb do leigeadair trí gárrta le
ceann-lutgáir. Ni raib ríor aca ann rin creud do
deunrao raio leir na corpánairb. Tugadair oá-ríciro
ríora deic bpaighe do'n píobaire, agus oubairc raio
leir, na corpáin do cáiteam i bpoll, i bpaio ó'n tíg.
Ruair an píobaire oream tincéaraib do bí as gabail
an bócar agus tug oib deic bpaio deic bpaighe leir
na corpáin do cáiteam i bpoll doimhin rgarit-logadairg
míle o tíg na mbraicair. Rug raio ar na corpánairb,
ríubail an píobaire amac pompa as reinn ceoil agus
níor rtaadair gur cáiteadair na corpáin arteaó 'ran
bpoll, agus oiruro an rgarit-logadairg or a gcionn,
agus ni facair don ouine iad o foin. Tá "Poll an
Cullaisg Duiú" le peiceál fóp. Cuair an píobaire
agus na tincéaraib go oti an tíg-órta, agus bíodair
as ol go raadair ar meirge. Ann rin coraigeadair
as ríor, agus tíg leat beic cinnce nac oáinig an
píobaire rlan ar árlair.

Cuir na bpaicre ballair agus cleit an tige ruar
arir, agus cáiteadair bliadanta rona ann, go oáinig

ing of running away, when a great white dove came out of the sky over the boar and its rider, shot lightning down on top of them and killed them. The waves threw them up on the brink of the lake, and the piper went and told the Superior and the friars that the evil spirit of the lake and its rider were dead on the shore.

They all came out, and when they saw that their enemies were dead they uttered three shouts for excess of joy. They did not know then what they would do with the corpses. They gave forty tenpenny pieces to the piper and told him to throw the bodies into a hole far from the house. The piper got a lot of tinkers who were going the way and gave them ten tenpenny pieces to throw the corpse into a deep hole in a shaking-screw a mile from the house of the friars. They took up the corpses, the piper walked out before them playing music, and they never stopped till they cast the bodies into the hole, and the shaking-screw closed over them and nobody ever saw them since. The "Hole of the Black Boar" is to be seen still. The piper and the tinkers went to the public house, and they were drinking till they were drunk, then they began fighting, and you may be certain that the piper did not come out of Urlaur with a whole skin.

The friars built up the walls and the roof of the house and passed prosperous years in it, until the accursed

na Saille malluighe do d'ibin na b'páit'ne agus do leas an cuio ir mó de'n tigh go talamh.

Fuair an píobaire b'ar rona, agus buo h-é tuairim na ndaoine go ndeachaib' ré cum flaitir, agus go mbuo h-é rin ar ndála uile go léir!

* * * * *

Atá amearg na sean-daoine Labhar Saebail, ann gac don áit i n-Éirinn, a lán de páirt'neacháib' gearra, agus d'urinaigheib' i b'póim filideacta, do táinig anuair ó n-a h-aoirib' cuairt earrainn, agus tá cuio díob' ro com h-árra rin go b'fuil ríad beag-nac san céill, óir do truaillighead iad o linn go linn, agus do caillead' ciall na b'pocal, agus do h-athruighead na focail féin. Cieroin nac b'fuil don páirt'ir díob' ro níor párt'-aithighe agus níor clúdaimla 'nā an ceann rin air a nglaoib'ar "Marainn Pháirt'ais,"* atá le fáil ó gac uile sean-duine, beag-nac, i gConnachtáib'. Do cuairt mé go minic é, aet ir an-beag de do tuigear. Dubairt Mártain O Siollarnáit ar condae na Saillíne, liom, go raib' an sean-dán ro níor gearra aige féin 'nā ag móran daoine do conaire ré ag fáil aithir agus duaire ar ion é do ríad! Sgríob' mé ríor ó n-a béal féin é. Fuair mé cóip de ó Sheágan O Coineagáin i mBaile-an-puill i gcondae Rorcomáin mar an sceudna, agus cóip eile o Mhícheál Mac Ruairig an "file ar Condae Mhuig Eó." Sgríob' mé ríor an Roim-ríad ro ó n-a beul, i b'póir, ag míniugad' cao é an t-am a ndearnao an "Mharainn," agus cao é an t-ábhar fá'r cumad é.

* b'érir "marb'ann pháirt'ais." "marb'-ann" = "tuigead'" no daoine.

foreigners came who banished the friars and threw down the greater part of the house to the ground.

The piper died a happy death, and it was the opinion of the people that he went to Heaven. and that it may be so with us all!

* * * * *

There are amongst the old people who speak Irish in every quarter of Ireland a great number of short petitions, or prayers in the form of poetry, which have come down from past ages, and some of them are so ancient that they appear almost without meaning, for they have been corrupted from age to age, and the sense of the words has been lost and the words themselves changed.

I believe that there is scarcely any prayer that is better known and more renowned than the one that is called the Marainn [dirge?] of Patrick, which is to be found with almost every old person of Connacht. I have often heard it, but it is very little of it I understood. Martin O'Gillarna, or Forde, in the County of Galway, told me that he himself had this old poem better than a great many people that he saw getting money and rewards for saying it! I wrote it down from his own mouth. I also got a version of it from John Cunningham of Ballinphuill, in the County Roscommon, and another version from Michael Mac Rory or Rogers, the "poet from the County Mayo." I wrote down the following preface in prose from his mouth, explaining what the occasion was when the Marainn was made, and what was the cause of its being composed.

“MARAINN” PÁDORAIS.

“Tá ré náróte sup reabhóránta do bí ag naomh pádoraís [do bí innici], agus bí sí an-diasanta. Agus táinig fear ardeac lá amháin ag diaibóiread (sic = ag iarraidh) nuio éigin le n’íte. Agus tar éir a fádasail agus a ite, agus ré allúg (sic = iarraidh) uirru le sneim bpeit uirru. Agus tar éir é bpeit uirru bí sí comh diasanta rin agus sup tuit sí i laise, agus ní táinig sí ar an laise go bfuair sí bá. Agus nuair táinig naomh pádoraís ardeac cuireadh or cionn cláir í, agus rin é an caoineadh sinne ré or a cionn o’á molaod.”

míre agus donáoir airm-glár
 diair náir d’ionnann dúinn crieveam,
 naomh-beata ar an talamh,
 agus beannaíocht leir an anam
 bhí i gcóir áine áille,
 fad aon neac o’á mbeir mo “mharainn” aise,
 beannaíocht dé o’á fáil óó.

agáir éaoin cóiriac (P)
 coir buad rean-éubairta.
 buo í an bean éúin í,
 an bean áil í,
 buo í an bean éalilmair
 agus an bean náir í.

¹ There is considerable obscurity about this word. It may be a corruption of *marbh-rann*, i.e., dirge or lament, literally death-rann, but I have always heard it made feminine, *an mharainn* [in worrin]. Father O’Growney seemed to think, at least at one time, that it came from the word *marthainn*, “to live,” and meant the “life-giving prayer” of Patrick. He also told me that it is often called *barainn* not *marainn* in Aran, and that *barainn* there means “prosperity” or “thrift.” Father Ulick Burke said that people used to get it written out and

THE MARAINN¹ OF PATRICK.

"It is said that it was a servant that St. Patrick had, that she was, and she was very pious. And there came in a man one day requesting something to eat. And after his getting it and eating it, he made an attempt to catch hold of her. And after his taking a hold of her she was that pious that she fell into a faint, and she did not come out of that faint till she died. And when St. Patrick came in she was placed above board [laid out], and that was the lamentation he made over her, praising her."

I and green-weaponed Angus
A pair who had not each the same religion.
Holy life on the earth.
And a blessing with the soul
That was in the body of beautiful Áine [Anyá]
Everyone that shall have my *marainn* [by heart]
The blessing of God, of his love, to him.

Face gentle . . . ?
Body of victories old, fragrant,
It was she was the mild woman,
The lovely (?) woman she,
It was she was the sensible woman
And the modest (?) woman she.

wear it on their persons, as they used to wear the "Leabhar Eóin" when crossing the sea. It seems to be something of the nature of the "Amra" of Columcille, and other "amras." No two people seem to repeat it exactly alike, and a great part of it is always unintelligible. The word *amra* is still common in South Connacht, but the *m* is now aspirated (*amra* = *owra*) and it is there the usual word for a "charm" or "spell." I have often heard it, but in North Connacht I have usually heard *amair* or *amair*, which Dr. MacHale used in his *Melodies*, edition of 1842, and changed to *amair* in 1871.

Τέσσερις λε φεάρη α κλαυθό (?)
 μαριθαίξενά να πέιλε ριομαννάς,
 Cia βέαρφαθό μα λαύα-λινις [sic=καοινατο ?]
 ι η-εϊρηνν ξλαιν υαριλ
 β'αηγιολ έ ουλ ζο νεαή,
 Δζυρ νίοη βαοζάλ τό ηις αν υαδαιη.

[“ Τά βειρεαθό ανοιρ λε μολαθό α κυρηρ.”]

Cia βέαρφαθό μο “ήμαραινν”
 Όο ήηηαοι όις ας ουλ ι μινγε [sic=ρόραθό ?]
 Όυλ ι ζχιονν céile αζυρ κλαιννε,
 Ζο μβυθό ηό ήαιε έιρεόδαρ αν τυμυρ ριν λέιτε.

Cia βέαρφαθό μο ήμαραινν
 Όο ήηηαοι ο η-ιονύξ (?)
 Ζο μβυθό έόηη ρλάν ροιναητα
 Τηιυρφαρ ρί ό η-α ραοταη.

Cia βέαρφαθό μο ήμαραινν
 Δς ουλ ζο τijs ήηι τό
 ηη βαοζάλ τό κορη έαδαιητ αρ,
 ρηαο 'η έέιυδαρ κλεαέ ό [sic=ορ κιονν] τijs.

Cia βέαρφαθό μο ήμαραινν
 Όυλ αρ αν τοιηη ήαιηθ τό,
 ηη βαοζάλ τό μύαθό ηά βάταθό.

Cia βέαρφαθό μο ήμαραινν
 Όυλ ι ζκαέ ηα ι ζελέιτ [sic=εμοιο], τό
 Cia έαρραιύε τό ανη ραν αηη-ζαιηζε
 Δέτ ηηηε, βεό λε ρηιομήύιτεαέτ(?)
 ράυοηαις ρηιομήύιτεαέ.
 ράζαιη βυαιθό ζαέ αιεηε αρ ήμαραινν άηε,
 ηεαή [το] ζαέ αον υ'ά μεαδηιόδαρ ι,
 Δζυρ αρ αον ηεαέ ηά κειιτεαη.

Cia βέαρφαρ μο ήμαραινν
 Δζυρ βέαρφαρ ι ηαοι υηράέ
 ηη βαοζάλ τό λεαε ιρηνν
 Δ-έοιυόε ηά ζο βηάέ.

. ? to dig a grave
 ? of generosity, masculine.
 Whosoever would say my . . . ?
 In pure noble Erin
 He shall be an angel going to heaven
 And the King of Pride shall be no danger to him.

[“There is an end now of praising her body.”]

Whoever would say my *marainn*
 To a young woman going into . . . ?
 Going for consort and children,
 That it may be very well that journey may succeed with her.

Whoever would say my *marainn*
 To a woman ?
 That it may be properly, safely, successfully,
 She shall come out of her labour.

Whoever would say my *marainn*
 On going of him to a new house,
 There is no danger of his bringing a corpse out of it
 So long as there shall be wattle over house.

Whoever would say my *marainn*
 Going of him on the dead[ly] sea,
 There is no danger to him of being choked or drowned.

Whoever would say my *marainn*
 Going into a battle or a conflict (?)
 Who should meet him in the army of valour
 But I, alive with ?
 Patrick, Primate (?)
 I leave the victory of recognition (?) on *Marainn Áine*.
 Heaven to everyone who shall remember it,
 And from nobody let it be concealed.

Whosoever shall say my *marainn*,
 And shall say it nine times,
 There is to him no danger of the flag of hell
 For ever or for ever.

Ádt ní go díreac mar ro do bí ré ag na daoimib
eile. Agus tá tuillead ann do réir co-da ada. Is é
an cóip do tug mé ann ro an cóip is roiléire 7 is ro-
tuigte o'á gcualar fóir. Is fíor-airteac é nar capad
an píopa ro oim ariamh i leabhar láimh-ríobóda, ció go
b'fuil ré comh fáir-aicniúte rin.

Ag ro píopa eile do ríobó mé ríor ó beul mhíct
mhic Ruaidrí ag Chill-Eala, fíar i gconradé mhúig
eó. Adá an píopa ro beag-nac comh triuailiúte agus
comh do-tuigte le "Marainn phádrais."

AN AISEIRIÚE GLÓRMAR.

náir b'í rin an aiseiriúe
b'féarri o'á gcualar ariamh,
O léig (?) leabhar go léigtear (?) ná gceall,
Ár o'igearna mín mílir tadbairt cum rocair (?)
le n-a ceupad ar ériann.
Mac Dé o'fulaing an t-aon fáir.
Dearlada [=dearlada, i.e., dearlada] lapad ann a ghuaid,
Go utas ré báir bheag ó'n acair.

b'éin (?) liom an tréil éubairt
Ag cealla (?) i meadon-aoir.
Nuair éubairt pí an ailm (?)
Mac binn geal o'á gáidil,
bhuaíl pí a o'á bair éubairt geala,
Chuaíó pí ar a glúnaib míne r'leamha,
Sheil [=ríl] pí na trí r'p'eara folá
ó n-a ríor bí go ró-glán.

Tháinig na trí h-áille (?) bí eall,
Tháinig na trí mhúire ó'n róim,
Tháinig na trí deamain anoir.

Rí-nerime cur óé go teann,
Dall mar o'fórgail a fúil

But it was not exactly in this way that other people had it, and there is more in it according to some. The version I gave above is the clearest and most intelligible that I ever heard. It is very curious that I have never met this piece in a manuscript, although it is so widely known.

Here is another piece which I wrote down from the mouth of Michael Mac Rury or Rogers, who is from Kilalla, in the west of the County Mayo. This piece is almost as corrupted and as unintelligible as the *Marainn Phádraig* itself.

THE GLORIOUS RESURRECTION.

Was not that the resurrection
 The best that you ever heard of!
 From reading(?) of books to . . . ? of the churches
 Our mild sweet Lord to bring to . . . ?
 By His crucifixion on a tree.
 The Son of God who suffered the one-passion
 Lights blazing upon His countenance,
 Surely He bore fine sway from the Father.
 My delight(?) was the pleasant(?) eye
(?) in middle-age,
 When she heard the . . . ?
 A melodious bright son singing it,
 She smote her two fragrant white palms,
 She went on her smooth polished knees,
 She wept the three spouts of blood,
 From her eyes that were very-clear.
 Came the Three Graces(?) that were yonder,
 Came the three Marys from Rome,
 Came the three Demons from the east.
 The King of Heaven His—blood—ebbing(?) hard,
 The Blind one, as he opened his eye,*

* NOTE.—For an explanation of this Dall or Blind one, see note on p. 321.

nó go b'facaíod ré nuí an domáin,
 Ar n'ruim uachtair na talmhan
 Tá b'fadaíod ré an rasoíal ní m'arócaíod é.

Tá b'fadaíod rinn féin ári n-actúingse
 Ar fá mac Dé, agus a leabuió féin ann ran uaií,
 B'aríclín geal ar íníom rionn
 Eirí rinn agus tinnear na rluaií [sic] báine.

Cia déarfad í, an ariearíge,
 Agus déarfad í gac t'arí,
 Cia déarfad í, an ariearíge,
 Agus déarfad í gac uain,
 Béir naoi nglúin
 Saoir, gac taob, o'á b'peacaíod,
 Agus a anam féin an lá veiríod.

As ro d'án doiléirí doirí eile de'n tróir b'irte reo,
 d'án, do r'griob mé ríor ó beul an Mhic Uí Ruairíodis
 ceutna.

airtíogal an chreigil (?) chruaidh.

Airtíogal an chreigil (?)* éruaid
 Tháinig éugainn ar uair ári mbáir,
 marí éáinig an t-aingiol ar cuairt
 le roinn (?) i gcluid na mná.

B'raon níor bíar a beul
 go utus rí an t-uirge t'arí a méar.

I'f maí an r'asairt mac Dé,
 i'f maí an bairteaí g'ruéann ré,
 bhairt ré úinn a'f bairt éoin é.

Tós na r'ruanta (?) ro
 Or arí g'cionn,
 T'arí nári maí le cáé
 Sinne beir ann.

* Cuaidíod mé "an éruaid" ó úine eile, agus "an chreigil"
 ó úine eile.

Until he saw the King of the World
 On the upper ridge of the earth,
 If he were to get the universe he would not slay him.

If we, ourselves, were to get our petition
 Says the Son of God, and his own bed in the grave,
 A bright sheet of white weaving
 Between us and the sickness of the Pale Host.

Whoever would say it—the “Resurrection,”
 And shall say it each time,
 Whoever would say it, the “Resurrection,”
 And will say it each occasion,
 There shall be nine generations
 Free on each side [*i.e.*, father’s and mother’s side] from
 their sin,
 And his own soul, the last day,

Here is another obscure dark poem of the same broken
 sort, which I wrote down from the same Mac Rury, or
 Rogers.

THE ARTICLE OF THE CRĒGIL CRUA.

The article of the Crĕgil Crua,
 Which came in Death’s dark hour of fear,
 Even as the angel came to visit,
 With tale of balm, the woman’s ear.

To drink one mouthful she did not stop
 Till she let through her fingers the water drop.

The Son of God a good priest is,
 And well He baptizes who is His,
 ’Twas John who baptized Himself I wis.

Lift this sign
 Above our head,
 When all the world
 Would wish us dead.

mac Ríḡ neimhe * ḡs uul le cḡann

ḡsur ḡac baill ué

ḡs uul 'ran ḡcḡé.

ní'ḡ don ḡ uéararḡ aḡcḡoḡal an Chḡeigill Chḡuarḡ

uairi ḡ'ḡ ḡac tḡáḡ

naḡ ḡḡeicḡeḡó ḡé muiḡe tḡi h-uairiḡ

Roiḡm am ḡ ḡáir.

ḡs ḡo mar tḡ an ḡairiḡ ḡin ḡca, láirḡ le uéul-an-
ḡḡa i ḡconuḡé mḡuiḡ Eḡ.

cóip eile.

ḡairiḡn ḡáirḡeḡ i nḡáirḡn ḡháirḡair

ḡs molaḡ na mḡá ḡí ḡo mairḡ aḡiáḡ.

uḡó mairḡ an ḡḡarḡ mac ué

uḡó mairḡ an t-aḡḡionn léiḡeḡó ḡé,

uḡairḡ ḡé Eḡin 'ḡ uairḡ Eḡin é.

Cháirḡ aḡḡiol arḡeḡ ḡr leaḡ-cuair ḡo Cill-cuair

ḡo ḡḡeicḡeḡó ḡé ḡi ceurḡó é.

ní'ḡ don uairiḡ uairḡar mo ḡairiḡn naḡi n-uairiḡ

naḡ uḡiḡuḡairḡ ḡé naḡi n-anmanna ḡr ḡḡuḡḡaḡóir

ḡsur ḡ anam ḡéin arḡeḡ ḡo ḡlaḡairḡ an lá uairiḡó.

ḡs ḡo mar uairiḡ ḡiaḡ i, i ḡConamara.

cóip eile.

i nḡáirḡn ḡháirḡair tḡ'n ḡairiḡn ḡáirḡeḡ

ḡs molaḡ na mḡḡair ḡí mairḡ ḡan loḡḡ,

ḡ iḡra mairiḡ 'mḡic ué na nḡḡara

nḡ leiḡ ḡi ḡán m'anam boḡḡ.

* "Ríḡ neamḡ" uḡuairḡ mac uḡi Ruairḡmíḡ.

¹*Literally*: The article of Creigill Cruaidh which came to us at the hour of our death, as the angel came to visit with tidings (?) in the ear of the woman.

A drop her mouth did not taste till she gave the water through her fingers.

The Son of Heaven to death was led ;
 Each limb that day
 Was lap't in clay.

There is no one would say the article of the Créigil Crua
 Once and each time,
 Who shall not see Mary three times
 Before his death.¹

Here is how they have this prayer near Ballina, in the
 County Mayo.

ANOTHER VERSION.

The joining-prayer in the Garden of Paradise
 Praising the woman who was good, ever.

He was a good priest the Son of God,
 Good was the Mass he used to read,
 He baptized John and John baptized Him.

There came in an angel out of Leath-Cuain to Kill-cuain.
 Till he would see was He crucified.

There is no person who says my little prayer nine times
 Who would not bring nine souls out of purgatory
 And his own soul into heaven the last day.

Here is how they have it in Connemara.

ANOTHER VERSION.

In the Garden of Paradise countless praises
 Are lauding the Mother without one stain,
 Sweet Jesus, Son of the King of Graces
 O save my soul from the final pain.

The Son of God is a good priest, good is the baptism that He gives:
 He baptized for us, and John baptized Him.

Lift these bridles (?) above our head, when everyone would wish us
 not to be in it (*i.e.*, alive).

The Son of the King of Heaven going with (*i.e.*, on) the tree, and
 every limb of Him going in the clay.

nað maic an ragaite é mac Dé !

nað maic a bairtear ré ?

bairt ré éoin bairte, 'r bairt éoin bairte é.

Sin aipling éainis o'ainisioi na Cille Cruaio.

An té déarfað an tóan ro tui h-uaipe

bheirdeað naonbair naoi n-uaipe plán ar purgadóir,

asur a anam féin an lá veirdeannað. Amén.

I r pollurac sur ab é an nið céatona no an áit
céatona Creigill Cruaio, no Creiois Cruaio, Cill
Cuain, asur Cill Cruaio, ann rna tui cóipeannaio
ruar, acé ní'l fíor asam ar don cor, cao é an nið,
no cao é an áit é. 'S é meapaim-re sur focal rean-
šaeðeilge oo bí ann ar tóir, asur sur éail ré a
briš i míc na h-aimeipe, asur sur cruailigeað mar
ro é. 'Oo beirdeað na rean-danta toirca ro deap-
maota na céatota bliadan ó foir, acé amáin mar
geall ar an ngeallamaint atá le n-a scoir so
briugrið an té déarfap iao na flaitir, no beannaét
éigin eile.

'Oo ršriob mé ríor an tóan leana o beul an mhic
Ui Ruaidriš céatona. Tá a beirdeað corúil le cur
de'n páoir ruar.

cá éodail tu aréir, no, an páoir geal.

cá éodail tu aréir ?

raoi coraio mhc Dé.

¹I got this version from Father O'Growney, who got it, I think, from Mr. O'Faherty of Connemara. *Literally* : In the Garden of Paradise, the joining-prayer is praising the Mother who was ever without fault. O Sweet Jesus, Son of the King of Graces, do not allow my poor soul to go astray.

Is He not a good priest, the Son of God,
Is it not well He baptizeth,
He baptized John the Baptist and John the Baptist baptized
Him.

That is a dream which came to the angel of Cill Crua.

Whoever would say this poem three times,
There would be nine times nine safe out of purgatory,
And his own soul the last day. Amen.¹

It is evident that Crégill Crua, or Credyee Crua, Kill Cuan, and Kill Crua, in these three versions are the same thing, or the same place, but I have no knowledge whatsoever as to the thing or place it is. What I imagine is, that it is was originally an Old Irish word, that it lost its meaning in the course of time, and was corrupted thus. These dark old *dànta* would probably have been forgotten hundreds of years ago, were it not for the promise with which they conclude, that whoever will repeat them shall find heaven or some other blessing.

I wrote down the following *dàn* from the mouth of the same Michael Mac Rury. Its end is like part of the above prayer.

WHERE DIDST THOU SLEEP? OR, THE WHITE PRAYER.

Say where didst thou creep last night to thy sleep?
My sleeping was done at the foot of God's Son.²

² *Literally*: Where didst thou sleep last night? At the feet of the Son of God. Where shalt thou sleep to-night? At the feet of the poor. Where shalt thou sleep to-morrow? At the feet of St. Patrick. . . . Three drops of the water of Sunday [*i.e.*, holy water] that Mary sent with me, to guide me from door to door, to the door of Paradise, until the doors of hell shall be closed and the doors of the heavens be opened.

Cá coirveólaṛ tu anoṛt?
ṛaoi coṛaiḃ na mboṛt.

Cá coirveólaṛ tu amáṛaḃ?
ṛaoi coṛaiḃ naoinḃ páṛṛaiḡ.

Cia ṛin ṛóṛṛaṛ?
Tá na h-aingṛe.

Cia ṛin ṛo ṛiaiḡ?
Tá na h-eaṛbuil.

Cia ṛin aṛ ṛo ṛeaṛ-láimḃ?
Tṛi bṛaoim ṛ' uirḡe an ṛóṛṛnaiḡ
Chuiṛi muiṛe liom aḡ veunaṛḃ an eólaṛ,
O ṛoṛaṛ ḡo ṛoṛaṛ, ḡo ṛoṛaṛ ṛháṛṛeaiṛ.
ḡo ṛoṛṛaiḡṛeaiṛ ṛoṛṛe iṛṛinn
áḡur ḡo ḃṛoṛḡlaiḡṛeaiṛ ṛoṛṛe ṛlaiṛiṛ.

A naoinḃ-mhuiṛe, a máṛeaiṛ ṛé
leir aṛṛeḃ mé aṛ ṛoṛaṛ na ṛéile,
Ann ṛan áit naḃ n-iaṛṛaiḃ mé
ḃiaḃ ná euṛaḃ.

Tá'n ṛaiṛiṛín ṛáirṛeḃ
ṛ'á ṛáḃ i bṛáṛṛeaiṛ
aḡ moṛaḃ na máṛeaiṛ
aṛá ḡan loṛt,
O a dén-ṛic mhuiṛe
áḡur a ṛiḡ ḡil * na ṛḡáṛṛa
ḡo ṛaoṛaiḃ Tá ḡaḃ anam
Tá i bṛéin anoṛt.

ṛuaṛiṛ an t-áṛaiṛ O ḡṛaṛṛna ṛá coṛp eile ṛe'n ṛán
ṛo ṛaoi ainim "An ṛṛaiṛiṛ ḡheal." Toṛaiḡeann ṛiaṛ
maṛi ṛo, "ḡo m-beannuiḡiḃ ṛia ṛuic a ṛṛaiṛiṛ
ḡheal." "ḡo mbeannaṛiḡiḃ ṛia aḡur muiṛe ṛuic."

O Holy Mary, Mother of God, let me in at the door of generosity in the place where I shall seek for neither food nor clothing. The joining-prayer is being said in Paradise praising the Mother who is

Where sleep'st thou to-night in the world's despite?
At the feet of the poor and my rest shall be sure.

Where sleep'st thou to-morrow untroubled by sorrow?
My sleep shall be sweet at St. Patrick's own feet.

Who is that before you?
They are the angels.

Who is that behind you?
They are the apostles.

Who is that on your right hand?
Three drops of Holy Water,
That Mary sent to make me wise,
To guide me on from door to door
Till I reach the door of Paradise,
Till the doors of heaven be opened wide
And shut be the doors of hell and vice.

O Virgin Mary, Mother of God,
Let me in at the generous door,
Where want of clothing and lack of food
Shall rack my body nevermore.

One prayer combining
Is said in heaven
To her, the Mother,
The Stainless, Bright.

O Son of Mary,
O King eternal,
Relieve all souls
Are in pain to-night.

Father O'Growney got two other versions of this poem under the name of the White Pater, or Prayer, which began thus: "God salute thee O White Prayer," "God and Mary

without a fault. O One-Son of Mary and O bright King of the Graces mayest Thou save each soul that is in pain to-night!

* "Δ μις ζεαλ ριοηουτε" ουδαυτ ρε.

Ann rin tagann na focail "Cá éodail tu aréir," 7c.,
 marí do tug mé fuair iad, no beas-naé marí rin. Ann
 ran d'án, marí fuairí ré é ó Nóra ní Chongala ingean
 Mhicil Bháin i n-Inir Meadon i n-Árainn, do táinig
 na linte reo tar éir an méir tug mire.]

cóip eile.

eoðairí pháirtair tá mé iarraid
 tá ran uadac úvan [úo] táll.
 bhrúil pleargá óir ann a ceann.
 a' coinneall foillreac ann a látair.
 tháinig oíde, tháinig ceó,
 tháinig bhrúio le n-a bhrú,
 tháinig míceál le n-a rgeul,*
 bhrúonglan fava, bhrúonglan gearr.
 cia uéarfaó an phairtí gheal
 ceann do oíde
 ceann do ló,
 go mb' aoidinn uó.

Ann ran gcóip eile do fuairí ré ó Antóin Ó
 Dioráin i gCill Rónáin i nÁrainn tá na linte reo :

cóip eile.

ceuró rin arí do láim éilí?
 coirp éiríora.
 ceuró rin arí do láim uéar?
 naoi nveóirí u'uirge an dómnai?
 chuiri muirí liom a? bhré eólaí?
 arí éis pháirtair.
 u'éirí míceál áro-aingiol
 suar [na] fearaí
 marí beiréad uob-maol,
 a'p ir mire maol chriort.
 airméarí naomta chaomáin coimveac.

* "le n-a rgeul," ir uóis.

salute thee." Then followed the words "Where didst thou sleep last night," as I gave them above or nearly so. In the poem, as he got it from Nora Connolly, daughter of Michael the Fair, in Innismain, in Aran, these lines followed after the lines I have given :

ANOTHER VERSION.

The Key of Paradise I am seeking for,
Which is in the vessel over there,
At whose head are wands of gold.
The shining candle in its presence.
Came night, came mist,
Came Bride with her *brat* [i.e., mantle]
Came Michael with his story [or shield]
Branch long, branch short ;
Whoever would say the white prayer,
One by night,
One by day,
Surely 'twere well for him.

In the other version which he got from Anthony Derrane, from Kilronan, in Aranmore, these lines occur :

ANOTHER VERSION.

What is that on thy left hand ?
The body of Christ.
What is that on thy right hand ?
Nine drops of Holy Water,
That Mary sent with me to give guidance
To the House of Paradise.
Rose Michael the Archangel,
Up, standing,
As it were a *dubh-mhaol* [black monk ?]
But I myself am Christ's *maol* [monk, devotee]
The holy *airbheart* (?) of Keevin along with him,

ʒá'í b'áil liom fulaing piana puiʒaob'ia.
 ʒo m' b'huít aʒur 'ʒ am' loʒʒaó ari leac'iaib' dea'ʒa!
 Tiuc'iaib' an t-aéa'ri, Tiuc'iaib' an mac
 Tiuc'iaib' an spio'rao naom
 le m'anam boét i ʒcill-cluétar
 ari an lá veirió. Amén.

fuair mé an "Phaiviri ʒeal" no an "Phaiviri
 ʒeal-ʒeal" mar ʒlaob' reirean uiri, ó m' éaraio
 Tomár b'arclaiʒ mar an ʒceudna, o con'oaé Mhuig
 Eó, beaʒ naé mar tuʒ mé fuar i, aét tap éir na
 línte.

T'ri b'raoin v'uirʒe an b'óinnaiʒ
 Chuiri muiré liom aʒ veunam an eólaip

do táinig na línte eile reo.

cóip eile.

faoi éoinniʒe an f'iri úo talí
 a b'pui' an cain'oeal ann a láim.
 b'riʒio aʒur a b'rae,
 muiré aʒur a mac,
 míceal áro-aingiol aʒur a rʒiaé,
 dá láim 'Dhia faoi m'anam,
 naé áro fuar éiríoea' an ʒrian.
 aʒur a dá láim éairreí aniaí.
 ír mairʒ a éroéa'
 ír mairʒ a ééara'
 aʒur é beir leat
 aʒ uil ann [éum] na cill'!
 ʒan b'raetlín ʒeal
 ʒan cóinnia cláir.

¹ This Kill-Cloor may be compared with the mysterious Crégil Crua, Kill Cuan, and Kill-Crua above. These prayers are found in some form or other amongst all the Gaelic-speaking Celts. "St. Bride and her *brat*," i.e., mantle, is known even in Lowland Scotch nursery and folk rhymes.

Why should I like to suffer the pains of Purgatory ?
 A-boiling and a-roasting on red flags?
 The Father will come, the Son will come,
 The Holy Spirit will come,
 With my poor soul in Kill-Cloor¹
 At the last day. Amen.²

I also got the "White Prayer," or "The White-white Prayer," as he called it, from my friend Thomas Barclay, from the County of Mayo, very nearly as I gave it above, but after the lines

Three drops of Holy Water
 Which Mary sent with me to show me the way

these other lines followed :—

ANOTHER VERSION.

Under the protection of that man yonder,
 Who has the candle in his hand.
 Bride and her *brat* [mantle]
 Mary and her son,
 Michael the Archangel and his shield,
 It is not high up goes the sun,
 And his two hands back across it.
 Woe for who hangs,
 Woe for who tortures,
 And it to be with you,
 Going to the churchyard,
 Without a white sheet

¹ Another version was taken down by J. J. Lyons, and sent me by Father O'Growney, who says he heard nearly the same piece in Meath. Another verse was given by O'Faherty of Connemara, but possibly does not belong to this prayer at all.

Ξαέ δον ουινε
 Όέαρραρ έ ριν
 Τηι η-υαιρε 'ραν λά
 ηί ηαέαιρ ρέ
 Ξο η-ιρριονη Ξο ηιάε.

Ρυαιη μέ αν ράιοιη Ξεαλ ρο αηίρ ο ρεαρ ειλε ι
 ΞConoae Muiξ Eó, áετ ηι έυιήνιξιμ αη α αινμ. Τυξ
 ρειρεαν “Αιητιοξαλ αν έρειτοιή έρυαιρ” αιη. Αξ ρο
 κυιρ οί, μαη ουδαιητ ρειρεαν έ—κυιρ ηαέ ραιρ αξ ηα
 υαοιηρ ειλε.

κόηρ ειλε.

Τηι ηυαοιη ο'υιρξε αν Όόήναιξ
 έυιη ηαέ Όέ λιον αξ υέαηαή αν εόλαιρ
 ό έεαέ ράυηαιξ Ξο υοηυρ ράηηέαιρ.

• • • • •

μά τά αιηλινξ αη μο έι
 ηαέ ό Όια ιοιη μέ ξυρ ί.

• • • • •

[Ράιιτε ηόήαυ] α ράιοιη ίορα
 Όο ηιννε έριορτ ι ξεοιηη α ηίορα,
 Αη Σλιαδ υεαέλαιηη ι ηβάηη έαιέηεαέ(?)
 Ξο ηβυό ρλυαξ υυαν υαιηξιοηη
 αν ρλυαξ ρο α υρυιιμιο ανη.
 ηάηαβ * ρλυαξ υυαν υαιηξιοηη
 αν ρλυαξ ρο ατά αξ ταηηαιηξε οηηαιηη.
 Α ίορα ηα ρολα ρίηιηηιξε
 Ξο ξεουλαιξ Τυ ιη άη υροέαιρ.
 Αξυρ Ξο ραιρ ο' αιηξιε υεαηηαιξέε
 ιη άη υτιηέοιολι.

* “Ξο ηβυό” α υυδαιητ ρειρεαν, áετ υ'άέηυιξ ηιρε έ, όιη
 ιη υόιξ ξυρ υεαηηαυ υο ηιννε ρέ.

Without a board coffin,
 Everyone who shall repeat that
 Three times in the day,
 He shall not go
 To hell for ever.

I again got this White Prayer from another man in the County Mayo, but I do not remember his name. He called it "The Article of the Hard Faith." Here is some of it as he said it—some of it that the others had not got.

ANOTHER VERSION,

Three drops of Holy Water
 That the Son of God sent with me, to show me the way
 From the house of Patrick to the door of Paradise.

.
 If there is a vision waiting to attack me
 A Son from God between me and her!

.
 Welcome to thee O prayer of Jesus,
 Which Christ made at the end of his month,
 On the mountain of Beachlainn in the top of Cáithir [?]
 May it be an enduring firm host
 This host in which we are!
 May it not be ¹ an enduring firm host
 This host that is drawing towards us!
 O Jesus of the true blood
 Mayest Thou sleep beside us.
 And may thy blessed angels
 Be around us.

¹ The man said "may it be." This is, I think, judging from other prayers of the same kind, a mistake, and I have altered it accordingly.

Δε πο τάν εϊλε το'ν Μhairíoin, ó Shleann-na-mada
no Gleann-na-máí-voib í SConraé na Sailleime a
bpuil cuio dé cormhúil leir na tántaib fuar.

Δ mhairíoean.

Δ mhairíoean glórimar mórmar mairéac,
ir tu mo lón, mo ríor, mo tairge.

ir tu mo réalt eólaí

Δε ουλ mómam ann r gac bealaé,

Δ' r ar fliab na nveóir

Go mbuó tu mo éaraid.

í nGáiríoin phárréaí r tá'n páiríin páiréac

Δε molaó na mná bí miam gan loét,

Δ aéin-míic mhuiré tá í gcátaí na nGáiréa

Réiró gac gádaó dom' anam boét.

Deun dam tpeóir, tá an tóir ar an bpeacaé,

Fluic mo ghuacó le ghuacó to'n átaí,

niú mo láma ar rmál na bpeacaó

'S ar uair mo báir go n-abraim an páiríin.

Δε πο páiríin mairé, to tug an t-átaí Eógan O
Spaíma dam. To ríoró ré í o beul ouine éigin
í n-Inir-meádon í nÁrainn, beagán de bliantaib ó
foin. To tug na daoine 'ran áit rin "An Airei-
rige" uirí, áct ní feicim cia an fáct. Tá dá cuio
ann, áct b'éiríin gur píoráiró íao nac mbaineann le
céile ar don cor.

AN AISEIRIGHE.

Abair to páiríin má' r áil leat é,

ir léigean í nac tpeíoeann ar gcúl,

ir páiríin í nac nGadann rmál,

Cairíoll áro Δε níú na noúl.

¹ *Literally*: O Maiden, glorious, courteous, graceful, thou art my provision, my store, my treasure, thou art my guiding star going before me in every road, and on the Mountain of Tears mayest thou be my friend. In the Garden of Paradise the joining prayer is lauding the woman who was ever without a fault. O one-Son of Mary who

Here is another poem to the Virgin from Glenamaddy in the County Galway, some of which is like the above poems.

O VIRGIN.

Glorious Virgin, heavenly vision,
Thou my riches, store, provision,
My star through the years

When troubles rend me,

On the Mountain of Tears

O thou defend me.¹

In the Garden of Paradise, hymn and story

Are praising the Lady within the walls,

O Mary's Son from thy city of glory

Protect my soul when the danger falls.

Let not the hunters pursue me farther,

Wash my hands from the stains that gather,

Moisten my cheeks with love for the father,

And when I die may I say the *pater*,

Virgin Mary.

Here is another good prayer which Father O'Growney gave me. He wrote it down from the mouth of somebody in Innismaan in Aran a few years ago. The people of that place called it the "Resurrection," but I do not see why. There are two parts in it, but possibly they do not belong to one another at all.

THE RESURRECTION.

Repeat thy Pater with due desire,

A lesson of fire to one and all,

A pater abounding in each good thing,

The King of the Elements Castle wall.²

art in the city of the graces, smooth every danger for my poor soul. Make for me a guidance, the pursuit is after the sinner, wet my countenance with love for the Father, wash my hands from the stain of the sins, and at the hour of my death may I say the prayer.

² *Literally*: Say thy pater if thou likest it, it is a lesson that goeth

Պրեմիւր քհմրէսիւր Ի ի ան քաւօյն,
 Անամ-քաւօյն 'բօյւբար ի. *
 Արուսեջ Երաժեշտ, Գօղթա, Ճլան,
 Պրօւզեալ քիլ Եճճա ի.

Երբորք, սրբաւիճե, ճշար յօրիւ,
 Աւերիցե ճշար, ա՛ր յօժեճար մաւե,
 Տոն է ան տեճարք եւց մաճ յօ
 Ի՛նչ եղցաւր բօն, ան ան ծրօճմար տար.

Եկիր՛՛ն՝ ըստ ասիրոյն ճան ո՞ր Երօճաճի, †
 'Տ յն՝ յստ Իրօն՝ Գր ո՞ր Երատ,
 Եսաճ 1 ճօճնճար յա տէր յո՞ր
 Գսր անկաճի բա՛ւ ո՞ր ո՞ն յստ յո՞ւն յո՞ւն.

Ամսօրեցիքն Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի
Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի
Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի
Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի Եւսեփի

Ծեան 50 մին Եւր ճո մօժէ
 ճշոր ցւոյ ցնէ (?) ճո ճ ճօրթ
 Տ'ջոր քարոյ ճո յօլ յօրթ ոճ մօժէ
 50 ուճճճճ ճո ճ Եճ 'ոճ ուժէ.

*Οὐδαιστ' ἀν τ' ἀταίρ' εὐόξαν ὁ Σπάρτανα θυρ λαβαίμεσθ' ἀν line
 ρεό μαρ "ἀναμ παύοιρ' πόριμαρ í," ἄσυρ νίοιρ' τῆις ρέ í: ἄστ
 ὁ' ἀτ' κῆις τ' εἰρ' í, ἡυ-θεατ.

† *Aliter* "ΘΙΑ ΘΟΜΝΑΙΣ;" μαρι φυδιμ μέ ό φεαρ ειλε έ.

‡ *Aliter* μόρτασας.

§ *Aliter* “ἀρ' ἂν βραχυτέρῳ τὴν θεολογικὴν ἐργασίαν” [=ἐργασίαν?]

not back, it is a prayer that takes no stain, a high castle for the King of the Elements. A ladder of Paradise is the pater, a soul-prayer that relieves is it, a prayer pious, lime-white, pure, a bridge of the race

A ladder to Paradise is the pater,
 Matter to comfort the soul is there,
 A bridge for the race that is chased by death,
 Is the fragrant breath of the lime-white prayer.

Praying with alms and fasting too,
 Repentance due, and a hope not vain,
 Is the teaching taught by the Son of God
 Against a harvest of hail and rain.

.

Go to Mass unsocked and shoeless,
 Doless pride of garb is sin,
 Meet—where the three ways meet—the poor,
 Bow to him twice and bring him in.²

Though thine be the gold in the king's own kist,
 Though thy flocks like a mist cover hill and lea,
 —Refuse to the poor man bed or bread,
 And heaven, when dead, thou shalt not see.

Be to the poor man mild and good,
 Warm him, clothe him and give him food,
 Let alms to the poor be freely given,
 For in poor man's shape came Christ from heaven.

of Eve is it. Fasting, prayer and alms, sharp repentance and good hope, that is the teaching the Son of God gave to His own Church against the wet harvest. [*This line was probably interpolated during some wet season, it seems out of place.*]

² Go to Mass without your shoes, and do not be proud of your mantle. Meet, at the confluence of the three roads, and bow twice to the poor man. For all you shall see of silver and gold, and though you owned the mist of the hills [*the misty hills*] you shall not see the heaven of God for ever without the bed and alms of the poor [*i.e., giving them bed and alms*].

Δὲ πο δορνᾶν οὐ πύοραι βεῖσα εἰλε οὐ'ν τρύπτ
 σεύονα, το εὐαλαῖο μέ υαῖο-ρεαν ἡ ὁ ὀδοινοῖ εἰλε.

cuimhniḡh.

Cuimhniḡ páir na rleas, má feυoann tu,
 Cuir na ḡáirṫa i υeḡas * po na mílciḃ cúmha,
 Cuiḡoḃe ḡlan cḡáidṫeas náirḡeas oéirḡeas úmál
 nac míle reairi le ḡáó 'ná beul ar riúbal.

nach iomḡha marcach.

nac iomḡa marḡas maṫṫ a leasao
 a'ṫ ḡasao anoir ar muiḡ an eic,
 mar euaṫ mṫre i leṫ na rliḡe
 Tar a Chriḡorṫ a'ṫ eadair oḃ ḡreicṫ.

irionn fuar rliuch.

irionn fuar rliuc,
 baile ir reirḃe oeoṫ,
 baile ḡan cill ḡan cḡoir,
 nṫ ḡasao mé reṫn 'na eoṫ.†
 aṫṫ mar 'ṫ maṫṫ le iora mé beicṫ.

buo mian liom uul anonn
 maras‡ a laiḡeao a ḡruil oḃ lón ḡóḡam,
 ir beas oḃ mo ḡáirṫ aḃur,
 ir rḡuas nac talṫ oḃ rḡeaoar.

* "na ḡairi i υeas" mar euaṫo eoḡan O ḡraimha é, aṫṫ nṫ
 léirṫ oam rin.

† no mar euaṫo an ḡraimniḡeas é "na ead ná 'na eoṫ, aṫṫ
 mar ir maṫṫ le iora Cḡiḡorṫ mé beicṫ." o'éoiri ḡur "o' ead ná oḃ
 eoṫ" na rocaṫ eadṫa.

‡ "maras" no "meirḡas" i ḡConnaṫeaiḃ="muna mbeirḡeaoṫ."

¹ *Literally* :—Remember the passion of [*i.e.*, caused by] the spear,
 utter thy cries in time beneath a thousand sorrows; a clean, devout,
 modest, charitable, humble heart, is not it a thousand times better
 to mention than a mouth in motion [*i.e.* an ever-wagging tongue].

² *Literally* :—Is it not many a good horseman who has been thrown,
 and now I shall go upon the back of the steed [*i.e.*, to ride the race

Here are a few other little pieces of the same sort which I heard from him and others :—

THINK.

Think, of the spear, with fear, that pierced our Lord,
Think, let thy tear be shed to Him adored,
A good clean heart by dart of sin unscored
Is more than lays of praise before our Lord. ¹

THOUGH RIDERS BE THROWN.

Though riders be thrown in black disgrace,
Yet I mount for the race of my life with pride,
May I keep to the track, may I fall not back,
And judge me, O Christ, as I ride my ride. ²

HELL.

Hell whose rains and cold appal,
Hell whose drink is bitter gall,
Crossless churchless town of fear,
Hell, for thee I shall not steer.
But as Christ shall wish, so be it all. ³

Had I for my voyage food,
I should steer for heaven's good,
Ah ! my crop had better thriven
Had I sown and ploughed for heaven.

of life], as I have [*or perhaps may for muna, "If I have not"*] gone aside from the [true] track. Come, O Christ, and deliver Thy judgment.

³ *Literally* :—Hell, cold, wet, town of bitterest drink, town without church, without cross, I shall not go near it, but as Jesus Christ wishes me to be.

I should like to go over [to heaven] were it not for the scantiness of provisions before me, [for the journey]: there is little of my crop on this side, [the grave;] alas ! that it was not on that side that I ploughed. The Irish *bur* and *tatt*, "this side and that side," correspond exactly to the *diesseits* and *jenseits* of the Germans, in the sense of here and hereafter.

AN LAOZH DO CEUSAÖH.

AN LAOZH DO CEUSAÖ DÍA H-DOINE,
DO CUIPEAÖ I MÓPAIB MÍGNE,
DO FÍNEAÖ É RAN UAIZH 'NA FÍNEAÖ *
CLOCA MÓRA CLONNTA (P) CLAONTA.

AS FAIRTE A LEABUIÖ AR PEAÖ DA H-OIÖCE
SÉ DUBAIRTE FEIRTEAN LE NICEOÍMUR,

CUNTAMATAI (P) OF A CÍONN RIN
SUR TUGADAR LEÖ É Ó LUÉT NA REAÉT LÍNE,

BHÍ D'Á MBHAGONAÖ LE AOILEAÖ,
D'Á NDEARHAÖ LE CÍMLEAÖ
AS NA DHEAMANNNAIB FO PÍANTEAIB.

Ir minic tráctar ar an Dóinnac ann rna paithe-
reacáib reö, agus ir an-mór an mear do bí as na
rean-ghaeöealáib ar an lá beannaighe rin. Ir
coitcinn 'na mear as an t-ainm do Dha "Rig an
Dóinnais." Ann ran rseul gheannamail rin
"Seághan Tinncear"† innirtear dúinn mar cuaiö
Seághan as iarraiö cáirtoir Cúrota d'á mac, agus
mar caraö Mac Dé leir, agus tairis ré é féin do
mar cáirtear Cúrota, aet dúiltas Seághan do, "ní
feair comérom tu," aoir ré, "tugann tu a reat-ráit
ráit do daoine agus ní tugann tu a leat-ráit do
daoine eile." Nuair oiméis Mac Dé caraö "Rig
an Dóinnais" leir, aet nuair cualaiö Seághan sur
b' é do bí ann, ní leigheö ré do beir 'na cáirtear

* "mo fíneao" mar cualaiö eóghan O Shamna é: ní tuigim rin.

† feuc mo "Sgeulairöe Saöalac" cur 1., rseal III.

¹ Literally:—The calf that was crucified on Friday, it was placed in
tough ropes, it was stretched in its stretching in the grave, great stones
. . . ? inclined. Watching his couch throughout the night, it was
what he said to Nicodemus. . . ? over that, till they took him with
them from the people of the seven lines that were being spattered with

THE CALF TO DEATH.

The calf to death on Friday driven
 With galling ropes His flesh was riven,
 Then to the grave the body given,
 And stones above Him piled to heaven.¹

He who was slaughtered to redeem us
 Spake that night to Nicodemus.

They bring Him away ere morning shines
 Away from the men of the seven lines.

Men foul with dirt and slime
 Fettered and red with crime,
 Through the bands in pain for endless time.

Mention is often made of the Sunday in these prayers, and very great was the regard that the old Gaels had for that holy day. A common name amongst them for God is the "King of the Sunday." In that amusing story, "Shawn the Tinker,"² we are told how Shawn went to look for a godfather for his son, and how the Mac Dé [Son of God], met him and offered Himself to him as a godfather, but Shawn refused Him, "You are not a fair man," said he, "you give their seven times enough to some people, and you don't their half enough to others." When the Son of God had gone away from him the "King of Sunday" met him, but when Shawn heard that it was He who was in it, he

foul-dirt, reddened with fetters, by the people under pains. *This fragment is very obscure. I do not understand "the people of the seven lines."*

² See the third story in the first part of my *Sgeuluidhe Gaedhealach*. This story is told with variations all over Ireland, but this part of it can be, and is only told in Irish, since the phrase *Rí an 'Dómnais*, "King of the Sunday," has not found its way into English.

Chríofa d'a mhac, "ní 'l aḡaḡ" ar ré "aḡt don lá
amháin ran tḡeaḡtḡaḡn, aḡur ní 'l tu ionnánḡn móḡán
maḡtḡr do ḡeunamḡ an lá rin féin!" Aḡ ro maḡ
ḡuaḡn mo ḡara an t-aḡaḡn O ḡraḡna "ḡáilte an
ḡóḡnaḡḡ i nárainn.

ḡáilte an ḡóḡnaḡḡ

ḡáilte an ḡóḡnaḡḡ
anḡiaḡḡ na ḡeaḡtḡaḡne
lá bḡeáḡḡ ḡaoḡḡe
ḡ' oḡuaḡḡ Chríofa ḡáinn,
le n-ár n-anam do ḡeunamḡ.

Coḡḡuaḡḡ do ḡor ḡo moḡ ḡum aḡḡinn,
Coḡḡuaḡḡ do ḡeul ar na bḡiaḡḡaḡḡ beannuaḡḡte,
Coḡḡuaḡḡ do mḡaḡa ar ḡlaḡḡa na h-anamḡ,
ḡorḡaḡḡ do ḡḡoḡḡe aḡur ḡḡaḡḡ an ḡanḡuḡo ar,
ḡḡeaḡnaḡḡ ḡuaḡ ar mḡac na ḡanaḡḡaḡ,
ḡ 'ré féin iḡ ḡeaḡḡi do ḡeannuaḡḡ rinn.

Chraḡn ḡḡeaḡ ḡuillḡaḡḡaḡ ḡlaḡ
ar chḡoḡaḡ Chríofa ḡaoḡ 'na ḡun,
ḡillimḡo oḡe arḡḡ a ḡḡoḡḡ
[ḡillimḡo oḡe arḡḡ le ḡonn].

Tá ḡíora eile aḡa ḡar b' ainm "ḡeannaḡḡ an
ḡóḡnaḡḡ," aḡt nḡ ḡuḡaim ann ro é, ḡḡi iḡ beaḡ-naḡ
do-ḡuḡḡḡḡonaḡ ar ḡaḡo é. Aḡ ro ḡíora beaḡ ar an
ḡḡoḡḡ, coḡḡuḡḡ leir na lḡntiḡ ḡuaḡ, maḡ tá ré aḡa
i nárainn aḡur i ḡConamaḡa.

ḡo mbeannuaḡḡḡear ḡuit a ḡros.

ḡa mbeannuaḡḡḡear ḡuit a ḡḡor
a ḡuinneáin ḡléḡil úḡḡ,
ḡo mbeannuaḡḡḡear ḡuit a ḡḡoḡḡn
le 'ḡ ceḡḡaḡ Chríofa

¹ *Literally* :—Move thy foot early to Mass, move thy mouth on the
holy words, move thy fingers on the chain of the soul [the rosary?]

would not allow Him, either, to be godfather to his son, "You have only one day in the week," said he, "and you're not able to do much good that day, itself!" Here is how my friend Father O'Growney, found the "Salutation to Sunday" in Aran.

WELCOME TO SUNDAY.

Welcome to Sunday
After the week days,
It, the fine holiday
Christ has ordained for us,
To make our souls for us.

Move your foot to the Mass all early,
Move to its words your lips full clearly,
Move on the chain of the soul your fingers,
Open the heart where evil lingers,
Look to the Son of the Nurse who taught us,
He who alone in His mercy bought us.¹

Tree green, leafy, wide,
Under it Christ crucified,
To thee we return again, O Cross,
We return again unto thee with pride.²

They have another piece called the "Blessing of the Sunday," but I do not give it here for it is almost entirely unintelligible. Here is a little piece about the Cross, like the lines given above, as they have it in Aran and Connemara.

HAIL UNTO THEE, O CROSS.

Hail unto thee, O Cross,
Branching, and green, and wide,
Hail unto Thee, O tree
Where Christ was crucified.

open thy heart and loose the malice out of it, look up to the Son of the Nurse, since it is He himself who best bought us.

²Tree straight, leafy, green, beneath whose foot Christ was crucified, we return to thee again, O Cross, we return to thee again with joy.

So mbeannuigítear túit a níg
 Do ríneadó ar an gcrois,
 Impiúe cuirim oir,
 Sác rímál peacaidí d'á bfuil ar m'anam
 É leagaint ar an gcólaínn,
 Ó 'rí ir mó rinne an cóir.

As ro píora eile do rghriob an ríor Shaebeal rin
 an liatánac ríor ó beul mná ar beul-an-áta i
 gconradé Mhuig Eó. Dubairt rí sup gnátae a nád
 ar breicrint teampoill uait.

So mbeannuigítear túit a altóir.

So mbeannuigítear túit a altóir
 A éor bhréag úilleabhrac glar,
 Náir leigirí tu m'anam éar,
 So gcongbuigirí tu mé ar áeag-rtáir,
 So bhrillirí tu mair-ne [rinn-ne] ar ár lear,
 So meurbuigirí tu ár gcrois le glóirí d'fáil,
 So líonairí tu ár fáil le deómaib na h-áitirí,
 So stugairí tu ár gcion úinn de sác airíonn
 D'á léigítear ann ran Róim anóir
 Agus ar fuo an doimain mhóir.

No marí eulairí an t-Átair O Sháinná é ó oirde-
 rgoile .i. Dáirí O Ceallacláin i n-Árainn mhóir.

So stugairí úinn cion Criorctairí
 De luagheact airíonn an lae anóir
 Agus de sác airíonn d'á léigítear ann ran Róim
 Agus timéill an doimain mhóir ar fuo.

¹ Literally :—Mayest thou be saluted O Cross, O branch bright,
 fresh, mayest thou be saluted O tree by which Christ was crucified,
 mayest thou be saluted O King who wast stretched upon the cross, a

Hail unto Thee, O King,
 Who wast stretched upon the Cross,
 A supplication I send to Thee,
 Each stain of the sins on my soul that be—
 To lay it upon my body,
 She has sinned the most—the more guilty she—¹

Here is another piece which that true Gael, Mr. Lyons, wrote down from the mouth of a woman from Ballina in the County Mayo; she said it was usual to repeat it on coming in sight of a church.

HAIL TO THEE, O ALTAR.

Hail unto thee, O altar,
 O cross, fine, leafy, green,
 Mayest thou not let my soul [go] past thee,
 Mayest thou keep me in a good state,
 Mayest thou turn us to what-is-good-for-us,
 Mayest thou magnify our hearts to get glory,
 Mayest thou fill our eyes with tears of repentance,
 Mayest thou give us our share of every Mass
 That is read in Rome to-day
 And throughout the great world.

Or as Father O'Growney heard it from a schoolmaster in Aran Mór, David O'Callaghan.

That there may come to us a Christian share
 Of the preciousness of the Mass of this day,
 And of every Mass that is read in Rome
 And round about the great world, throughout.

supplication I offer Thee [namely] every stain of sin that is upon the soul—to lay it upon the body, since it is she who most committed the crime.

As ro uhnuiḡe áluinn do éualaiḡ an t-Ádair
O Spáinná i nInir Meadon, o'á ríáú le linn an
airrinn asur tar éir an coirreasta.

míle fáilte rómaḡ a cuirp an tigeanna.

míle fáilte rómaḡ a cuirp an tigeanna,
a míc no ríoluiḡ o'n óiḡ ir gile 'r ir míne,
'sé do bár-ra
ar émann na páire
o' fuarḡail ríol éada a'r bairḡiḡ* coir.

Ó'r peacaḡ boḡt mé tá as veunam oir
ná noḡt oim an éoir,
Cíḡ do tuil mé t' fearḡ a íora Chríorta
ríll oim asur róir.

íora ceannuiḡ muiḡ [i.e., rínn]
íora beannuiḡ muiḡ
íora [an] páirín páirteaḡ [sic],
ná veun rínn do veannaḡ,
Anoir no ar uair ar mbáir.

O a Chríort do ceuraḡ Dia h-Doine
Do óoir do cuir polá o'á mairteaḡ 'r o'áir raoraḡ,
Spárta an Spioraio náoiḡ ann áir ḡcaoiḡe 'r ann áir
n-inntinn
ḡaḡ aḡcuḡe o'á n-iairamaoio mac o'é o'á ríóteaḡ

* no "báiríḡ."

¹ *Literally*.—A thousand welcomes to Thee, O Body of the Lord, O Son who wast descended from the Virgin most bright and most smooth, it is Thy death upon the tree of the Passion that released the seed of Eve and destroyed crime [according to another reading, "put crime to death."]

Since I am a poor sinner who is making for Thee, do not unsheath

Here is a beautiful prayer which Father O'Growney heard in Innis Maan in Aran, said during Mass after the Consecration.

A HUNDRED THOUSAND WELCOMES.

A hundred thousand welcomes, thou Body of the Lord,¹
 Thou Son of her the Virgin, the brightest, most adored,
 Thy death in such fashion
 On the tree of the Passion
 Hath saved Eve's race and put sin to death.

I am a poor sinner to thee appealing,
 Reward me not as my sins may be;
 O Jesus Christ I deserve Thy anger,
 But turn again and show grace to me.

Jesus who bought us
 Jesus who taught us
 Jesus of the united prayer,
 Do not forget us
 Now nor in the hour of death.

O crucified Jesus do not leave us,
 Thou pouredst Thy blood for us, O forgive us,
 May the Grace of the Spirit for ever be with us,
 And whatever we ask may the Son of God give us.

upon me justice, although, O Jesus Christ, I have deserved Thy anger, return to me and relieve me.

Jesus who bought us, Jesus who blessed us, Jesus [of the] united prayer, do not forget us, now nor at the hour of our death.

O Christ, who wast crucified on Friday, who pouredst Thy share of blood to forgive us and free us, the grace of the Holy Spirit be in our heart and in our mind: every petition that we ask may the Son of God make-it-easy for us.

Δε πο πόρτ γνίωμα ερσιθε-βρúιγτε, το ργρίοβ αν
 λιατάναε ρίορ ο δευλ ουινε αρ κονοαε να γαλλιμε.

cuimne dé.

Cuimne Dé or cionn mo cuimne,
 leat mo peacaid ní éig liom innreadt,
 Sác ar innir mé 'r nár innir mé,
 Tá mé ag iarraidh pánuíin ar íora Cρίορτα.
 I látaim catáοιη na ραοιροιη.

O Δ τηγεαρνα ρυαιρ ριαντα
 Δ'ρ ο'βυλαιγ αν ράιρ,
 Δε το ρτιαλλαδ le h-ιαραν
 O mullac go báιρ,
 na óiaig rin ρυαιρ tú ταρκυιρη
 'Sur na κηάατα αρ το λάιμ,
 O Δ τηγεαρνα, ιρ δε ιαρραιδ
 το εοιμιρκε τάιμ.

Ρυαιρ μο εαρα ρίορ-μáιτ ναε μαιρεανν, αν ργολáιη
 ελρτε γαεβειλγε ράοραιγ O λαογáιη, na ροcail
 éaτona po, δεαγ-ναε, i n-ιαρταρ κονοαε κορcαιγε.
 Ουδαιρτ ρé sur λαβáιρεαδ ιαο "αρ οτεαατ ουιτ αρ
 το γλúηαιδ ραν τρείρéal."

leisim mé péin.

leisim mé péin i n-imioll do gμάρ,
 ar uhlár do éiγe péin,
 Δε umluγaδ o'n teampoll catoilciθε,
 umluγim gan éaλγ im ερσιθε,*
 mo glún deap le ταιτεναίη o'n áιρo-μiγ.

* "umluγim mo éaλγ óm' ερσιθε" μαρ ρυαιρ ράοραιγ
 O λαογáιη é.

¹*Literally* :—Thoughts of God above my thoughts, half of my sin I
 am unable to tell. All that I have told and did not tell, I am asking

Here is a kind of Act of Contrition which Mr. Lyons wrote down from the mouth of a person from the County Galway.

THOUGHTS OF GOD.

Under my thoughts may I God-thoughts find.¹
 Half of my sins escape my mind :
 For what I said, or did not say,
 Pardon me Jesus Christ, I pray,
 At the throne of confession I stand this day.

O Jesus sorely suffering
 Rent by Thy Passion's pain,
 An iron-torn offering,
 Slain as among the slain,
 Scoffed at, despised, neglected,
 Tortured by cruel men,
 Trembling to be rejected
 I turn to Thee again.

My late, much-regretted friend, the able Gaelic scholar Patrick O'Leary, found almost the same words in the west of the County Cork. He said that they were spoken "when you came on your knees into the chapel."

I PLACE MYSELF.

I place myself at the edge of Thy grace,²
 On the floor of Thy House myself I place,
 To the Catholic Temple I bow to pray,
 And banish the sin of my heart away,
 I lower my knee to my King this day.

pardon (for it) of Jesus Christ before the throne of Confession. O Lord who receivedst pains and didst suffer the Passion, rent by iron from head to crown, afterwards Thou receivedst reproach and the wounds in Thy hand, O Lord, seeking Thy protection am I.

² *Literally* :—I lay myself at the edge of Thy Grace on the floor of

I lower my knee unto God most high
 To the blessed Three of the Trinity.
 From the armies of pain may They bring me whole,
 And the blessed Trinity take my soul.

O Jesus sore-suffering,
 Martyr of pain,
 Thou wast offered, an offering,
 Slain with the slain,
 Despised and rejected,
 A mock among men,
 May my soul be protected
 From sin and from stain.

Each sin I have sinned
 From the day of my fall,
 May the One Son of Mary
 Forgive me them all !
 May the child who was tortured,
 God-man without stain,
 Guide us safe through the torments
 And shoutings of pain.

Here is another piece of the same sort, which that expert
 Iresian and scholar, Mr. J. J. Lyons of Philadelphia, in
 America, wrote down from the mouth of one Alice O'Gal-
 lagher of the County Donegal. Mr. Lyons has laid all the
 Irishscholars of the world under debt and obligation to him
 for the songs and poems and other things which he has

from head to foot (?) afterwards the Lord received the branches (?) in
 His hand, O dear God seeking Thy protection I am. Every sin that I
 have committed from the day ever I was born may the Son of Mary
 of the Graces say to me "I forgive thee them." The child that was
 tortured who is Man and is God, make-us-avoid for ever the shoutings
 of the people of the pains.

aib d'gus de d'antais d'gus de neitib eile do r'griob
 ré r'ior go h-aipeac d'gus go beact o beul na n'aoine
 do capad air i n'ameicá, gan don n'ib d'atruagad
 ná do learuagad, act iad do tabairt go oipeac mar
 do eualaid ré iad. Thug ré cuir de na paripeacais
 do fuair ré mar ro, dom' capait eógan O Gramna,
 r'gairt, d'gus éur ré tuillead aca i gclóid ann ran
 "n'gaothal," an páipéar rin do tuill ár mbuidéacair
 le móran bliadán ar son an méir do pinne ré d'ár
 dteangaid. Cid nac bfuair ré an píora ro ó Chonn-
 actac, buó t'ruag gan a clóbuaid ann ro le n-a
 fáidail. Chuir an t-actair O Gramna eugam-ra é. Ir
 cormúil leir an "Ave Maris Stella" é.

fáilte óuit a mhúiré mór.

fáilte óuit-re a mhúiré mór,
 [fáilte] a mhaidnean r'iormaidé,
 ár ár n'aeacair [a mhúiré], r'oir,
 a mhúiré a máitair íora.

a réalt na maíone, a r'gíat na mboet,
 ir tu anam-éairt [atá gan loet].

ir tu do eug ár air an blát
 do óuit le h-éada [i n-áon-tíat].

thóg tu an t-uan do fáidais rinn
 bí 'noir 'r ár uair ár n-éaga linn.

tomaidg (?) dúinn-ne r'ioctán d'é,
 ir caol na glair a ceanglaigear mé.

gheim do'n boet, 'r do'n vall a r'úil,
 a máitair mhúiréac, r'ig na n'óil,

¹ *Literally*: Welcome to thee O great Mary, welcome O eternal maiden, our hardships relieve O Mary, Mary, mother of Jesus. Star of the morning, shield of the poor, thou art a soul-friend without

written down punctually and exactly from the mouth of our poor people whom he met in America, without altering or doctoring anything, but giving them exactly as he heard them. He sent some of the prayers which he got in this way to my friend Father Eugene O'Growney, and more of them he printed in the *Gael*, that paper which has for many years deserved our thanks for all it has done for our language. Although Mr. Lyons did not get this piece from a native of Connacht still it were a pity not to print it here, in order to save it. Father O'Growney sent it to me. It is like the "Ave Maris Stella."

WELCOME O GREAT MARY.

Welcome thou of high estate,
And when troubles seize us
Bring us through our dangers great,
Mother dear of Jesus.¹

Star of the morning, shield of the poor,
Friend of the soul, our open door.

Eve's fall made flowers to fall from men,
Thou bringest these upon earth again.

Thou hast reared the Lamb who has saved the race.
Be with us when Death comes face to face.

Bring us the peace of the Lord to-night
For the fetters that bind us bind us tight.

Heavenly Mother Oh! grant this night
Thy food to the poor, to the blind thy sight.

fault. It is thou who hast brought back the blossom that fell by Eve in one moment. Thou hast reared the Lamb who has saved us ; be with us now and at the hour of our death. Grant to us the peace

Δ ρῥατᾶιν na ρυθᾶίλce, Δ αἷρε an ηεᾶτa,
Δ ἑᾶτaοιη na h-eaḡna 'r na h-úmluiḡeaḑta.

Sábháil ρinn aṛ cḑim do mḡic
Aṛ olc, aṛ uaiṛ éṛic.

Δ ηεᾶlt na maṛone iṛ áṛtoe cḑim
Seᾑḑain ρinn aṛ óuḑaḑ na bṛian.

ḡo moṛtaṛi ρaoi do ḑoimṛiḡe
An t-aḑaṛi an mac 'ran spioṛaḑ naomḡ.

As ro anoir veṛpeḑḑ na reṛpeḑḑ caibitile o' ab-
mānaib Cúḡe Connaḑt. Aḑt fillṛiḑ mé aṛ na oán-
taib oiaḑa ro aṛiṛ, le congnaḡ Oé, óṛi iṛ lán-
iomaoamāil luḑmāṛi in-léiḡte iao, aḡur iṛ leaḑ-
maḑtanaḑ iao do óuine aṛ biḑ aṛ mian leiṛ anam
Connaḑt do cṛuiṛint. ṛᾑḡṛaṛiḑ mé ann ro buaiḑ
aḡur beannaḑt aḡ mo luḑt-léiḡte, aḡur má tá aon
ṛuo ann ran leaḑaṛ ro naḑ oṛaṛtṛiḡeann leó, iapṛiam
ṛáṛoúṛn oṛṛia, aḡur tá ṛúil aḡam naḑ oṛoḡṛaṛiḑ ṛiao
oṛṛi é, óṛi do ṛinne mṛe mo oḑiḑioll, aḡ cṛuiṛniḡaḑ
Δ bṛuil ann, aḡur 'ḡá cṛuṛ ṛioṛ ḡo oṛṛeaḑ maṛ do
ṛuaṛṛeaṛ é.

of God, tight are the fetters that bind me. A mouthful to the poor,
to the blind his eye, O beloved mother of the King of the elements.
O mirror of the virtues, O ark of the law, O throne of wisdom and

CRÍOĊ.

Throne of wisdom enthroned on meekness,
Mirror of good, make strong our weakness.

Save us, when thy Son shall come,
From deadly retribution.

Star of the morning all fair within
Save from the blot and the spot of sin.

May the Father, the Son, and the Spirit all Three
Beneath thy protection praised be.

Here now is the end of the sixth chapter of the Songs of Connacht. But I shall return, I hope, to these Religious Poems again, because they are very numerous, precious and readable, and they are, in a way, almost necessary to anyone who may desire to understand the soul of Connacht. I leave here a victory and a blessing to my readers, and if there is anything in this book that does not please them I ask their pardon, and I hope they may not blame me, for I have done my best in collecting what is in it, and in setting it down exactly as I found it.

of meekness. Save us on the step (*i.e.*, coming) of thy Son, from evil, from the hour of eric (retribution). O star of the morning of highest degree, make us to avoid the blackening of the pains.

THE END.

- P. 24, l. 1.—b'ḫearr "noḥtuighe." l. 16.—léig "parraíur-tiúe."
- P. 28, l. 1.—b'ḫearr píoraíúe no píoraí, áct tá eagla oim zurr mó mhuic rḡrúodar aiv i leabair aivúe no aiv ran uimur iolraiv.
- P. 28, l. 8.—ḡiur is now often better written tiur. In these words, ruar, ríor ríur, ríur, I have retained the r, which, etymologically, is not so correct, but was the common form a few years ago. L. 12.—b'ḫearr "doim-tríolla."
- P. 30, l. 18.—C-roir ḡ C-ríur=toir ḡ tiur. L. 15.—I have wrongly written cormúil all through for cormáil. The word is pronounced corúil. The fact is that an aspirated m or b in the middle of a word following a broad vowel and a liquid are pronounced—I think in all parts of Ireland—like the vowel ú, as ardar "corn," pronounced aruar, meardat, a "mistake," pronounced meardat. Colmán, the proper name "Coleman," pronounced by metathesis C'luán, colba, the side of a bed, pronounced colua, Calbač, the proper name, is pronounced Caluač, and so on. This, so far as I know, has never been noted in dictionaries or grammars. L. 31.—One would expect "air rúo."
- P. 38, l. 18.—b'ḫearr "uo bí ré 'ladairt."
- P. 48, l. 18.—Father Dinneen translates fēitc by "a trembling," but that cannot be the meaning of it here.
- P. 50, l. 9.—The right reading would undoubtedly be "civ (or ziv) táiv uo ḡnát i mo bun," otherwise there would be only six syllables in this line. "le zav," in the next line, should be, according to a better copy "ar čriann."
- P. 52, l. 1.—This line should probably run na cnua civ amzar rúo. The metre in my copy is violated by having eight syllables in this line. I omitted a fine verse from this poem. It is the second.

ní čuḡraiv neac ue'n čriur
 Do'n vīr eile; tá ollam člaon,
 An čuiv uo poičeav é péin
 Ar a zcuiv rúo arlaon.

i.e., "Not one of the three would give to the other two who are ready and eager, the portion that would reach himself, for their two portions put together."

- P. 54, l. 3.—For *anaḡaib* read *anaḡaib*. L. 4.—*léiḡ* “*béaḡpaib* mé uaim.” L. 12.—Forms like *uo bí ré tóḡta* for *uo tóḡaíb*, or *tá ré ḡḡaíbta* for *ḡḡaíbtaí é* are very common in Mid-Connacht, but are not to be recommended, though I have often used them.
- P. 58, l. 25.—If “*uá mób*” is right, I suppose the meaning is “I hear it being said that there is,” etc. L. 31.—Read “venomous.”
- P. 60, l. 7.—I have almost constantly accented the *o* in *reo* following my native dialect of Mid-Connacht. But if I were writing now I would not accent it. The same holds good of *uó* (off it), which I also have wrongly accented.
- P. 61, l. 33.—My proposed emendation is I see an impossible one, for the rhyme in *uóib* would be misplaced.
- P. 62, l. 4.—*Seapair* is probably the right reading, *i.e.*, How shall they stand (*i.e.*, set up) Christ upon a lie. L. 9.—Here and elsewhere read *ionann*, which in Connacht is often pronounced *aineann*, the first *n* broad. L. 18.—The real reading is undoubtedly “*p. naomta airi ari cóiri rúil*.” My suggested emendation would not rhyme.
- P. 64, l. 8.—So, which I marked long, is probably short, and *anoir* is meant to rhyme with it, so my emendation is wrong. L. 20.—Better *tiari a’r toiri*.
- P. 66, l. 1.—Read “*ḡiḡne*.” L. 13.—Read “*bḡir ré an móir*.”
- P. 68, l. 3.—For *reo* we should probably read *ro* (the *o* short) to rhyme with *otc*. L. 13.—Read *cuirneann ré 'na leir* for *i leir uó*. L. 22.—Read “*tiomna*.”
- P. 70, l. 25.—*pḡiomáib* is the native word for Primate.
- P. 74, l. 1.—I took down a poem called *ḡán an báiḡ* of the same nature as these from an old man in a back street in Birmingham. He was a Co. Mayo man, but he had lived sixty years in the English city. My friend Father Dowd brought me to see him. The poem began:

Cé ḡin ḡior aḡ teacḡ ḡo uai mé
 maḡ a beir ḡauiḡe beir aḡ ḡioluḡḡeacḡ (?) oiróe,
 a tuas in a beap-láim aḡur í líomta,
 aḡur claiḡeam na n-uaineann in a láim éilí leir.

mḡre an báiḡ tá tiḡeacḡ ḡo uai tu,
 aḡur a óuine beirḡ na ḡlac bíóḡaíb,
 beirim an t-óḡ an móir 'r an cḡion liom, etc.

The expression "the sword of the hours" is a graphic one.

L. 4.—Read "τρολάταρη."

P. 76, l. 22.—read "cumaó."

P. 78 l. 2.—Insert é after βάνταιβ. L. 7.—Read "Conaill."

P. 82, l. 17.—read "ní'l" for "ní' i." L. 28.—Read "ταξ" for "τατ." One would expect "νά λειξ σο'η ταυιξ," or "νά λειξ वो an ταυξ βυαλαó."

P. 86, l. 5.—Read βιόιnn.

P. 92, l. 2.—Read "μαιτιρ वो ελεαταιο," and in line 4 read "γcuιrpeaδt."

P. 96, l. 2.—Read "ριύιr." This is from a poem called the "Lout and his Mother," which I have printed in its entirety in Vol. II. L. 25—Better θριξοe, but θριξο is now oftener used as a genitive.

P. 98, l. 4.—Read ράταó for ράιτ. The word τειμιξ which occurs twice in this poem is very common in Connacht, and seems to be a kind of compound of τείó and έιμιξ. L. 30.—Read "an cuma céaona." L. 32.—Read "τσιγim."

P. 100, l. 6.—Read "νά" for "na." L. 11.—"c'φαα" is for cá φαα, pronounced like cáα.

P. 102, l. 1.—b'φεαrri "ουγτά." L. 11.—λέιξ "αιτμέαλ." γ "έμέατúrri." L. 22.—λέιξ "τρί míle. L. 25.—Θειrτεαrri "γιοrραcáim" ιη-ιοναο "γιοrρυξάó" ιη-άιτεαcάιβ. L. 26.—le linn Dé perhaps means "during the life of God," i.e., eternity.

P. 104, l. 20.—λέιξ "βαλτα." L. 29.—λέιξ "ουτιγim."

P. 110, l. 10.—"Oo cu" I think is the right reading. L. 15.—b'λ'άcιcuaim is the pronunciation of βéal-άcα-cuaim, as b'λ'άc-cuaic is of baile-άcα-cuaic, only the α in the first is sounded á (as in λά) the other like α in the English ban or band.

P. 111, l. 3.—The abbey is now nearly roofed!

P. 112, l. 8.—bun and bonn being pronounced the same in Mid-Connacht I have confounded them here, and I daresay elsewhere. It should be bun here. They are different words, bun being sounded *bun* in Munster and bonn *boínn*.

P. 114, l. 22.—The α in γαrύα and γαrύαóóirri ought not to be marked long.

P. 120, l. 2.—Read "αξ έιμιξε" for "an έιμιξε." L. 8.—Spíoeóirri or rpiocóirri would be a better form than rpiocεaocóirri. L. 9.—b'φεαrri "Caoitlicige," no "Caitlicige." L. 14.—Oámbeiró'

- is short for *ὑα mbeiteaó*, but this word in Connacht is pronounced *ὑά mbeit*, a form for which there is good and old authority. In Munster the form is generally *ὑά mbeaó*.
- P. 122, l. 4.—Read “*ὑουῖδαίτε*.” L. 27.—Read *ὑυαῖδαινν*. L. 7—Read *ὑ’ῥάῖδαιν*.
- P. 126, l. 2.—*ὑ’ῥαίτε* “*ὑοῖμαιῖτε*.”
- P. 128.—*ὑιοῖτε* is for *ὑιοίτε*, *ὑιόνν* for *ὑιονν* and *ὑρίνν* for *ὑρίον*.
- P. 130, l. 6.—*ὑα ὑτεῖ* *ὑιῖτε* would be more correct, but I give it as I got it. L. 14.—*ὑέῖ* “*ὑαεῖτεῖτε*” no “*ὑαεῖτε*.”
- P. 132, l. 4.—This *ὑυῖα* was pronounced like *ὑυῖα* as *εῖοῖνα* like *εῖοῖνα*, or *εῖοῖα* like *εῖοῖα*.
- P. 136, l. 5.—Read *ὑοῖδαίτε* for *ὑοῖδαίτε*, pronounced *οῖδαίτε*, as *ὑοῖδαίτε* is often pronounced *οῖδαίτε*.
- P. 140, l. 7.—This *ὑε ὑο* is not unusual in Connacht and Ulster. L. 14.—*ὑεαί* means “obscurity,” “affliction.”
- P. 142, l. 1.—For *ὑαῖδα* read *ὑαῖδαίτε*. L. 18.—Read *ὑον* for *ὑονν*, it may mean “minding or in charge of a hovel.” L. γ.—Read *ὑυῖα*.
- P. 144, l. 7 and 12.—For *ὑοῖδα* read *ὑαῖδα*, the *ὑ* being broad.
- P. 146, l. 2.—For *ὑαῖδα* read *ὑαῖδαίτε*. L. 16.—Read *ὑῖονν ὑε* for “*ὑῖον ὑέ*.” L. 18.—Read *ὑαῖδαίτε* for *ὑαῖδαίτε*.
- P. 148, l. 3.—For *ὑοῖ* read *ὑοῖ*. One would expect *ὑοῖ*, but it does not seem to be used by itself. L. 16.—For *ὑό* read *ὑό*.
- P. 249, l. 3.—= “The place on this side is wanting,” *i.e.*, “the earth can hold you no longer.”
- P. 152, l. 3.—Perhaps *ὑαῖδα*, *i.e.*, the accursed spirit does not “trust.” L. 25—I think it was Art McCovey the Northern Poet who made this song. L. z.—For “*ὑαῖδαίτε*” read “*ὑαῖδαίτε*.”
- P. 154, l. 21.—For “*ὑοῖ*” read “*ὑαῖ*.”
- P. 156, l. 5.—Read *ὑοῖδαίτε*.
- P. 158, l. 4.—Read *ὑῖονν*. L. 14.—Read *ὑοῖδαίτε*.
- P. 166, l. 16.—Read “*ὑαῖδαίτε*” for “*ὑαῖδα*.” L. γ.—Read *ὑό* for *ὑό*.
- P. 168, l. 7.—Aliter *ὑαν ὑεῖ ὑαννῖα*. Compare the Scotch Gaelic, “*Sannt nan seachd seann sagart. | Ann am fear gun mhac gun nighean*,” *i.e.*, The covetousness of the seven old priests is in the man who has neither son nor daughter. L. 19.—Read *ὑαννῖα*.

- P. 171.—My friend John Mac Neill found a good copy of this piece amongst the Rossmore MSS., a list of which he printed in the *Gaelic Journal*.
- P. 172, l. 13.—My friend Mr. Lloyd suggests that this line is *rámán réirte ruain*=the nap of snoring slumber. *Siollairéad* he translates "poeticizing."
- P. 176, l. 3.—*maí geobair*=*muí ngeobair*.
- P. 178, l. 28.—Read *ḡaeóeilge*.
- P. 180, l. 2.—*ir oiréar dam*=it's right (fitting) for me. L. 5.—Read *ulc-ḡaḡa* for *ulc-ḡaḡa*.
- P. 182, l. 6.—*Recté oirém*. L. 10.—*léig* "*ḡaḡairtadta*."
- P. 183, note.—*báḡa* is the Monaghan form of *báḡ*, Mr. Lloyd tells me. Cf. Scotch Gaelic *báta*.
- P. 184, l. 24.—*Recte ir ead'*.
- P. 187.—The note belongs to p. 189.
- P. 188, l. 13.—Largan not Lurgan. Mr. Lloyd thinks it may be Blacklion. L. 14.—*Recté pobail* here and elsewhere. L. 24.—*Recté, ḡḡuigíḡ tu*, here and elsewhere.
- P. 190, l. 6.—*Recté, "ḡḡionna."*
- P. 191.—The note to this page shows how long ago it was written—at a time when the *Gaelic Journal* was the one mouthpiece of the Gael. Matters have changed little short of miraculously since then.
- P. 192, Note.—The Irish for Riverstown is *báile-iuir-ḡá-aḡain*, pronounced like *báile ḡḡá-aḡain*.
- P. 194, l. 8.—There is usually no inflexion of *ḡuḡ* in the *gen.* in Connacht. L. 9.—Read *ḡaḡtáil* for *ḡaḡtál*.
- P. 200, l. 28.—Read *ḡaḡtáin* for *ḡaḡtáin*.
- P. 204, l. 13.—Better *ḡéirte*, though I have heard it short also. It may be from the English "cheer." L. 19.—*ḡí ḡéir mḡe*, etc. The reciter did not observe the sequence of tenses here. This often happens in speaking. Ll. 22, 24.—*Sul má oftener* eclipses the verb, as *ḡul má ḡceirḡinn*. L. 27.—Read "*caiteáin*" for "*caḡad*."
- P. 206, l. 22.—Read *ḡeirḡe* for *ḡeirḡe*.
- P. 210, l. x.—*Spíonḡáḡ* was the word used by the reciter. If it had been *ḡḡionḡáḡ* it might mean stabbing with a thorn or spike.
- P. 211, l. 9.—Or perhaps "the apple of knowledge."
- P. 212, ll. 12 and 16.—Read *ḡaḡḡáil*. L. 17.—*ḡaḡḡáil*.

- P. 214, ll. 5 and 17.—b'fearr "oá mbeit" no "oá mbeaó." Old Irish=no-beth. L. 19.—fial may be thus used as a noun, I think, as oall is. There is no necessity to insert fearr as I have done.
- P. 216, l. 7.—i ngliaó, "in battle," is probably the right reading.
- P. 222, l. 11.—b'fearr "eapcaine." laðaimtear é mar "apcainíoe" i n-áiteacáib. L. x.—cáiríoe is the real gen. plur., the ending in eaó is fictitious.
- P. 224, l. 1.—Read éamonn for éamon. L. 23,—Read leannann for leannann. L. 25 —Read cñionna for cñiona.
- P. 225.—This poem, I think, is only a translation into Irish of some English verses which I once met in a MS. I think this more likely than that the English verses—which I cannot remember—were a translation from it.
- P. 226, l. 17.—Read toíannaó. L. 22.—I have followed O'Daly's version of this poem, but his reading is very incorrect. This line, for instance, should read, ar rǵólaó, ar rǵéimle an oioǵaltair éactairǵ. L. 27.—The correct Irish for Cappelquin is Ceapac Cúinn.
- P. 230, l. 3.—ir fearr "ádamail ǵo leóir," no ráó, ǵan an "ǵo." L. 4.—ir don focail amáin ran alt ro nuairéact tuama, ainm an páipéir. L. y.—léiǵ "bpaipéar." All this about Raftery was written many years before I thought of collecting and publishing his poems. This poem of the Cholera Morbus will be found more fully at p. 342 of my edition of Raftery's poems.
- P. 232, l. 9.—Read "n-éirteiríó," and "ritreaoó" in next line. L. 14.—tarraingte is probably pronounced here in its synco-pated form of táirngte, to rhyme with mátar. L. 19.—Read ar cáiríoe.
- P. 234, l. 20.—The teir is repeated here. The proper reading no doubt is "ar faruǵaó rǵóirǵe of cóimair na noaoime."
- P. 236, l. 13.—léiǵ "no cúimr, no teac 'r no hallaíoe míne."
- P. 238, l. 1.—Read meamáir. L. 5.—Read fearmanna.
- P. 240, l. 16.—ionnán "able to," would, perhaps, be better written i n-an, the a is usually short, almost like the English Nan, or ain in ainm.
- P. 242, l. 9.—b'fearr "an reactaóirǵ."

- P. 244, l. 13.—Read *an lá*. L. 14.—I since heard my conjectured reading verified by old Fleming of *leat-árhoán*, who recited this piece in my hearing at the Sligo *feir* in 1903. L. 31.—Mr. Lloyd points out to me that *céilíóeac* in Munster means “keeping company with a woman,” or courting. This appears to be the sense here too.
- P. 246, l. 3.—Better *coimhige* for *cumhu*. It is an abbreviated form of *coimhice*. L. 8.—The reading in the note is evidently the right one, because of the assonance between *lán* and *páirt*. L. 14.—Read *rtiúr* for *rtiúr*, with which (Mr. Lloyd suggests) *ruít* should rhyme, in the last line, *ro cáiltfead a ruít*, i.e., *a feóirta*.
- P. 248, l. 7.—*b’fearr* “*ápo*.” L. 10.—Read *bíó*.
- P. 250, l. 1.—Read *com-éumann*.
- P. 252, l. 17.—Read *coinneat*. L. 20.—Read *mumain*.
- P. 253, l. 14.—Read *Lutherans*.
- P. 254, l. 7.—Read *otugtaíre*. L. 14.—This note belongs to p. 252, to “*áiníoeóin*” in l. 10 of the poem.
- P. 256, l. 3.—Read *ar éhannai*. L. 6.—Father Dinneen gives “necessity,” “want,” as meaning of *leat*. *Tomár O Coinceannain* suggests *láir*, he never heard *leat*, nor did I. L. 10.—*b’fearr* “*O chorcaí go h-inir*.” L. 20.—This is how I got it, but probably the correct reading is “*ir bheáí é an rgeal*.”
- P. 262, l. 11.—*ir iomóda cor pan ngeait*, etc. Compare Beranger’s *Dieu des Bonnes Gens*:

Sur nos debris Albion nous défie
Mais les destines et les flots sont changeants.

- P. 264, l. 10.—Read *léiginn*. L. 19.—*Recté* “*gliaó*.” L. 23.—Read *úeít*.
- P. 268, l. 1.—Read *capaincipeac*. L. 5.—Better *pánaí*.
- P. 270, l. 15.—Read *bolaió*. L. 27.—Read *biacháir*. L. 28.—Read *airíonn*.
- P. 272, l. 13.—Read *o tuaió*. L. 16.—Read *máighean*. L. 22.—Read *o’irleig*. L. 25.—Read *com*, L. 24.—Mr. Lloyd suggests *cúroigíteac* = helpful.
- P. 278, l. 1.—There is a very poor and imperfect version containing only eight verses of this poem in *Carmina Gadelica*, Vol. II., p.

162, beginning, "Chaidh Eosai us Mairi | Chon aireamh a suas | 'S chaidh eoin an geall caitheam | Ann an caille nan cuach." *I.e.*, Joseph and Mary went to the numbering up, and the birds began chorussing in the woods of the Turtle Doves. Verse V. runs, "Us labhair Mairi re Eosai | Le guth malda miamh | Tabhair miosan domh, Eosai | Go 'n caisg mi mo mhian," etc.
L. 15.—Read *énué*. L. 25.—Read *ḃroinn*.

P. 280, ll. 8 and 10.—Read *ḃroinn*.

P. 282, l. 7.—Read *ḃuair*. L. 22.—Read *ḃeairtáinn*.

P. 292, l. 5.—Read "*uñail*" for "*úñal*."

P. 293, l. 3.—Read "*eve*" for "*night*."

P. 294, l. y.—*Cá éioḃ uuit*. Better *cá ḃioḃ uuit*, pronounced *cam* (*cow*) '*ḃuuit*.

P. 298, l. 8.—Read *róiriú*. L. 13.—Read *nglacair*. L. 20.—Read *uo'n* for *ue'n*.

P. 306, l. 5.—Read *air* for *ar*.

P. 308, l. 7.—Read *Concúḃairiá*.

P. 312, l. 12.—Read *ḃoircaíge* for *ḃoircaí*. I took down another version of this poem from an old woman in the Co. Galway, on the borders of Clare.

P. 314, l. 16.—Read *léiginn* for *léigin*. L. 20.—Read *ngéimheas* for *ngéimheasá*.

P. 318, l. 11.—*So* is probably for *uo*, which is often pronounced *so* in Connacht, *i.e.*, of or through thy great confidence [in thyself]. etc. My friend Mr. Lloyd tells me he heard this poem at greater length in Co. Donegal.

P. 322, l. 9.—Read "*mbáir*." L. 15.—Read *ḃannḃaíge* for *ḃannḃaí*. L. 20.—Read *léigean* for *léigean*.

P. 324, l. 8.—Mr. Lloyd thinks this means "bind with effort thy deed," *i.e.*, "keep thyself under control."

P. 327, l. 17.—Read "*my people*" for "*your people*."

P. 328, l. 18.—Read *cia uair á ḃuair*.

P. 328, l. 16.—Read *o Concúḃair*. L. 18.—Read "*ḃuair*" for "*ḃuair*."

P. 330, l. 7.—Better "*na mbairte*." See note to p. 222. L. 20.—*ḃiaclair*=*ḃiacla*.

P. 332, l. 9.—Read "*na mbáir*." L. 17.—Better "*uñuáige*."

P. 340, l. 12.—Read "*ḃáir*."

P. 342, l. 6.—*id*. L. 27.—Read "*ḃeairtáil*."

P. 344, l. 26.—“tonnán.” This word is curious. The *a* is not long, however, like the *a* in *tá*. *i n-an* might be a better spelling. I have never met it in literature, but it is most common in Connacht. The *an* is pronounced often like the *aín* in *aínm*.

P. 348, l. 2.—Read *pié* for *pié*.

P. 356, l. 28.—*Tháinig na trí h-áille*, etc. Compare the Scotch Gaelic lines in *Carmina Gadelica*, Vol. II., p. 90. “Tháinig na naoi sonais | le na naoi marannan | a bhuain an Torranain.” *i.e.*, Came the nine joys with their nine waves to cull the figwort.

CRÍOC.

ΔΒΗΡΑΙΝ ΤΙΑΘΑ ΚÚΙΞΕ ΚΟΝΝΑΚΤ

OR

THE RELIGIOUS SONGS OF CONNACHT

*A Collection of Poems, Stories, Prayers, Satires,
Ranns, Charms, etc.*

ΚÚΙΘ II.

(BEING CHAPTER VII. OF THE SONGS OF CONNACHT)

Now for the first time Collected, Edited, and Translated

BY

DOUGLAS HYDE

(ΑΝ ΚΥΑΟΙΒΙΝ ΔΟΙΒΙΝΝ)

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CLAR.



Na dánta a bfuil méiltín (*) piompa do cuimleadó ríor go
oíleadó ó béal na n-daoinne iad, a gsur ip uóidh naé maib ríad ríad
ar páiréad go uci anoir, aét aínáin ceann nó uó aca.

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*Go bfuil m'á	2
*S mé an bhlátaí leas	4
*Bhonnaim m'anam	4
*Oíleadó m'á	6
*A íora	6
*A Rí na h-daoinne	6
*Arling m'á	8
*An m. con. (cóip eile)	8
*Arling m'á (cóip eile ó bhlátaí)	10
*Arling m'á (cóip eile ó aínáin)	12
*Toil Dé	12
*A Dé	14
*Cadaí a' bhlátaí	16
*Aingil Dé	16
*Gnóir Dé	18
*Oíleadó m'á (cóip eile)	20
*Arling m'á Cúdaí	22
*A Rí na h-daoinne	24
*A Rí na h-daoinne	24
*Arling m'á	26
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*Arling m'á leatá	40

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—◆—

The pieces marked with an asterisk (*) were taken down exactly as they came from the mouths of the people, and I believe that, with one or two exceptions, they have never been written down until now.

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Δε πο γιοτα νεαή-ξηάταε τά μω-βεαε κομήιλ
 λειρ αν βραιοιρ ζεαλ, το ρυαιρ αν τ-άταιρ εόξαν
 Ο Ξραήνα ι η-ιηιρ-μεαδον άριανν; ρόρε κομήιαδ ε
 ιοιρ αν τ-ύξοαρ αεур τριύρ οιλίρεαε. Νι 'λ ανν αετ
 βλοδ βεαε.

αν τριύρ βράταρ.

"Ξο μβεαννυιζιό δια όαιοις α έριύιρ βράταρ."

"Ξο μβεαννυιζιό δια αεур μαιρε όαιοις."

"Cά βρuiλ ριό αε ουλ ανοιρ"?

"Αε ουλ ξο Σλιαδ να η-Ολυιόεαδ
 βαινε ολυιό νε έριονν."

έυιγε λιθ* α'τ τυζαίό λιθ ι,
 αν ολανν ιρ' ρεαρι το ξεοθαίό ριό,
 αν ολανν ρ'λάν έαοραε
 κομμυιζιό 'ρ ná ceilizió
 'S ná ιαριμυιζιό ταυα [ταυαή] ο'ά έιονν.

Δε πο ρανν βεαε ο μήναοι αρ ζορε ιηηρε ζυαιρε ι
 ξεονταε να ζαλλιμε.

Ξο βρόιριό δια.

Ξο βρόιριό δια αρ αν βρεαεαε βοετ
 α βιόεαρ ι ξεόμνυιόε αε ουλ αρ ρεραε
 ηυαιρ έριμυεανν ρε αρ μαριον
 ηι αρ α έιζεαρνα κυμήνιζεανν ρε.
 ιιι έείρεανν ρε έοιόεε έυιε αιριονν
 ηο αε έιρεαετ βριαέρα Όε,
 αετ ξο βράζαίό ρε αν ραοζαλ πο
 μο leun! cá μαθαίό ρε.

* Λαβαιρεαρι αν ροαλ πο μαρ "ηυζαλιό," ηι cinnτε μέ cionnur
 λιτριζεαρι ε.

¹ There seems to be a confusion here between *olann*, wool, genitive *olla*, and *olluidh* an olive, and again in the word *caorach* "of a sheep" which is also ambiguous, so that instead of "sound sheep's wool" "sound berry-clustering [*caor-ach*] olives" may be intended.

Here is an unusual piece that is rather like the "White Prayer," which Father O'Growney found in Inismaan in Aran; it is a sort of dialogue between the author and three pilgrims; it is only a small fragment.

THE THREE FRIARS.

"God save you, ye three friars."

"God and Mary save you."

"Where are ye going now?"

"Going to the Mount of Olives
Picking olives from trees."

Off with you and bring it with you,
The best wool ye shall get
The sound sheep wool.¹
Stir [yourselves] and do not hide [it].
And ask ye nothing for it.

Here is a small rann from a woman from Gort in the County Galway.

THE FOOLISH SINNER.

God help the foolish sinner,
He always go astray,
He rises up in the morning
But prays not with the day.
Mass he has long forsaken
Forgotten how to pray,
Where shall he go when Death shall come
And he leaves the world, for aye.²

² *Literally:* God relieve the poor sinner who is always going astray, when he rises up in the morning it is not his Lord he remembers. He never goes to Mass or listening to the words of God, but when (?) he shall leave this world, my grief! where shall he go.

As ro paitoirín beas eile do éualairt an liatánac
i nDún na nGall asur do éualairt an t-actáir Eógan
O Sraínnas as rean-pear i scondasé longpuit. Dub-
airt ríad go ríad "luadad" no loza reacht mbliadan
léi.

's mé an créatúr las.

's mé an créatúr las faoi ualach trom
Asur méad* mo péadairt ir aitéigeac liom.
Acht aonnuigim Cmeideam Dé go ríor
le gráid mo éiríde a' le ródear ríor.
O éirí cmeide glaoúaim ríar
ríor (sic) íora ár rígeamha clonaidh anuar.

As ro urnuige eile de na h-urruigíde atá le ráid
le linn an aitéirín. Fuair an liatánac é ó Gleann-
na-mag-dub i scondasé na Sallime.

bronnaim m'anam.

bronnaim m'anam uirt-re a ríad na ngráda
a' go bráid náir leigíde tu mé ár aír,
a fáidnuire reo oir-ra a mairgean beannuigíde
Sur éirí mé réim m'anam ár láim do míc;
a gnúir ir gile 'ná an gríam
ná fulaing mé i bpaio i bpaio.

Cíomíde an péadac as glaoúac ár fáidnuire na
maigíne i níor mó 'ná don píoira.

As ro an rmaoineam céadna mar fuair an fádar-
tac i sConamara é, glaoú reirean oirra mairge aír,

* "Dá méad," mar fuair an Sraínnuigeac é, acht ní féicim a
éiall rin.

¹ Literally: I am the weak creature under a heavy load, and the
amount of my sin is repented of by me. But I acknowledge the

Here is another short little prayer which Mr. Lyons heard in Donegal and which Father O'Growney heard from an old man in the County Longford. They said that there was an indulgence of seven years with it.

WEAKLY I GO.

Weakly I go from the load within,
 Deeply repenting with woe my sin.
 I acknowledge the faith of my God this day
 With love from my heart and with hope alway,
 From the foot of Thy cross I call to Thee
 O Jesus Lord, bow down to me.¹

Here is another one of those prayers which are to be said during Mass. Mr. Lyons got it from some one who came from Glenamaddy in the County Galway.

I BESTOW THEE MY SOUL.

I bestow thee my soul O Thou King of graces
 And let it not fall out of Thy control,
 Bear witness O Blessed Virgin Mary
 In the hands of thy Son do I lay my soul,
 Countenance brighter than the sun
 Shield me from pain when the race is run.²

We see the sinner calling the Virgin Mary to witness in more than one piece. Here is the same thought as Mr. Faherty got it in Connemara. He called it "Mary's Ortha,"

faith of God for ever, with the love of my heart and with true hope. From the foot of the cross upward, through Jesus our Lord I call, bow down [to hear me]. *In Donegal they say "from" for "trium."*

² *Literally*: I bestow my soul on Thee O King of the graces, and mayest Thou not let me back [from Thee] for ever, the witness of this on thee [*i.e.*, I call thee to witness this] O Blessed Virgin, that I myself have placed my soul on the hand of thy Son. O countenance brighter than the sun, do not suffer me [to be] long in pain!

áct ní ar an bpaistoirí seo aitháin atá an t-ainm
rín.

ORTA mhúire.

Δ mhúire Δ mátaí ar m'í
 Déan mo fíotéán le do mac,
 Δ gnúir ír gile 'ná an ghrian
 ná fulaing mé i bpian i bpaos.
 Bhonnaim m'anam tuir íora Cníort
 Δ'p go bháit ní iarrpaos é arís,
 Δ fiaðmhúire oir-pa Δ mhaighean mhúire
 Sur éuir mé m'anam ar láim do mhic.

As ro paistoirí eile le iáid, le linn an aiprinn, do
 cuaisiú an liatánac o duine ar Gleann-na-mag-suib
 i gconradé na Gaillime. Deirtear i nuair tógar
 an pasairt an cailip.

Δ IOSA.

Δ íora do éuir bhuí
 Ann ran pasairméir,
 Go líonaid tu mo émoide
 le gháirteid dé,
 Do éus tu maiteamhar
 Do na mílteid dá'p fadóiríde tu
 Go pasairíde' tu m'anam
 Ar gac pascaid dá'p noearna mé.

As ro paistoirín de'n tróirt céadna áct ní cuim-
 nísim eia uaid fuairear é.

Δ RÍG na haoine.

Δ RÍG na h-Aoine
 Do fín do gheuga ar an gceoid,
 Δ tigeirna arí arí^(?) fulaing tu
 na mílte 'rna céadta lot.

¹ *Literally:* O Mary mother of the King make my peace with
 thy Son, O countenance brighter than the sun do not suffer me [to

(prayer, or charm), but it is not the only prayer that is called by this name.

MARY'S "ORTHA."

O Mary mother of our king
 Make with thy blessed Son, my peace,
 Countenance brighter than the sky
 Let me not sigh without release.
 I give, and for ever, my soul to Jesus,
 And heaven henceforth is my only goal,
 Bear witness O Blessed Virgin Mary
 That I lay on the hands of thy Son my soul.¹

Here is another prayer to be said during the Mass which Mr. Lyons heard from some one from Glenamaddy in the County Galway. It is said when the priest raises the chalice.

THE SACRAMENT'S GRACE.

The sacrament's grace
 Thou hast made and willed,
 May my heart in its place
 With that grace be filled.
 Thou hast forgiven
 Thousands of souls earned by thee,
 Let not my soul
 For its sin and its shame be spurned by thee.

Here is another little prayer of the same sort, but I do not remember from whom I got it.

O KING OF THE FRIDAY.

O King of the Friday
 Whose limbs were stretched on the cross,
 O Lord who didst suffer
 The bruises, the wounds, the loss,

be] long in pain. I bestow my soul upon Thee O Jesus Christ, and I shall not ask it again for ever, I call thee to witness, O Virgin Mary, that I have set my soul upon the hand of thy Son.

Sínimo ríor

ῥαοὶ οἰοῖσθαι το ῥεῖτε [ἀνοῖτ],

Δ' ἔσο ῥῥαμαῖς τῇ οἰμαίνῃ τοῖμαθ' ἀνέμοινα

Δη σενταύ διη το έορη.

Ni 'l don ait i n-Éipinn nac bfuil "Airling Muipe" le fágáil innici. As ro mar do rghrób an t-Ádair Eógan O Snamnaig i ó beul duine i n-Árainn mhóir.

Aislín's mure.

"An ruan rin ort a má'air beannuighe" ?

"n1 h-ea'o a m1c, ac't aip'ling5."

"Cia fáil t' airdinge a mátdair" ?

"ματ τά ματ 'ὅέ 'ο'ά ρζιύμραο 'ο'ά πύνάιτ

Le hópaib caola cnáibe do póptaib cloc.

Αν τρελάξ ηνμε ας ουι τμήν α έδοιθ,

Αν ἐγώ μιν πρίοντα δὲ τοῦ τρίου ἀέανη,

Ταίηγεῖοε μαοῖα αἰ τοῦλ ἀνν α ᾠραιβ,

Δ εἰς τοιαυτά βεβηκνύετε ὅτ' ἀπορῶντες ἄνθρωποι ἐλθεταὶ ἐν ῥήματι."

"Իր մալէ տ' արկնց ճ մճէսի. ու'լ ձօն օսուե օճարթօ տ' արկնց քի հ-սսիւ ճջ օսլ 1 Երճիր-ճօսճւէտ յճ հ-օսլճ օճօ, ճի ճճօճլ [օճ] քիճ-արկնց յճ քիճտ քիճոն ճիճր ճջ Երճէ."

Δὲ πο μαρ ἐχαιαὶδ μο ἀρα Εὐὶν Μὰς Νεῖλ ἔ Δὲ
 οὐνε ἀρ ἱννῖρ-Μεαδὸν.

ΔΙΣΛΙΝΣ μινρε.

(Cópia eile).

"Δη εοῦλαὸ ἦν οἷα ἡ μάχη;"

"n1 h-eaò áçτ áιρλινγ á m1c n4 páιpe."

"Cia an airéing a máttair?"

We stretch ourselves
 Beneath the shield of thy might,
 May some fruit from the tree of thy passion
 Fall on us this night !

There is no part of Ireland in which "Mary's Vision" is not to be found. Here is how Father Eugene O'Growney wrote it down from the mouth of some one in Aran Mór.

MARY'S VISION.

"Is that slumber that is on thee, O Blessed Mother?"

"It is not, Son, but a vision."

"What is the cause of thy vision, O Mother?"

"Because the Son of God is being scourged, being punished,
 With narrow ropes of hemp to posts of stone,
 The spear of venom going through His side,
 The crown of thorns going through His head,
 Blunt nails going into His feet,
 His share of blessed blood being poured on the stones of the
 street."

"Good is thy vision, O Mother. There is no person who shall say thy vision three times on his going into the night's sleep-passion, to whom an evil vision or the pains of hell are a peril again for ever."

Here is how my friend John MacNeill heard it from some one in Innismaan.

MARY'S VISION. [*Another Version.*]

"Is that sleep that is on thee, O Mother?"

"It is not, but a vision, O Son of the passion."

"What is the vision, O Mother?"

“Σο μαῖθ̃ τυ αἰς το ρσιῦρράιλ αἰς το πλύεάιλ
 αἰς το έεανγδαίλ le πιλέαρ cloé,
 αἰς το έεupaó á’ρ αἰς το πό-έεupaó,
 το έυιο ρολα bpeáξ beannuig̃te
 ’na ppoṭánaiḃ zo talam̃ leat.
 an tpeaξ nime v’á caiteam̃ po vo ṽeip.”
 “ní ’l don ṽuine cóigpeaó t’ aip̃ling a m̃áṭaiṛ,
 ’s a ṽéam̃paó í t̃m̃ h-uaiṛe pul éoulócaó ré
 ár baog̃al vo don p̃óo ve ṽúṭaiṡ
 íp̃m̃nñ p̃eiceál zo b̃p̃át, ná don
 ṽmoó-éoir̃z éaḃaiṛt ár aip̃ling.”

Ξυαίρ μο έαρία, naé maiṛeann, p̃átopaiṡ O laog̃aiṛe,
 an p̃aiṛoir̃ éeaṭna i zCoiṛcaiṡ.

aip̃ling m̃uire.

(Cóip̃ eile o éoiṛcaiṡ).

“An aṽ’ éoulaõ taoi a m̃áṭaiṛ”?

“ní h-eaó a ḡp̃át ḡil,
 áct̃ αἰς aip̃ling aṭám̃-pe,
 zo b̃p̃uil an maṛcaé caol ṽuḃ
 αἰς an eaé caol ṽonñ
 αἰς an tpeaξ ṽeap̃z
 ann a ṽeap̃-lám̃
 le cuṛ t̃pe éaob ár ṽtiḡeap̃na
 αἰς a έυιο ρολα uaiṛle
 le ṽóṛtaó am̃ámaé.”

“Ír p̃íoir̃ rin a m̃áṭaiṛ
 tá p̃í le ṽóṛtaó am̃ámaé.”

“αἰς an té zo mbeiṽeaó an aip̃ling rin aig̃e, αἰς í p̃át̃ t̃m̃
 huaiṛe ár a luiṽe ’na leaḃaiṛ-ṛuaiñ ṽó, ḡeoḃaiṛ ré neam̃ zan
 t̃p̃oiḡ-ḡluaiṛeaéct̃, αἰς ní p̃eic̃p̃iṛó ré íp̃m̃onñ ṛuam̃ zo b̃p̃át̃.”

Ír p̃aṭa an t-aiṛteaṛ ó áṛuaiñ zo Coiṛcaiṡ αἰς ó
 éoiṛcaiṡ zo ṽtí áṛto maéa i zCúig̃ ulaõ, áct̃ tá
 aiteṛe ár έυιο m̃óir̃ ve na p̃íoir̃aiḃ beaḡa po anñ r ḡaé

“That Thou wast being scourged, being smothered,
 Being bound to a pillar of stone,
 Being tortured, being very-tortured,
 Thy share of fine blessed blood
 In streams to the ground with Thee.
 The spear of venom being thrown into Thy right side.”

“There is no person who would take [with him by heart] thy vision, O Mother, and who would say it three times before he would sleep, who is in danger of seeing one sod of the estate of Hell for ever, or of bringing out of his [night] visions any evil-consequence.”

My friend, the late Patrick O’Leary, found the same prayer in Cork.

MARY’S VISION. [*A Cork Version*].

“Is it in thy sleep thou art, O Mother?”

“It is not, O bright Love,
 But with a vision I am,
 That the narrow black horseman [comes],
 And the narrow brown steed
 And the red spear
 In his right hand,
 To put through the side of our Lord,
 And His share of noble blood
 To pour forth to-morrow.”

“That is true, O Mother.
 It is to be poured forth to-morrow.”

“And he who would have this vision, and to say it three times on lying down in his couch of slumber, will receive heaven without foot-moving, and he shall not see cold Hell for ever.”

It is a long journey from Aran to Cork, and from Cork to Armagh in Ulster, but a great number of these small

ΔΙΤ Ο'ΕΙΡΗΝΝ Δ ΒΡΥΙΛ ΑΝ ΞΑΕΘΕΙΛΞ Ο'Δ ΛΑΒΑΙΡΤ ΙΝΝΤΙ,
 ΑΞΥΡ Ι Ν-ΔΙΤΕΑΔΑΙΒ Ι Ν-ΑΙΒΑΙΝΝ ΜΑΡΙ ΑΝ ΞΕΥΘΝΑ. ΔΞ
 ΡΟ ΜΑΡΙ ΡΥΔΙΡ ΜΟ ΔΑΡΙΑ ΑΝ ΡΞΟΛΑΙΡΕ ΡΙΟΡ-ΟΒΡΥΙΞΤΕΑΔ,
 ΑΝ ΛΑΟΙΘΕΑΔ, ΑΝ ΜΥΘ ΟΕΑΘΝΑ Ο ΡΕΑΡΙ ΔΡ ΑΝ ΛΙΟΡ-ΛΙΑΤ
 ΑΝΔΙΧΕ ΛΕ ΑΜΛΟΔ Ι ΞΕΟΝΘΑΕ ΔΡΟ-ΜΑΔΑ.

ΔΙΣΛΙΝΞ ΜΥΙΡΕ.

(ΟΟΙΡ ΕΙΛΕ, Ο ΔΡΟ-ΜΑΔΑ).

"ΑΝ ΟΟ ΟΥΟΛΑΘ ΤΥ, Δ ΜΑΤΕΔΙΡ" Ρ

"ΟΙ ΔΑ ΝΨΥΙΛ* ΔΕΤ Ι Ν-ΔΙΡΛΙΝΞ ΑΤΑ ΜΕ Δ ΜΙC,"

"ΞΟ ΘΕ ΑΝ ΔΙΡΛΙΝΞ Δ ΜΑΤΕΔΙΡ" Ρ

"ΡΕΑΡΙ ΡΑΘΑ ΟΥΘ Δ ΟΙΘΙΜ ΔΞ ΤΕΑΔΤ,
 ΑΞΥΡ Δ ΡΨΕΑΞ ΘΑΡΗ-ΔΑΟΛ ΛΕΙΡ ΑΝΝ Δ ΛΑΙΜ,
 ΛΕ Η-ΑΞΑΙΘ ΟΟ ΟΥΟ-ΡΕ ΡΟΛΑ ΘΕΑΝΝΥΙΞΤΕ ΛΕΙΞΕΑΝ ΔΡΙ ΛΑΡ."

"ΙΡ ΡΙΟΡΙ Ο' ΔΙΡΛΙΝΞ Δ ΜΑΤΕΔΙΡ
 ΔΑΡΗ ΜΙΡΤΕ ΟΟ'Ν ΤΡΑΟΞΑΛ Δ ΡΑΘ,
 ΝΙ'Λ ΝΕΑΔ, ΡΙΡΙ ΝΑ ΜΝΑ,
 Ο'Δ ΝΟΕΑΡΡΑΙΘ Ε ΞΑΔ ΤΡΑΤ
 Δ ΟΤΕΙΟ Δ Ν-ΑΝΑΜ ΞΟ Η-ΙΡΜΙΟΝΝ ΞΟ ΒΡΙΑΤ."

ΔΞ ΡΟ ΡΑΙΟΡΙ ΝΑ ΜΑΙΘΝΕ ΑΤΑ ΑΔΑ Ι ΞΕΟΝΑΜΑΡΙΑ ΑΞΥΡ
 Ι Ν-ΔΙΤΕΑΔΑΙΒ ΕΙΛΕ. ΡΥΔΙΡ ΑΝ ΡΟΤΑΡΤΑΔ Ο ΘΥΙΝΕ ΕΙΞΙΝ
 Ι Ν-ΛΑΡ-ΞΑΙΛΙΜ Ϊ, ΑΞΥΡ ΟΥΑΛΑΡ ΡΕΙΝ ΑΝ ΜΥΘ ΟΕΥΘΝΑ Ι
 ΞΕΟΝΘΑΕ ΡΟΡΟΜΑΙΝ.

ΤΟΙΛ ΘΕ.

ΤΟΙΛ ΘΕ ΞΟ ΝΟΕΑΝΑΜΑΟΙΟ
 ΔΡ Ν-ΑΝΤΟΙΛ ΡΕΙΝ ΞΟ ΡΜΑΔΤΥΙΞΜΙΟ,
 ΣΜΙΑΝ ΛΕ Ν-ΔΡ ΟΥΕΑΝΞΑΙΘ ΞΟ ΞΕΥΗΜΙΟ,
 ΑΝ ΔΙΤΜΙΞΕ ΤΡΑΔΑΜΑΙΛ ΞΟ ΝΟΕΑΝΑΜΑΟΙΟ,
 ΔΡ ΡΑΙΡ ΟΡΙΟΡΤ ΞΟ ΡΜΥΑΙΝΙΜΙΟ,
 ΞΑΔ ΟΟΙΡ ΡΕΑΔΑΙΘ ΞΟ ΡΕΑΔΝΥΙΞΜΙΟ,
 ΝΑ ΟΡΙΟΔΑ ΟΕΙΞΕΑΝΝΑΔΑ ΞΟ ΜΕΑΘΡΥΙΞΜΙΟ,

* ΟΕΙΡ ΡΙΑΟ "CΗΑ" Ι ΞΕΟΙΞ ΟΥΑΘ ΞΟ ΜΙΝΙC Ι Ν-ΔΙΤ "ΝΙ." ΙΡ
 ΙΟΝΝΑΝΝ—"ΔΑ ΝΨΥΙΛ" ΑΞΥΡ "ΝΙ ΒΡΥΙΛ" ΝΟ "ΝΙ'Λ."

pieces are recognised in every place in Ireland in which Irish is spoken, and in places in Scotland also. Here is how my friend, that ever-active scholar, Mr. Lloyd, found the same piece from a man from Lislea near Camlough in the County Armagh.

MARY'S VISION. [*An Armagh Version.*]

"In thy sleep art thou, O Mother?"

"Oh! it is not, but in a vision I am, O Son."

"What is the vision, Mother?"

"A long black man I see coming,
And his slender-topped spear with him in his hand,
To let to the ground Thy share of blessed blood."

"True is thy dream, Mother,
Know this the world can
Who says it, child or man,
Of any creed or clan
Is free from Hell's black ban."

Here is a morning prayer which they have in Connemara and other places. Mr. Faherty got it from some person in West Galway, and I heard the same myself in the County Roscommon.

The will of God be done by us,
The law of God be kept by us,
Our evil will controlled by us,
Our tongue in check be held by us,
Repentance timely made by us,
Christ's passion understood by us,
Each sinful crime be shunned by us,
Much on the End be mused by us,

bár beannuigíte go bfrágmaoio,
 Ceól na n-aingioll go gcluinimio,
 aS molaó Dé go maðmaoio
 le linn na raogal.

Atá go díreach an páirtir céadna aca ann rna
 Gleanncaib i nDún-na-nGall, do rghíob an liatánac
 ríor i, aSúr fuairi ré léi na linte eile reo.

na flaitir go raotruigimio,
 i roobari ghráta na raoirtime
 go nígimio rinn féin,
 ari bantraact muipe mátar
 na rhaball beannuigíte go maðmaoio;
 pároúin go bfrágairí rí dúinn
 i n-lomlán ári rmuaintearó,
 ári mbriactra, ári ngníomhactra
 aSúr ári bpaillige.

aS ro páirtirín beas na maíone de'n tróirt céadna
 do fuairi an liatánac ó beul duine ar conradé Tiji-
 eógain.

a dé.

a dé 'r a mairghean muipe
 do eus rlan mé féin 'r mo páirtiróe
 ó bár coollata ariéir
 cum an laé gíl anoiú,
 go rruagairí síb rlan muiro [i.e. rinn]
 o gac uile gádaó
 's go rádaílió síb muiro ó'n námaio
 toir anam aSúr corp.

frágmaoio an focal rin "bár coollata" i bpoirmitó
 éasraíla. Ir "páir coollata" i n-árainn é, aoirer
 an t-árainn O rraínnaiS liom, aSúr ir "máir-coo-
 lata" i n-Gleann Columcille é. Bíonn raiteoir mór
 mór ari na raoiniú ríoin bár rágaíl aSúr iao 'na

And Death be blessed found by us.
 With Angels' music heard by us,
 And God's high praises sung to us
 For ever and for aye.¹

They have exactly the same prayer in the Glenties, in County Donegal, Mr. Lyons wrote it down, and found along with it these other lines.

The heavens may we gain,
 In the well of the grace of confession
 May we wash ourselves.
 Amongst the Ladies of Mary Mother
 Of the blessed Scapular may we be,
 Pardon may she get for us
 For the entire of our thoughts,
 Our words, our deeds,
 And our omissions.

Here is a little morning prayer of the same nature which Mr. Lyons got from the mouth of a man in the County Tyrone.

O God, and O Virgin Mary,
 Who have brought me and my children safe
 From the death-of-sleep last-night,
 To the bright dawn to-day,
 May Ye bring us safe
 From every single danger,
 And may Ye save us from the enemy
 Both body and soul.

We find this word "death of sleep" in different forms. It is "passion of sleep" in Aran, Father O'Growney tells me, and it is *máis-codlata*² in Glencolumkill. The people are very much terrified at the idea of dying in their sleep, and

¹ This translation is almost in the original unrhymed metre and is so nearly literal that the piece requires no other.

² Apparently a corruption of "*páis-codlata*," "passion of sleep."

ḡcoṡlaṡ, ḡṡur ip minic ṡeiptear “ṡlān coṡlata na h-oīṡce ṡúinn” no “ḡo ṡcuḡaīṡ ṡia tu ó ṡáir coṡlata na h-oīṡce” i n-áit “oīṡce máit ṡuit” ṡo ṡáṡ.

ḡṡ ro upnuīḡe-na-maīone eile ó Coṡṡaé an Cláir, ṡo ṡḡíṡṡ an liaṡánaṡ.

caḡhair a's cáirṡe.

Caḡair a'ṡ cáirṡe a'ṡ ḡṡára ó ṡia cuḡainn
Caḡair ḡaṡ lá cuḡainn a'ṡ ṡáim ṡ'á h-iaṡiaīṡ,
ṡáṡṡaṡéio na h-aīṡḡe a'ṡ ḡo neaṡṡuīḡíṡ ṡia linn,
m' anam aṡ ṡo coīṡḡe a mṡuīḡe ḡaintiḡearna.

O! a ṡia, a aṡair 'ṡ a uain,
ṡíṡṡṡ ḡaṡ ṡṡunaíṡṡeṡṡ mallaḡṡṡe uain,
ḡí 'n áṡ ṡ-ṡimṡíṡl 'n áṡ luitṡe ṡúinn,
'n áṡ ṡeaṡaṡ a'ṡ 'n áṡ ṡuan,
ḡí 'n áṡ n-innṡinn a'ṡ 'n áṡ ḡṡoṡair
aṡ an uair ṡeiptearnaḡṡ.

ḡṡ ro ṡaīṡṡ ḡeaḡ mṡilip na maīone ṡuaīṡ an
ṡ-aṡair o ḡṡaṡnaḡṡ i n-áṡainn.

ainḡil ṡé.

Ainḡil ṡé ṡ'áṡ ḡcoīṡṡeṡṡ
'ṡ ṡ'áṡ ṡáḡáilṡ aṡṡ ḡo ṡuín,*
aṡ coīṡḡe ṡé a'ṡ mṡuīḡe,
mṡic ṡuaṡ a'ṡ mṡic ṡaīḡe,
ḡṡur Coṡm-Cille
aṡṡ ḡo ṡuín.

*.1. ṡṡaṡnóna.

¹ *Literally*: Help and friends and grace from God to us, help every day to us, and I am seeking for it. The Sacrament of Penance and God strengthen us, My soul under thy protection, O Mary Lady, O God, O Father, and O Lamb, banish from me every accursed

it is often that "Health of the night's sleep to us," or "God bring you from the night's sleep-passion," is said instead of "good night to you."

Here is another morning prayer from the County Clare, which the same Mr. Lyons wrote down.

HELP AND FRIENDS.

Help for us, friends for us, help and God's graces,
 Help I am asking in all bad places,
 May the Sacrament "Penance" make bright our faces,
 And Mary our Lady protect us and grace us.
 Jesus, Father, Lamb, I pray
 Drive each evil thought away,
 Be with me 'till break of day,
 In my sleep and on my way.
 When the hour of hours shall sound
 Jesus be within me found.¹

Here is a sweet little morning-prayer that Father O'Growney found in Aran.

GOD'S ANGELS.

God's angels be our company
 And save us while we live,
 May God and holy Mary,
 Mac Duach and Mac Dara,
 And Columcille protect us,
 And save us until eve.²

thought. Be round about us on our lying down, in our rising, and in our slumber. Be in our mind and in our company at the last hour.

² *Literally*: God's angels protect us, and save us again 'till eve, Under the protection of God and Mary, Mac Duach, and Mac Dara, and of Columcille [we go] again till eve.

Dá naomh do bí i Mac Duac agus i Mac Daire, do bain le h-Árainn. Is o fear aca bairtear Cill-mac-duac ar díoréir i nGailimh. Ó'n bfeair eile tús an t-ainm Dairac atá coitcionn mar ainm ann rna h-oileánaibh rin fóir. Tá oileán míc Daire amuig 'ran bfairrge ó Conamara, an taob ó dhear, agus veir ríad, sac uile báro bíor as dul éairir go n-írligeann ré an reól móir mar comartha uirraime agus onóra do'n naomh. Bí Columcille tamall ríad i n-Árainn mar an gcéadna, agus is coitcionn an t-ainm Colum 'ran oileán.

As ro paitoirín beas eile de'n tróirt céadna do éalair do n-Árainn.

Snúis dé.

Snúir dé go bfeicimí,
 Glóir dé go gcluinimí,
 Flaitir dé go ríodhuigimí,
 bair beannuighe
 ioct a' r áitirge
 go b'ráir do áir n-anam boct.

Deirtear go minic "údaet a' r áitirge" ann ran gcúigeat líne, no mar éalair do n-Árainn réir i gConrad na Míre "ola 'sur áitirge," óir tá an paitoir réo as rean-daoinibh an conrad rin beas-nac nar tá rí as muinntir Árainn.

Mi minic ráigmaro púir i n-áit d'áin, ann rna paitreacair réo; aet as ro paitoir áluinn i b'púir do éalair mo éair Seágan Mac a' b'áir ann rna Ceallair beas i n'Óin-na-ngall go minic, agus do

MacDuach and MacDara, or Darra, were two saints who had relations with Aran. From one of them a diocese in Galway is called "Kilmacduagh." From the other comes the name Darragh, which is still common as a Christian name in the islands. MacDarra's island is out in the sea, off Connemara, towards the south, and they say that every boat that goes by it lowers its mainsail as a mark of respect and honour to the saint. Columcille was also a long time in Aran, and, I believe, Colum is still a common name in the island.

Here is another little prayer of the same sort which Father O'Growney heard in the island.

MAY WE BEHOLD.

May we see God's countenance
And perceive His gloriousness.
And attain His paradise.
A death of blessedness,
Penance and clemency
May our poor soul have.

In place of the word "*iocht*," clemency, "*udhacht*," 'testament,' is often said, or as Father O'Growney himself heard it in the County Meath, "oil and penance," for the old people of that county had that prayer almost as the people of Aran have it.

It is not often that we find prose in place of poetry in these prayers, but here is a beautiful prayer in prose which my friend, Mr. John Ward, of Killybegs, in the County

Donegal, often heard, and Mr. Lyons wrote the same piece from the dictation of one Rose O'Gallagher, in that county.

MARY'S PRAYER,

O very sweet Lord, O Jesus Christ, O God of the Angels, O One-son of the glorious Virgin Mary, assist us poor sinners in every hardship that is upon us in Thy presence,

O glorious Virgin, Mother of God, woman noblest of every race, and who art perfect in every praise, make intercession for us in the presence of thy own beloved Son, in hope that we may gain everlasting glory beside thee.

O Nurse [= Mother] of every sweetness, O Queen who hast never transgressed, O Well of Mercy and hope of those who have faith. O Star of the Morning, it is "Great" that Paradise calleth thee. Temple of God, Palace of Jesus Christ, thou art the help of health to us.

We pray to Him who created us and who bought us, and who poured the three waves of blood from Him for us.

O Mary Mother, Mother of the Graces, be with me in the time of my death, in the presence of my death, and before my death.

Be before me when I die,
Do not let my soul fly by.¹

Now is the time of mercy, and raise this great load off my soul and off my heart.

O Mary Mother, and O Son, that thou mayest do what-is-good-for-me on this side, and on that [i.e., here and hereafter]. That thou mayest not allow my soul upon the flag of the pains. The angels of God be with me. The messenger of God be before me. O Guard of Angels, come ye above my head. The oil of Christ upon my body. God with me and before me.²

O Queen of the poor, who hast gained [thy] request beyond the women of the world, come and whisper in behalf of me a poor sinner, in the hope that I may get eternal glory beside thee.

¹ *Literally*: "Let me have thee before me in the port, and do not let my soul past thee."

² This seems almost a reminiscence of St. Patrick's Hymn, "Christ before me, Christ behind me," etc.

Δ βλάτ na bpatmaic, Δ θέαλμαθ na n-eapball, Δ θότέαιρ na
 γλόιη, Δ μάιρη na h-óige, αιρ Δι ρμαοιν uάcταpάιν na n-aingeall
 Δγυρ na n-ai-c-aingeall. Ιρ tu an pálar, Ιρ tu an τ-ύball Δρ Δ
 στίγεann γαc uile ρυδάλce uo téro ι σταιpθε uo 'n éine uαonna.

Δ θέαλμαθ na γλόιη, Δγυρ Δ θότέαιρ λυέτ' an έpιοim, Δ'ρ
 γυρ b'é uo éompioóro* λειρ na h-aingliθ Δ έuipeap póláp oηηΔ.
 Δ θεαν mίlip, γυρόm tu go h-ύmáll γαν Δρ uεpέγθεál ι n-aimpu
 έpυαίγmeileac Δρ mbáip, an uaiρ θέuóeap Δρ n-anam Δγ pγapaó
 le n-Δρ γcolainn.

Γαbaim uo éompie Δ ίopa Cpíopta, ι pιocaiρ † uo páipe, Δ' λυuóe
 óam 'pan oíóce 'p Δγ έpιγε óam Δρ mαιoim.

Δγ po pann mίlip eile na mαιone uo éuataíó mé Δγ
 mnaoi uap θ áimn θpυgíθ Mι έpomaiγ ι bpaρpáipce
 Tige uaoitín, ι γconuae Kopcemáin. Ιρ pann é acá le
 páó nuaiρ uήpιγέceap tu le ceóλ na n-éan Δρ mαιoim.

παυοιpín cúbapéta.

παυοιpín cúbapéta mún

mo leaθb uam péin ‡

γan mo púil uo θεit túnca

ι n-aimpu pγmeapca na n-éan,

Δγ uul § Δρ mo γlúnaiθ, Δγ γυuóe

'S Δγ Δγaipe mic ué,

Cuimniyáó Δρ an uan acá bpuíγce

mapθ paoi 'n γepé.

* i.e. Cómpáó. † i.e. De θpυgí.

‡ "Uam péin" oubaipce pipe, map uειpéceap go minic ι γ Con-
 naétauθ.

§ "γul" oubaipce pipe. Ιρ coitécionn "Δ' γol" ι n-áit "Δγ uul."

O Blossom of the Patriarchs, Splendour of the Apostles, Hope of Glory, Beauty of Virginity, on whom ran the thoughts of the princes of the angels and of the arch-angels; thou art the palace, thou art the apple out of which comes forth every virtue which goes to profit the human race.

O Splendour of Glory, hope of the people of faith, surely it is thy conversation with the angels which maketh them to be joyous. O sweet woman, I pray thee humbly not to forsake us in the pitiable time of our death, at the hour when our soul shall be parting with our body.

I put myself under Thy protection, O Jesus Christ, on account of Thy Passion, on my lying down in the night and on my rising up in the morning.

Here is another sweet morning-prayer which I heard from a woman named Biddy Crummy, in the parish of Tibohine, County Roscommon. It is a verse to be said when one is awakened by the chirping of the birds in the morning.

A FRAGRANT PRAYER.

A fragrant prayer upon the air
 My child taught me,
 Awaken there, the morn is fair,
 The birds sing free.
 Now dawns the day, awake and pray
 And bend the knee,
 The Lamb who lay beneath the clay
 Was slain for thee.¹

¹ *Literally*: A fragrant little prayer my child taught me myself, my eyes not to be shut in the time of the singing of the birds; going on my knees praying and beseeching the Son of God, remembering the Lamb who is bruised and dead beneath the clay.

Δε πο παιδιε δεαε ειε να μαione το ειαιαρ με
 om' εαiaio Tomap Bapciaig αα αr Conoae muiε eo.
 Oubaipe pe go paib ri le beic paibte le linn eipigte
 Δεup tupa Δε cup ope.

Δ ΡΙΞ ΝΑ ΞΕΑΡΑΘ.

Δ ΡΙΞ ΝΑ ΞΕΑΡΑΘ
 Α ααiaη an τclάνuιgτεόη',
 pág ann mo fearaη mé
 αη maioin oμáóáoη* [p]
 Oéan mo teaγapγ
 Jan meaμbal † α slάνuιgτεόη,
 Sábail m' anam
 αr ceangail ó'n aióbeηpeóη.

Δε πο ceann eie το ειαιαρ με ó'n bpeai céaona.

Δ ΡΙΞ ΝΑ ΞΕΡΕΑΕΤ.

Δ ΡΙΞ ΝΑ ΞΕΡΕΑΕΤ
 Céapra i mbáηη an épaηηη,
 Δεup epoióe το éléib
 Σηη ηeub rin lám an oaili,
 fuil το éléib
 Σηη téaετ αη láη na linn',
 paoi pγát το pγéite
 beη peín go páηpéar rin.

* Oubaipe pe Σηη b' ionann "Oμáóáoη" Δεup bpeac-folup na maione.

† Labaipe pe an focal po maη "meaμáil."

¹ *Literally* : O King of the friends, O Father of the Saviour, leave Thou me standing this morning at dawn (?). Do my teaching

Here is another little morning prayer which I heard from my friend Thomas Barclay, from the County Mayo. He said it was to be repeated whilst rising and dressing.

KING OF THE FRIENDS.

King of the friends,
 Our Saviour's Father art thou,
 Keep me erect
 'Till evening moisten my brow.
 Teach and control
 Lest I unto sin should bow,
 And save my soul
 From the foe who follows her now.¹

Here is another I heard from the same.

KING OF THE WOUNDS.

King of the Wounds,
 Sore wounded upon the tree,
 The heart in Thy breast
 The blind man rent it for Thee.
 The blood of Thy breast
 Congealed on the pool I see,
 Beneath Thy shield
 To Paradise bring Thou me.²

without mistake, O Saviour, save my soul and bind it from the Adversary.

² *Literally* : O King of the Wounds, wounded upon the top of the tree, and the heart of Thy breast sure the hand of the blind one rent it ; the blood of Thy breast sure it congealed upon the top of the pool. Beneath the shadow of Thy shield do Thou Thyself bring us to Paradise.

PAIṬREACA AN TRATHNÓNA.

Iṛ rompla maic̃ ar paiṭreacáiḃ na maic̃ne an méac̃
 'ṁo cúg mé fuaṛ. Carramaoioṁ anoir ar paiṭreacáiḃ
 an trathnóna. Tá ríac̃ an-iomac̃omail aḡur tá ríac̃
 le páḡail ann r̃ ḡac̃ áit i n-Éirinn, ac̃t aiháin ann r̃na
 h-áiteac̃áiḃ riñ ann ar ḡoioṁ na r̃ḡoile "náiríunta" a
 n-oig̃reac̃t féin ó na 'ṁaoiṁib̃. Tá ríac̃ níor p̃air̃p̃ring̃e
 'ná paiṭreaca na maic̃ne, mar̃ iṛ p̃ait̃ig̃e, 'ṁo ḡnāc̃,
 ḡac̃ aon 'ṁuine ran oiõc̃e 'ná ran ló, aḡur iṛ mó
 m̃otaig̃ear r̃é 'ran uair̃ riñ ḡo b̃fuil up̃naig̃te aḡ
 tear̃tál uair̃. Aḡ ro p̃air̃oir 'ṁo cúalair̃ mé óm'
 c̃ap̃air̃o Tomár O Coinceannain ó Innir-Meac̃on.

Lair̃im le 'ṁia.

Lair̃im * le 'ṁia, a'ṛ ḡo Lair̃or̃ 'ṁia liom,
 náir̃ Lair̃or̃ mé leir̃ an oic̃,
 a'ṛ náir̃ Lair̃or̃ an t-oic̃ liom.

C̃uioṛ b̃m̃ig̃oe p̃aoi mo cúil,
 a'ṛ b̃m̃ac̃ m̃uig̃e p̃aoi mo lár,
 Tar̃, a m̃ic̃il óig̃
 aḡur ḡlac mo lár̃.

'ṁéanaim mo f̃iõc̃c̃án le mac̃ 'ṁilear̃ 'ṁé.

ḡuir̃im p̃eac̃oar̃, ḡuir̃im pól,
 ḡuir̃im m̃uig̃e óig̃ 'ṛ a mac̃,
 ḡuir̃im an 'ṁá ear̃bol † 'ṁéas̃
 ac̃tá i b̃flait̃eam̃nar̃ 'ṁé
 ḡan m̃ipe 'ṁ'eug̃, le n-a ḡceac̃o.

O íora cúir̃i b̃m̃ig̃ ann ran t̃sac̃m̃aéio
 a 'ṁ'fuaṛḡail ‡ na m̃il̃te bí c̃m̃áiõte i b̃p̃éin,
 Tis̃ b̃m̃aon ar̃ mo c̃m̃oiõe 'ṁe 'ṁo m̃óir̃-ḡm̃ár̃ta féin
 [Ann] ḡac̃ aon p̃eac̃ac̃ó 'ṁá ñoeaṛ̃ina mé.

* i.e. Lair̃im.

† i.-ab̃r̃tal.

‡ i.-'ṁo f̃uaṛḡail.

¹ Literally: The cross of Brigid beneath (i.e., round) my back, |

EVENING PRAYERS.

All that I have given above make a good example of morning prayers. We shall turn now to the evening prayers. They are very plentiful, and they are to be found in every place in Ireland, except only in those places where the "National" schools have robbed the people of their religious inheritance. They are more plentiful than the morning prayers, because a man's fear of night is greater than his fear of day, and he feels more at that hour that he requires prayers. Here is a prayer which I heard from my friend Thomas Concannon from Innismaan.

I LIE DOWN WITH GOD.

I lie down with God and may God lie down with me.
That I may not lie with the Evil
And that the Evil may not lie with me.

May the girdle of Brigit behind my back
And the mantle of Mary before me be,
And come to me O Michael Óg
And by the hand lead me.¹

I make my peace with the dear Son of God.

I pray to Peter, I pray to Paul,
To the Virgin Mary's Son pray I,
And also I pray to the Twelve Apostles
Who dwell in the heaven of God most high,
That, by their leave, I may not die.²

Thou settedst apart, in Thy Sacrament, power,
To heal our smart in our misery's hour,
One drop on my heart, of Thy mercy, down shower,
For every sin I have sinned to Thee.

and the mantle of Mary beneath my middle, | come O Michael Óg, |
and take my hand.

² *Literally*: I pray Peter, I pray Paul, | I pray Mary Virgin and
her Son, | I pray the Twelve Apostles, | who are in the heaven of
God, | that I may not die, by their leave.

Tá muipe as tigeaét ó deap
 Lá aiteanta * na gcleap,
 A'r na h-aingle moimpi amaé, a'r í ceuradó,
 O éis rí amaé
 Dainpíó rípe amaé
 A'r tiubhaíó rí go flaitir Dé rinn.
 ní'l neaé, rí ná mná,
 A deapadó é rin 'é don tríaé,
 A d'feicfeadó cloé ipinn go bmaé.

Fuair mo éara Eóin Mac Néill, paróirín eile atá
 an-éorínúil leir reó, i n-Inir Meaóon.

Go laíóeas le dia.

Go laíóeas le dia a'r go laíóíó dia liom,
 náir laíóeas leir an oic a'r náir laíóíó an t-oic liom,
 Cuior úmgoe raoi mo lám,
 Aduir bmaé muipe raoi mo éann,
 Tairi a mícil óis adur glac mo lám,
 Aduir véan mo fíóéáin le mac na ngrár.
 Má tá úmóé-muo ar bié ar mo éí
 Cuium mac Dé ioiri mé féin adur é féin,
 O 'noét go uci bliadóin ó 'noét,
 Aduir anoét féin,
 Aduir go veó,
 Aduir go bmaé!

Ir faoa an bealaé ó áriann go locábari i n-Albainn,
 aét tá an páirir reó le páigail amearg na ngraeóeal
 ann ran tír rin, beag-naé mari tá rí aca i n-Eirinn
 féin. As ro mari uó rgríob feari de muinntir

* "Lá aóainte" duáirir reiréan, aét m éuigim rin.

¹ *Literally*: O Jesus, who puttest power into the Sacrament, |
 which has relieved the thousands who were tortured in pain, | comes
 a drop on my heart of Thy own great grace, | for every sin that I
 have committed.

From the south shall Mary come
 When we hear the judgment drum,
 Angels go before her face, she of the sorrows seven,
 Since she comes to-day for us
 She shall make a way for us,
 And lead us unto God, into heaven.

No woman nor man, so I tell,
 Who shall say this, and say it well,
 Shall see one stone of the house of Hell.¹

My friend John MacNeill found another little prayer in Innismaan which is very like this one.

MAY I LIE WITH GOD.

That I may lie with God, and that God may lie with me,
 That I may not lie with the Evil, and that the Evil may not
 lie with me,
 The girdle of Brigit round my middle,
 And the mantle of Mary round my head,
 Come O young Michael and take my hand
 And make my peace with the Son of the Graces.
 If there be any evil-thing at all in wait for me
 I put the Son of God between myself and itself.
 From to-night until a year from to-night,
 And to-night itself,
 And for ever,
 And for aye!

It is a long road from Aran to Lochaber in Scotland, but this prayer is to be found amongst the Gaels in that country almost as the people have it in Ireland itself. Here

Mary is coming from the south, | the day of the recognition of the tricks, | and the angel out before her, and she in torture (?), | since she cometh out, | she shall strike out, | and she shall bring us to the heaven of God.

There is no one, man or woman, | who would say that every single time, | who would see one stone of hell for ever.

Sciúbdairt í ó béal Arto-Albannais o locháir. *Éus ré*
“Altaíad [beannaíct] leabta” uirru.

altaíad leabta.

laíró mé nioct
le moiré 'r le mac,
le mádaí mo miz
'ní mo óion ó óroí-beaí.
*á * laíró mé leir an oic*
s á laíró an t-oic leam.†
á laíró mé le dia,
's laíró dia maí muom.‡
lám óear óé fo m' éann,
chior na naoi n-aingeal leam,
o mullad mo éinn
so cmaiceann mo bonn.

Suirim peadaí, suirim póil
Suirim moiré óiz 'r a mac,
Suirim an dá ortal § véas
San mipe vol éus le 'n ceao.¶
á dia 'r a moiré na glóie
's a míc na h oíge cúmairó ¶
*Cumairó ** mipe o na piantan †† voiméa*
's míceal geal an cóúil' ‡‡ m' anama.

Do fáoil na rean-daoiné, mar ip' dóiz, sur comairéa
veas-aingil é vo éadct ó'n taoib ó óear, ar an
áobair rin aoiré an páoiré réó,

tá moiré as teadct ó óear

lá aiteanta na gelear,

asur conncamar í “nÓán an Tuir” mar vubairé
an peadé,

conncairé me gairge an báir as cruinnuáí,
taob ó éuair na múiré vuba teinead,

* ní laíró mé. † liom. ‡ maílle liom.

§ abrtal. ¶ le n-a geao. ¶ Cúmaíréa.

is how Mr. Stuart wrote it down from the mouth of a Highlander from Lochaber. He called it the Bed Blessing.

THE BED BLESSING. [*Highland version.*]

I lie down to-night
 With Mary and with her Son,
 With the Mother of my King
 Who does me protect from evil-deeds.
 I shall not lie with the Evil
 And the Evil shall not lie with me.
 But I shall lie with God,
 And God shall lie along with me.
 The right hand of God under my head,
 The girdle of the Nine Angels with me
 From the top of my head
 To the skin of my foot-soles.

I pray Peter, I pray Paul,
 I pray Mary Virgin and her Son,
 I pray the Twelve Apostles
 They, of their leave, I may not go die.
 O God and O Mary of glory,
 And O Son of the fragrant Virgin
 Keep ye me from the dark pains ;
 And Bright Michael to meet my soul.

The old people seem to have thought that it was a sign of a good Angel to come from the south, and therefore this prayer says—

Mary is coming *from the south*

On the day of the recognition of tricks [deeds]

and we saw in the poem of the Tor how the sinner said—

I beheld the prowess of Death assembling ;
On the north black walls of fire,

** Congbuisiò. †† Piantaib.

†† 1 gcómòáil m'anama, = teac̃t i gcoinne m'anama (?).

ΤΑΟΘ Ο ΘΕΑΡ ΜΗΝΝΤΙΡ ΟΡΙΟΡΤΑ,
 ΑΣ ΕΡΗΙΝΝΙΟΥ ΜΕΑΡΣ ΝΑ Ν-ΑΙΝΓΕΑΛΣΑ,
 ΑΝ ΜΑΙΣΘΕΑΝ ΣΙΟΡΙΜΑΡ 'ΣΑ ΝΟΕΙΡΗΙΥΣΑΘ.

1ῃ κοιτῶνντα ἀν πᾶθ “Ερор να η-αίγγεαλ” αἰυρ
 το μίνις ἀν τ-αῖαιρ Ο Σπαρῖνα θάμ μαρ πο ἐ, .1. να
 η-αίγγιλ το θεῖτ ἰ θροίρμ εροίρε, ceann aca 'ran lár,
 αἰυρ τᾶ ceann ainn ῖ ῥαῖ ἀρτο θε να ceitῃε ἀρτοαῖθ,
 amaḥ oé, μαρ πο.



ΑΣ ΡΟ ΠΑΙΟΙΡ-ΝΑ-Η-ΟΙΘΕ ΤΟ ΡΥΑΙΡ ΑΝ ΛΙΑΤΑΝΑΘ Ο
 ΘΕΥΛ ΤΟΥΝΕ ΑΡ ΤΙΡ-ΕΘΣΑΙΝ.

sínim-se ar an leabair seo.

Sínim-re ar an leabair reo
 μαρ ρίνφειρ μέ 'ran uais,
 ας ιαρηαῖο τορμᾶθ αἰυρ βριῖς'
 na racamainte beannaistḗ.
 Αρ uet muipe αἰυρ ῥαῖθα οέ
 ῥαḃaim le Dia μαρ αῖαιρ εῡῡam,
 's ῥαḃaim le muipe μαρ ῖάῖαιρ εῡῡam.
 ῥαḃaim leir na flaitir μαρ túitḗe
 α'ῖ μαρ lón ρίορμυῖο ας m'anam.
 Α ῡῡeasina, ῥο ρlánaistḗ tu ar m' anam.
 Α ὀρίορτ οέαν ερῖοcαιpe ορραινν.

ΑΣ ΡΟ ΠΑΙΟΙΡΙΝ ΕΙΛΕ ΤΟ ΡΣΗΙΟΘ ΜΕ Ο ΘΕΥΛ ΜΗΑ ἰ
 η-αice le Coillte-mac ἰ ῡconoaé μῖυῡ ἘΘ. Τορμᾶεανν
 ρέ μαρ τορμᾶεανν ἀν ceann oeiḃeannaḥ.

sínim síos.

Sínim ríor ar an leabair reo
 ἰ η-ainm íopa ὀρίορτα [οο] ceupaḥ beó,
 θεῖτ το μο ράḃáil, το μο ῡάρμῖάil,
 αἰυρ το μο éúmḥaḥ;

*On the south the people of Christ
Gathering amongst the Angels,
The glorious Virgin hastening them.*

The Angel's Cross is a common expression, and Father O'Growney explained it to me thus ; namely, the angels are supposed to be in the form of a Cross, one of them in the middle and two others out from him in each of the four "arts" or quarters of the compass : thus



Here is a night prayer that Mr. Lyons got from the mouth of a Tyrone man.

I STRETCH MYSELF.

I stretch myself upon this couch
As in the tomb I shall be stretched,
To seek the fruits and power, 'ent,
In the Blessed Sacrament.
For the sake of Mary and love of God,
God, as my father I take to me,
Mary as mother I take to me,
The Heavens as home I take to me,
Provision eternal for my soul.
Save, O Lord, and take our soul,
Christ I pray, have mercy upon us!

Here is another little prayer which I wrote down from the mouth of a woman near Kiltimagh in the Co. Mayo. It begins as the last one began.

I STRETCH ME DOWN.

I stretch me down upon this bed
In the name of Christ Jesus who was crucified alive,
To be saving me, to be rescuing me,
And to be keeping me.

Ašur nuair b'éirídear mo bóta
 Cailte ar an rasoal ro
 So rógaíó an t-ádhair ríorhíuóe
 So ríogaóe na b'fáirídear
 Ašur do'n fáirídear ip úiríoe * mé.

Aš ro páiríri eile na h-oiríoe do ruairí an Šram-
 nuigíeac ó beul fáiríeš úi Ššannail oiríe-ršoiríe i
 m'baile-múiríne i ššonóae Šoríeairí, páiríri ann a b'ruil
 móráí de na líntíó do ššeíómirí i b'páiríeacáíó eile i n-
 Éirínn ašur i n-Albáinn. Ní éirí líom a míniugáó
 cionnur páššmaoirí na línte céadóna ro ann r šac cúinne
 ašur ceairí i n-Éirínn ašur i n-Albáinn ann a b'ruil an
 Šaeóeal, munab é šur óeap an eagríair óš i n-Éirínn
 bóanta díada ašur ímmunna, cum na n'óaoiríe do
 teagríeš, ašur cum na Šríoríeagríeacáe do mínaó
 bóíó, b'éiríri níor mó 'ná míle bíadáin ó šoin,
 ašur šur cúirí rí amaó ašur šur ršap rí na ríoráíó
 reó ann r šac áit ann arí šab a cúirí teacáiríe;
 ašur na línte do ššeíómirí anóirí ann r šac don
 áit ameagrí na n'Šaeóeal, na línte acá beagrí-naó ar
 don fíocal le céiríe, ip ríuigíeac na rean-báí ro íao.

i n-áinn an acár.

i n-áinn an acár 'reacó eagrí cum ruairínnir
 aš láiríe arí mo leabáíó i o'áinn a ríš uaríal.

a Šríoríe do ceannairí rínn
 beannairí a'r líon ruarí rínn,
 do šríára ceagríal
 So bóingíeann dom' Šríoríe a'r buannairí.

* A. ip áiríoe.

¹ *Literally*: In the name of the Father it is I come to rest, lying on my bed in Thy name, O noble King, O Christ who didst buy

And when my date shall be
 Spent in this world,
 That the Eternal Father may bring me
 To the kingdom of the heavens,
 And to the highest heaven.

Here is another night-prayer that Father O'Growney got from the mouth of Teig O Sgannail, a schoolmaster in Ballyvourney, in the County Cork, in which occur many lines which we find in other prayers also in Ireland and in Scotland. I cannot explain how it is we get these same lines in every corner and nook of Ireland and Scotland in which the Gael is, unless it be that the Early Church in Ireland composed religious songs and hymns to instruct the people and to teach them Christianity, perhaps over a thousand years ago, and that she sent out and spread these pieces in every place to which her messengers went; and the lines which we find to-day in every place amongst the Gael, and which agree with one another almost to a word, are the remains of these old poems.

IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER.

In the name of the Father to rest I betake me,¹
 To lie on my bed until daylight awake me.

O Christ who on earth
 Cold and dearth didst endure for us
 Our hearts in all places
 By thy graces make pure for us.

us, bless and fill us up Thy grace bind Thou fast to my heart, and make-durable. The protection of my soul on Thee, O Father, king powerful, Angel Michael since thou art the messenger.

Coimruige* m'anam' oir
 Δ ατάιρι μιζ-κύμαάταιζ,
 Δ μίσιλ αιγίλ
 Δν τεαάταιριε ό'ρ τύ έ.
 Δν τόά 'μέας άβρεαλ
 Τά ι ζαάταιρι να ζλόριε,
 Δ όριόρτ βειρ-ρε m' anam leat
 Ζο cáταιρι να τιμονόιτε.
 Coimruige m' anam' oir Δ Όια
 'S ni maíao† 'na óiaió oir ζο bιάέ,
 Cuirim Δ φεινέιό‡ cúζατ Δ μίιιριε
 Ζο οταζαρ m' anam το Riζ na ηζιάρ.
 [Cuirim Δ φεινέιό oir Δ μίιιριε
 Όο μιζ na ηζιάρ ζο οταζαρ έ,]
 Aingeal coinnleáct § na láime veire
 Am' feááaint ar rriomao na láime clé.
 Anna máταιρι μίιιριε, μίιιριε máταιρι όριόρτ,
 eilír máταιρι eóin baíρe,
 Cuirim τιμύι ve múnáib' b'uaíρle caíce
 Δζ cóμύζαó mo leabéa,
 Cuirim Δν cianu ζυι céapaó όριόρτ [αιι]
 ιοιρ μέ ά'ρ Δν τιom-λuíóe
 ιοιρ μέ ά'ρ ζαé Όμοó-νuó.

Δζ πο παιοιρ-na-h-oióce eile το rζuióó Δν λιαάánaó
 o beul mná ar conoáé όιαρμuíóe.

Δ μαιζóean beannuizte.

Δ μαιζóean beannuizte,
 Δ θανάτμα Δν Riζ ζλόριμαίρ,
 bí mo éonaib'ζαó† o'oióce,
 Δζυρ φαίρ 'pan ló mé.

*=coimruice. †=ni maíao. ‡=φιαóνuιρε. §=coinnleáct (?)

The Twelve Apostles who are in the city of glory. O Christ bear my soul with Thee to the City of the Trinity. The protection of my soul on Thee, O God! And I shall not go after it [to get it back from Thee] for ever. I call Thee to witness (?) O Mary that I have

O my Father console
 My soul with Thy blessedness,
 And thou, Michael, too,
 Who dost do his messages.

O may the Apostles
 The Twelve with Divinity,
 And Christ bear my soul
 To the Throne of the Trinity.

I place my soul under God's protection,
 To Him in His mercy my soul I bring ;
 I call Thee to witness, O Virgin Mary,
 I have given my soul to the gracious King,

I call Thee to witness, O Virgin Mary,
 My soul is no longer in my control,
 May the Right-hand Angel, the guardian-angel
 From the Left-hand Spirit protect my soul.

Anna, mother of Mary, Mary, mother of Christ,
 Elleesh, mother of John the Baptist,
 I place the three of the most noble chalk-white women
 Arranging my couch.
 I place the tree upon which Christ was crucified
 Between me and the heavy-lying [night-mare]
 Between me and each evil-thing.

Here is another night-prayer which Mr. Lyons wrote
 down from the mouth of a woman from the Co. Mayo.

O BLESSED VIRGIN.

O Blessed Virgin¹
 Nurse of the King of all power,
 Watch me by day,
 And guard me in night's dark hour.

given my soul to the King of the Graces. I call Thee to witness,
 O Mary, that to the King of the Graces I have given it. May the
 guardian (?) angel of the right hand make-me-avoid the spirit of the
 left hand.

¹ *Literally* : O Blessed Virgin | O Nurse of the glorious King | be

pé mo fúirde d'ám no mo luirde
 mo éorlaó no mo fuan,
 bí mo éonabhuáó,* bí mo éiméioll,
 bí am' fáire gac uair.†

Tapu a máighean‡ agur tós mo lám,
 déan mo fíotéáin le mac dé,
 má tá ainriopas ar mo éaoó
 cuirim m' na ngrár ior mé 'sur é.

As ro paroir-na-h-oirde ó Conamara do eus an
 t-áir O Sianná d'ám. Cuirim go gcuair
 reirean i ó Dóinnall O fótarta.

luigim leat a íosa.

luigim leat a íora
 a'r go luirde tu liom,
 ola éiríor ar m' anam,
 Cíe na n-abrtal or mo éionn.

Δ Δέαι το έμυταις μέ,
 Δ ήνις το έανναις μέ,
 Δ Spiopas naoin to beannais μέ!

Δ bainríogain na gile
 's a bainríogain na h-óige,
 tós mé ar na peacaóid
 agur cuir mé ar an eólar,
 cuir an aitéige ann mo éiríde
 go rilpeao na deóira.

*=congáil. † "Gac tuia" duáiré pí, déit ní tuigim pin.

‡ Do rgríob an liaéanaé "tapu a hinc" déit ir dóis naé ceairt pin.

keeping me by night | and watch me in the day | whether I be
 sitting or whether I be lying | whether sleeping or slumbering | be
 keeping me, be round me, | be watching me every hour.

Come, O Son, and take my hand. | Make my peace with the Son

Whether I sit or whether I lie
 Or whether I slumber deep,
 Be my guardian, be my keeper,
 Watch me through my sleep.

Come, O Virgin, and take my hand,
 And make my peace with Thy Son, and see
 That no evil spirit beside me stand,
 — The King of Grace between it and me !

Here is a night-prayer from Connemara which Father O'Growney gave me. I think that he heard it from Dómnall O'Faherty.

I LIE DOWN WITH THEE, O JESUS.

I lie down with Thee, O Jesus¹
 And lie Thou down with me,
 That the holy Creed above my head
 And the oil of Christ on my soul may be.

O Father who sought me,
 O Son who bought me
 O Holy Spirit who taught me !

O Queen of whiteness,
 Of brightness, of youth,
 Lift me from sinning
 And show me the truth.
 In my heart put repentance
 And sorrow and ruth.

of God. | If there be an evil-spirit beside me | I put the King of
 Graces between me and it.

¹ *Literally* : I lie down with Thee, O Jesus | and mayest Thou lie
 with me. | The oil of Christ on my soul. | The Creed of the Apostles
 above my head. | O Father who created me | O Son who bought
 me | O Holy Spirit who blessed me | O Queen of Brightness and
 O Queen of Virginitv | lift me out of sins.

And show me the right way, | Put repentance in my heart | that

'S má tá pé i nDán Dam
 Bár fágaíl foinn maidim
 I peilb na glóire
 Go maib m'anam. Amén.

As ro ceann eile do fuaib an Spáinnuigeac i
 n-Árainn.

Luiḡim le Dia.

Luiḡim le Dia, go luiḡiú Dia liom,
 Ciorúe Dé liom, dá láim Dé liom,*
 Íora a'r Muire liom, a'r cúirt na n-aingeal,
 Íora ceannais mé, íora beannais mé!
 Íora ceannais mé, raor a'r leapaig mé!
 Saor ó gac peacaó mé 'noir a'r go b'íac.
 Íora mílir glóimair, fábaíl m'anam
 Ar na plantais doiréa tá déanta úinn.

As ro pinn beag áluinn ó Uóinnall O Focarta ar
 Conamara.

Luiḡim ar mo éaoib úeas.

Luiḡim ar mo éaoib úear †
 Asur coubaisim ar mo éaoib élé,
 Tugaim mo éúil do'n fear i'r meara
 Asur [tugaim] m'ágaró ar m'ac Dé.

As ro paitir eile de'n tróirt céatna do fuaib an
 Spáinnuigeac i n-Árainn.

Luiḡim síos.

Luiḡim ríor ar an leaba ro anoct,
 Mar luiḡeannr ‡ mac Dé ar an gcóir,

* Do éualaró pé ó úine eile na focla ro leanar tar éir na
 vana líne. "Dia a'r Muire liom, | a'r Cior na n-aingeal |
 fígeann raor mo lair | Snaróm á bonn," aet níor éuiz reiréan
 asur ní éuizim-re iao.

† recté "ar mo éaoib úear."

‡ i.e. "Luiḡear," no "Luiḡeann" mar deirir i gcúize múman.

And if this be my story
 E're morning to die,
 May my soul be in glory
 With God upon high.

Here is another which Father O'Growney found in Aran.

I LIE DOWN WITH GOD.

I lie down with God, and may God lie down with me,
 The Heart of God with me, the two hands of God with me,
 Jesus and Mary with me, and the Court of the Angels,
 Jesus who bought me, O Jesus bless me,
 Jesus who bought me, save and amend me.¹

Free me from every sin now and for ever.
 O sweet, glorious Jesus save my soul
 From the dark pains that are made for us.

Here is another melodious little rann from Dómhnaill
 O'Faherty, of Connemara.

I LAY ME DOWN ON MY RIGHT SIDE.

I lay me down on my right side,
 On my left side me to place,
 I turn my back on the Evil Man
 And I face to God my face.²

Here is another prayer of the same kind which Father
 O'Growney found in Aran, and sent me.

I LIE DOWN.

I lie down on this bed to-night
 As the Son of God lies [*sic*] upon the Cross.

I may shed the tears | and if it be fated for me | to die before
 morning | in the possession of glory | may my soul be. Amen.

¹ These lines make a beautiful rhyme in the original.

² *Literally*: I lie down on my right side | and I sleep on my left
 side | I give my back to the Man most evil [the Devil], and I give
 my face to the Son of God.

ʙʁat ʙrígʁe ʁaʁi mo ʙʁollac,
 muiɛ vʔileʁ, mo vʔian-ʒmáʔ tʉ.
 ɪɾ tʉ vʔoʔtʉi m'anama,
 ɪɾ tʉ mo ʔapato ʁi vai mo ʔáɪɾ,
 O' [n] nʒleann na nʔeóɪ ʁo tʔʒ mé ʁeʁta,
 tʉilʌ mo ʔʁoíʔe le ʒmáʔ vʔ'o'n ʁeʁɪ,
 ʁi vai mo ʔáɪɾ
 ʒo ʔráʒaim na ʔlaitɪɾ. Amén.

Δς ʁo ʁaiʔiɾ-na-h-oiʔʔe vʔo ʁuaiɾ mé ʔm' ʔapato
 ʔamon O h-ʔʒáɪn, ʁaʒaɾt S.1. ʔualaiʔ ʁeɪɾeʁi i ʔ
 ʔeʁnaʁaɪɪ i ʒʔonʔaʔé ʔiaɾɾiaʔ. ʔʉʒ ʁɪɾe "ʔʉʔaʔt
 ʔaʔʔaiɾo" uɪɾɪ.

ʔʉʔaʔt ʔaʔʔaiɾo.

Δ anam ʔrʔioɾt ʔeʁnnaɪʒ mé.
 Δ ʔuiɾp ʔrʔioɾt ʁlánaɪʒ mé.
 [Δ] ʁuɪʌ ʔrʔioɾt ʁáɾaɪʒ mé.
 [Δ] uɪɾʒe ʔaʔiʔb' ʔrʔioɾt nɪʒ mé.
 Δ ʁáɪɾ ʔrʔioɾt neʁɾtaɪʒ mé.
 Δ ʔoɾa na nʔuɪ ʔeɾt liom O [Δ] ʔiʒeʁɪna.
 vʔéʁn vʔion vʔam i vʔ' ʔrʔiéʔtaɪʔ
 ná ʁuɪʌɪʒ [=ʁulainʒ] mé ʔeɪt ʁʒaɾɪta leʁt.
 ʔúɪnʔaɪʒ mé ʁi ʁimɾɪɪ [ʁimɾɪʒaʔʔ] ʁn ʁimɾeóɪa [ʁiʔʔimɾeóɪa]
 ʒoiɾim ʔʉʒaʔ me ʁi ʁimɾɪɪ mo ʔáɪɾ.
 mʁɪ ʁúɪʌ ʔ'r ʒo moʔɾainn tʉ.
 mʁɪ ʁon leɪɾ na h-ʁinʒliʔ
 le ʁaʔʒal na ʁaʔʒal. Amen.*

Δς ʁo ʁaiʔiɾ-na-h-oiʔʔe vʔo ʁuaiɾ ʁn ʕiaʔáɪnʔaʔ ʔ
 ʁeʁɪ ʁɪ ʔonʔaʔé ʁn ʔláiɾ.

maɾ ʕuɪʒim.

maɾ ʕuɪʒim ʁnn ʁan leʁbaɪʔ ʁeʔ
 Seʔʔ ʕuɪʒʁeʔʔ ʁnn ʁan uaiʒ.

* ʔá ʁn ʁaiʔiɾ ʁeʔ le ʁáʒaɪɪ i "ʔɾáɾɪɾaɾ ʁn ʁnma," ʔeʁʒ-
 naʔ maɾ ʔʉʒ mé ʁuaɾ i Δς l. 329. ʔuɾ-amaʔ, 1645.

† "ʕuɪʒim," vʔuʔaɾɪt ʁé.

The mantle of Brigit beneath [*i.e.* round] my bosom
 Dear Mary, my very-love thou art,
 Thou art the doctor of my soul,
 Thou art my friend at the hour of my death,
 From this valley of tears lift me henceforth,
 Flood my heart with love for The Man.
 At the hour of my death,
 That I may find the heavens. Amen.

Here is a night prayer that I got from my friend the
 Rev. Dr. Ed. Hogan, S.J. He heard it from a lady in the
 County Kerry. She called it "Edward's Testament."

EDWARD'S TESTAMENT.

O Soul of Christ bless me.
 O Body of Christ save me.
 O Blood of Christ satisfy me.
 O Water of Christ's side wash me.
 O Passion of Christ strengthen me.
 O Jesus of the Elements, hear me O Lord.
 Make a protection for me of thy wounds.
 Permit me not to be separated from thee.
 Keep me from the attack of the Adversary.
 I call me to thee at the time of my death.
 In hope that I may praise thee
 Along with the angels
 For ever and ever. Amen.¹

Here is a night prayer which Mr. Lyons got from a man
 in the County Clare.

AS I LIE.

As I lie in this couch
 It is [so] I shall lie in the grave.

¹ This prayer is to be found in almost identical shape in Friar
 Gernon's book "Párrthas an Anna," or the "Paradise of the Soul,"
 at page 327 of the edition of 1645, published at Louvain.

Déanam m' páoiríoin
 Go cruaid leat a' Uia,
 Le crioir na n-aingeal
 Ann ran leabaid reo luigim.
 Uraon ar na flaitir
 Go dtigibh ann ári gheirde,
 A' d'ibheódar na peacaid
 A' r' na r'ganail reo d'inn.

A's ro mian na h-oirde eile o Inir Meadóin.

A mairghean beannuighe.

A mairghean beannuighe, má táir dé
 [A] foillre glégeal tá gan r'nal,
 A' coinneal foillreac i láir dé
 Go maib tu agann lá ári mbáir.

I' leor iad ro mar fompalib ar páirpeacaid na
 h-oirde, agus iompócamas ar páirpeacaid gearra
 eile de'n tróir céadna, páirpeacaid deir na daoine ar
 ocáidib ppeirialta.

PÁIRPEACÁD OCÁIDPEACÁD.

Tus mé cuir de na páirpeacaid ocáidpeacá ro,
 fuar; m ar atá, páirpe le beir páirde ar n'oirpúgá
 nuair cluintear abhain na n-éan a's cur fáilte roimh
 an lá ós, páirpe atá páirde nuair tógann an r'agart
 an cailir ann ran airpionn, páirpe atá páirde nuair
 éirdear uair réiréal no teampoll, agus ceann no d'ó
 eile. I' beas nac fíor le páir é, nac maib gníomh
 roimhpáac no ppeirialta ar bit d'a dtigead le beir
 deunta a's an éirpeannac ar fear an laé nac maib

¹ *Literally*: I make my confession | hardily to Thee O God | with
 the Cross of the Angels | on this bed I lie. | A drop out of the
 heavens | may there come into our heart | that shall banish these
 sins | and these scandals from us.

I make my confession
 Unto God overhead,
 With the Cross of the Angels
 I lie on this bed.
 One drop out of heaven
 Shed down on this heart,
 That shall banish for ever
 The sin and the smart.¹

Here is another night rann from Innismaan.

BLESSED VIRGIN.

Blessed Virgin, God's own Mother,
 Shining light set up on high,
 Candle blazing in the heavens,
 Be with me the day I die.²

These are sufficient as examples of night-prayers, and we shall now turn to other short prayers of the same kind which are spoken by the people upon special occasions.

OCCASIONAL PRAYERS.

I gave some of these occasional prayers above, as, for example, a prayer to be said on waking, when the songs of the birds are heard welcoming a new day; a prayer to be said when the priest raises the chalice in the mass; a prayer that is said when a church or chapel is seen in the distance, and one or two others. It is almost quite true to say that there was no particular or special act that might come to be done by an Irishman throughout the day, but he

² *Literally*: O Blessed Virgin Mother of God, bright light that art without a stain, shining candle in the presence of God, that we may have thee with us on the day of our death.

rocal no dó de páirí aise mionne, anuair go dtí real gearr ó íoinn.

Bí gníomh ionnraðac de'n t-rúirt ro le deunam aise h-uile oirde nuair éiríead ré cuir de'n teine do bí ar an tceaslaic i tairse, as foluad rplainne no dó go uoimín faoi an ngníora ac asur faoi an luaitre, "d'á scoisilt," mar duhairt ré, i míoct go mberíead póir na teinead beo aise arís ar maidin. Búd é rin gníomh déiseanna ac an lae aise; do éainis an oirde asur toiríadur na h-oirde leir an ngníomh rin. I r dóis nac san páirí bís do gnívead ré é, asur tá an páirí reo le fágaíl ann r gac uile áit i n-éirínn ann a bfuil an gaeoeris beo fóir, asur i n-álbainn mar an gcéona. As ro mar rgníob mo éara éoin Mac Néill i ó beul málraitin uí fualáin i n-Inir Meadon.

coinglígim an teine seo.

Coinglígim* an teine reo
mar coinglígíear Cúirt cáir,
muirne i mullaic an tise
asur bhrígo ann a láir.
an t-octar ainglío is t-réine
i gcatair na ngníar
a' cúiríac an tise reo
'S a óaoine éadairt plán.

* i.e., coinglígim, cf. "as congairt na cíne" = "as coisaint" 'pan oileán céona.

¹ In English this is always called "raking" the fire, but in Irish "sparing" or "saving" it.

had, until quite recently, a word or two of a special prayer for it.

Such a special act he had to perform every night when he put safely away a portion of the fire that was on the hearth, covering up a coal or two deeply under embers and ashes, "sparing it,"¹ as he said, so that he might have the seed of the fire alive again in the morning. That was for him the last act of the day, and with it came the night and the darkness of the night. And naturally it was not without a short prayer he used to do it, and this prayer is to be found in every place in Ireland in which Irish is yet alive, and in Scotland also. Here is how my friend John MacNeill wrote it from the mouth of Martin Folan in Innismaan.

I SAVE THIS FIRE TO-NIGHT.

As I save this fire to-night
 Even so may Christ save me,
 On the top of the house let Mary
 Let Bride in its middle be.
 Let eight of the mightiest angels
 Round the throne of the Trinity
 Protect this house and its people
 Till the dawn of the day shall be.²

² *Literally*: I save this fire as saveth chaste Christ, Mary on the top of the house and Brigit in its middle. The angelic eight most strong in the city of the graces [be] protecting this house and bringing safe its people.

AS ro mar bí ré as bhrígio ní Donnada

coisligim an teine seo.

Coisligim an teine reo
le cpann clanna * páraiais,
aingle Dé dá'n n-óirfeact
'S nár fuarglaio an námaro.
Oét n-eac faoi an teac
Teac nac luigeann ceó aih,
nac n-imteódaio don mharb ar
'S nac ngointeari uaine beó ann.

AS ro mar fuairi Dóinnall O Potartha ar Conamara é.

coisligim-se an teine seo. cóip eile.

Coisligim-re an teine reo
mar coislig Cúroir cáe,
bhrígio faoi n-a bun
asur mac muipe ann a lám.†
na tui aingeala ir mó cúmaet
i gcúir na ngráir
a' cúmoad 'r as coiméao an tige reo
'S a muinntiri ahiir go lá.

* No mar tubairt nóia ní congarle an páraia reo "le clann ve clannaoib páraiais," aet ní léiri dam rin. AS ro mar fuairi an t-aetairi eógan an páraia uaiti-re.

Coisligim an teine reo le clann ve clannaoib páraiais,
mac Dé dá'n méirteac a'r nár murglaio an námaro,
Oét n-eac faoi 'n teac asainn a'r teac a luigeann ceó aih,
nár imteigro uaine marb ar, 'r nár gointeari uaine beó ann.
† *Aliter*, "ann a láetairi."

¹ *Literally*: I spare this fire with the tree [staff] of the clan Patrick; the angels of God to wake us, and let them not let loose the enemy [*aliter*, let not the enemy awaken]. Eight steeds around the house, a house that no fog lies upon; that no dead shall go out of, and in which no living one is wounded [*aliter*, that no dead one may go out of it, nor living one be wounded in it!]

Here is how Brigit Donnahue had it.

WITH THE STAFF OF THE SONS OF PATRICK.

With the staff of the sons of Patrick¹
 This fire I now am raking,
 Awaken let God's good angels,
 But enemies none be waking.
 Eight steeds are about the house²
 A house not clouded a minute,
 And may no dead ever leave it
 Nor living be wounded in it.

Here is how Donal O'Faherty from Connemara found it.

I SAVE THIS FIRE.

I save this fire
 As Christ once saved all,
 May Bride³ care and keep it,
 On Mary's high Son I call;
 The three angels most mighty
 In Heaven's hall,
 Protect us this house
 Until day shall dawn.⁴

² Compare the English lines, the only prayer I ever heard in English resembling these Irish ones.

Four corners to my bed,
 Four angels round my head,
 One to watch and one to pray
 And two to bear my soul away.

³ Notice how Brigit whose name is interpreted as *breb-shaigit* "fiery arrow" is here associated with fire. It was in her honour the Virgin's fire at Kildare "burnt through long ages of darkness and storm" until the Normans quenched it. For a notice of St. Brigit's connection with fire, see my *Literary History of Ireland*, p. 161.

⁴ *Literally*: I save this fire as Christ saved each one, Brigit under its foundation [i.e., taking care of it] and the Son of Mary in its midst [*aliter*, beside her]. The three angels of most power in the court of the graces, be protecting and keeping this house and its people again till day.

Δὲ πο ἀπὶρ μαρι ρυαίρ μο ἔαρη πᾶσσαις Ὁ Λαογαίρε
 ναὲ μαίρεανν, ἀν παίσιρ ἑῶνα ἰ σκονοᾷ Κορκαίς
 coiglim an teine seo. cóip corcaígead.

Coiglim an teine seo
 μαρ coigleann Cρίστ λάε,
 μαιρε ἀρ δᾶ ἑανν ἀν τῖγε
 ἀγυρ βρῖγιο ἀνν ᾶ λάρ.
 ῥαὲ ᾶ βρῦλ ὀ'αῖνγλιῖ
 'S oe naoimaid ἰ ῥαταίρ na ngráir
 Δὲ coraint 'r Δὲ coimeáio
 luét an tige reó go lá.

Δὲ πο μαρ τᾶ ἀν παίσιρ ἑῶνα ἀα ἰ nḡaobaltaét
 na h-Albann.

smálaid mise an teine.
 Smálaid mipe an teine
 μαρ ᾶ ρmálar mac muipe,
 ῥυ mba plán an tige 'r an teine
 ῥυ mba plán do'n cuireadét uile.
 Co ríto á'ri an lár* ?
 peadair agur póil.
 Co air ᾶ dítear an airé 'noét ?
 Air muipe geal á'r air ᾶ mac.
 beul dé ᾶ ὀ'innreap,
 áingeal dé ᾶ lannreap, †
 áingeal an doirar ῥαὲ ταιγε ‡
 go robur geal ᾶ máiread.

Δὲ πο παίσιρ le beit páirde Δὲ toul cum airtir
 μαρ ἑυαλαίρ ἀν τ-αταίρ Ὁ ῥraimhaíς ἰ n-árainn ἰ.

seadét bpaíreada.
 Seadét bpaíreada po readét
 Cuir muipe faoi n-a mac,
 Cuir bhrígio faoi n-a bhrat,
 Cuir Dia faoi n-a neart,

* i.e., cia rúto air an uilár. † = lonnhaígear. ‡ = τῖγε.

Here, again, is how my friend the late Patrick O'Leary found the same prayer in the County Cork.

I SAVE THIS FIRE. [*A Cork version.*]

I save this fire
 As kind Christ saves,
 Mary at the two ends of the house
 And Brigit in the middle.
 All that there are of angels
 And of saints in the city of the graces
 Protecting and keeping
 The people of this house till day.

Here is how they have the same prayer in the Highlands of Scotland.

I RAKE THE FIRE. [*Highland version.*]

I rake the fire
 As the Son of Mary rakes,
 That safe may be the house and the fire,
 That safe may be the whole company.
 Who is that on the floor?
 Peter and Paul.
 Whose part is it to take care to-night?
 The part of bright Mary and her Son.
 The mouth of God that tells,
 The angel of God that brightens,
 An angel in the door of each house
 Till the bright light to-morrow.

Here is a prayer to be said when going on a journey, as Father O'Growney heard it in Aran.

SEVEN PRAYERS.

Seven prayers, seven times over told,
 Mary left to her Son of old,
 Bride left to her mantle's length,
 God left to His own great strength.

Eirinn rinn 'r an sluas Síde
 Eirinn rinn 'r an sluas Sáoite,
 Eirinn rinn 'r an uirge báiríte,
 Eirinn rinn 'r na caéuigé(íð) cpháiríte,
 Eirinn rinn 'r an náime fáogalta,
 Eirinn rinn ar báir bpháiríte.*

Ir pollurac gur árra an píora ro, ó tá tráct ann
 ar rphioraíob naé fáogalta, ar an Sluas Síde agus
 ar Sluas na Sáoite.

Fuar mé an páirín reó páirí cuma eile ó mo éarair
 Tomás O Coinceannainn. As ro mar ro bí rí aige-
 rean.

seáct bpháiríreáca. (Cóp eile.)

Seáct bpháiríreáca páirí reáct
 Éirinn muiríe ó'á mac, †
 Éirinn bpháiríre páirí n-a bpháirí,
 Éirinn míceál páirí n-a rpháirí,
 Éirinn Dia páirí n-a neáirí,
 Eirinn mé agus uirge mo míúcta
 Eirinn mé agus uirge mo báiríte
 Eirinn mé agus báir bíóga [obann]
 Eirinn mé agus fáirí na gpháirí,
 Eirinn mé agus rpháirí-éiríreáca
 Agus rpháirí-éiríreáca na rpháirí.
 Le mo éiríreáca, le mo fáirí
 [le mo éiríreáca] agus le mo fáirí.

* "Báir bpháiríre" bpháiríre an rpháirí ó a bpháiríre an rpháiríreáca an rpháiríre, áct b'áiríre gur "bpháiríre" "bpháiríre" no "bpháiríreáca" é.

† Fuar mé an páirín éiríreáca óm' éarair Tomás O h-uallacáin, Cill-áirí, i gpháiríre an éiríreáca agus ir mar ro bí an óá líne rpháiríre áige-rean. "Seáct bpháiríreáca rpháirí reáct ro bpháiríre muiríe ó'á mac."

Between us and the Fairy Kind,
 Us and the People of the Wind,
 Us and the Water's drowning power,
 Us and Temptation's evil hour,
 Us and the World's all-blighting breath,
 Us and the bondsman's cruel death.¹

It is evident that this piece is an ancient one, since it talks about spirits that are not of this earth, the Fairy Host and Host of the Wind.

I got this prayer in another form from my friend Thomas Concannon. Here is how he had it.

SEVEN PRAYERS. (*Another version.*)

Seven times seven prayers
 Mary put² to her Son,
 Bridget put beneath her mantle,
 Michael put beneath his shield,
 God put beneath his strength,
 Between me and water to smother me,³
 Between me and water to drown me,
 Between me and sudden death,
 Between me and the Wind of the Hills,
 Between me and evil hearts,
 And the evil eyes of people,
 To keep me, to save me,
 To protect me, and to guard me.

¹ *Literally*: Seven prayers seven times [multiplied] | Mary put beneath [i.e., left unto?] her Son, | Brigit put beneath her mantle | God put beneath his strength, | between us and the fairy host | between us and the host of the wind | and between us and the drowning water | between us and hurting temptations | between us and the worldly shame | between us and the death of captivity.

² *Aliter*, "gave her son." This is how I heard it from Thomas Houlihan of Killard.

³ *Literally*: "the water of my smothering."

As ro paidir le náo as dul cum airtir, do rsgriob
an liatánac é o beul tuine éigin ar Tíri-Eógain.

PAIDIR ROIM AISTEAR.

i n-ainm an ádair le buair
asur an mhic a d'fulaing an pian
mhuir 'r a mac go raib liom ar mo éiriall.

O a mhuir car* dam as an pórt
na leis m' anam éairt.
Ir móir m' eagla roim do mhac.

i gcumaoim na naoim go raib mair [rinn]
as éirteáct le gút na n-aingeal
ar as molaó mhic Dé le raogal na raogal. Amén.

Tá an cpeirdeam an-choitcionn i n-Éirinn 'r i n-
Albainn go mbíonn daoine ann, éairtear troc-fúil ar
ruo ar bit ir mian leó. Má éairto troc-fúil ar do
cuinneóis ni béirí aon im ran máigrtreugad, má
éairto ar do bó i, b'éirto go dtuitirí pí asur go
loitpigeair i, má éairto ort péin i b'éirto gur tnom-
galair no tinnear tiucpar ort. As ro orta anaíair
na troc-fúile do rsgriob an liatánac ó beul tuine ar
Dún-na-ngall, asur fuair an Spáinnuigeac an-orta
ceadna i n-Arainn.

ORTA ANAÍAIR TROC-SÚILE.

Orta éurí mac Dé ar áac neac
paroir na breair ar a dá glúin,
sileat póla ar a éneadair,
a mhic gan loct ir mar do pún.

* *Aliter* "cara".

¹ See above the ORTA MHUIRE, Mary's Prayer, for this couplet

² *Literally*: "during the life of lives," or "world of world's,"
evidently taken from the Latin "in sæcula sæculorum."

Here is a prayer to be said when going on a journey. Mr. Lyons wrote it down from the mouth of somebody from Tyrone.

PRAYER BEFORE A JOURNEY.

In the name of the Father, with victory
And of the Son who suffered the pain,
That Mary and her Son may be with me on my travel.

O Mary meet me at the port
Do not let my soul [go] by thee,¹
Great is my fear at thy Son.

In the communion of the saints may we be,
Listening to the voices of the angels,
And praising the Son of God for ever and ever.²

The belief is very common in Ireland and in Scotland that there are people in it who can cast an evil eye on anything that they please. If they cast an evil eye on your churn there will be no butter in the churning, if they cast it on your cow perhaps she will fall and be hurt, if they cast it on yourself perhaps it is a heavy disease or sickness that will come upon you. Here is a charm against the evil eye that Mr. Lyons wrote from the mouth of a man from Donegal, and Father O'Growney found the same charm in Aran.

CHARM AGAINST EVIL EYE.

God's Son hath given a charm of charms,³
(First on thy knees thy *pater* say),
Shed was His blood by cruel arms,
Faultless and fair his righteous sway.

³ *Literally*: A charm which the Son of God hath placed upon each person | the *pater* of the miracles on his two knees | the shedding of blood out of his wounds | O Son without a fault good is thy intention.

nuairi connairc muirne a mac féin
 ar an éirí le n-a dá fúil *
 Síil rí trí rparat fola
 asur í pá coraib† Rí na n-óul.

a fúil úda [úo] do minne mo loit
 do bain díom mo úreac 'r mo fhuad,
 Suidim-re muirne a'r a mac
 a'r Rí na bplaitear a tógáil uaim.

Do carad páirte beas ar an dtair Eógan
 O Shannaidh i n-Arainn, lá, asur bí ríad as caint le
 céile, sur tráct ríad faoi deiread ar na rídeógaib,
 asur duhairt an páirte leir an nShannuidgeac do
 úreac mar ro; "Tá pé náirte, a dtair," ar pé, "sur
 ruo ar bit a feictear ar tair do láine cli, sur
 oroc-ruo rin, acé ruo ar bit éireócar ar tair do
 láine deire nac baogal uirt rin. Acé pé ar bit
 taob a n-éirigeann ríad, ro orca 'na n-asgaib le ríad
 as uil an dealaig uirt."

Suidim aingeal deas dé.

Suidim aingeal dear dé

do gcuirib ré ar mo lear mé.‡

Suidim ar uet dé

ar na rriopair' éle

uile do léir leigean nam.

as ro orca beas eile cuair ó'n dtair O Shanna
 anasgaib ríobair rídeós.

orca anasgaib na rídeós.

Sadamaois le n-a gcuirice

asur uilteairm do n-imice,

* Sic., i n-áit "le na dá fúil". † *Aliter* rreara.

‡ "pá h-uet ánn rí" mar fuaib an liaánac é.

§ Duhairt an páirte "mé cur ar mo lear," acé ir uóig sur
 mar ro do bí an líne ar uir.

When Mary saw him, as she stood,
 High on the Cross all torn and rent,
 Rained from her eyes three showers of blood
 And at its foot she made lament.

An Evil Eye hath me undone
 Paling my face in dule and dree,
 I cry to Mary and her Son
 Take the ill eye away from me.

Father Eugene O'Growney, of a day, met a little child in Aran, and they were talking to one another, until at last they talked about the fairies, and the child spoke to him exactly thus, "It is said Father," says he, "anything that is seen on your left-hand side,—that it is a bad thing, but anything that will rise up on your right-hand side—it is no danger to you. But, whatever side they rise on, here is a charm to be said against them going the way, of you."

I PRAY GOD'S RIGHT-HAND ANGEL.

I pray the Right-hand Angel of God
 That he may put me on the best-way for me,
 I pray for God's sake
 The Left-hand Spirits
 All of them, to let me be.

Here is another little charm I heard from Father O'Growney against the fäerie of the fairies.

CHARM AGAINST FAIRIES.

We accept their protection
 And we refuse their removal,

When Mary beheld her own Son | on the cross with her two eyes
 | She shed three showers of blood | and She at the feet of the King
 of the elements.

O yonder eye that has caused my wound | that has taken from me
 my form and my good appearance ! I pray Mary and her Son | and
 the King of the Heavens to take it from me.

Δ γούλ λινν
 Δ η-αζαρό υαίνν,
 Δρ υέτ βάιρ δ'ρ πάιρε
 Δρ σλάναιζτέορ ίορα χρίορτα.

Δς ρο ορτα αναζαίό τοις-φιακαλ το εualar ο
 τoμάρ θαρλαίς Δρ Conoae muiξ Eó; τά αν ορτα ρο,
 no ορτα cormúil léi, le págaíl Δρ fuo na η-éipeann.

ορτα αν τοις-φιακαλ.

bí πeσoαr Δρ αν θράπαδ¹
 εάινς χρίορτ ann ριν ι λάταιη.
 “Caoé τά ορτ Δ πeσoαr?”
 “τά m' φιακαίλ ατά τινν.”
 “έμυξ Δ πeσoαr γ bí ρlán
 nι τυρα αμáιν αέτ Δ μαίρεann beó,
 O'á η-ιomeóμαrò mo mairinn
 Gan* beít τιοιoblóroeaé níor mó.”

ορτα eile. (ó'η θρεαρ céaona.)
 Sin Δμαo [ορτα] το éuir πeσoαr
 Δρ φιακαίλ míc uι flóinn,
 Δρ éμuaíó Δρ ζláll
 na Δρ τinnear cinn.
 Δ muipe αν η οίβμυξ [η οiβεόμαrò] tu
 αν éμoτ éμuaíó éμαραé [éμαραé]
 ατά ι ζερuaíó-leac αν éinn.

Δς ρο μαρ fuair mé αν ορτα αναζαίό τοις-φιακαλ
 rgríobta le Seágan Mac Macégaíhna Δρ oileán ρan
 τSionnainn timéioil ceítpe pícío bliaóan ó ρoin.

ορτα eile (Αναζαίό αν μυr céaona).

lá o'á μαr páoμαis 'na fuíóe Δρ éloicé mearbail το éáινς Oia
 zo υeí é.

* “Δ beít” ουδαίητ ρείρεαν, αέτ nι φεicim aon éiall ann ριν.

¹ See above the mysterious piece called “St. Patrick's *mairinn* or *mairinn*.” By carrying it, is meant having it by heart, or else carrying it written which was done not uncommonly.

Their back to us,
 Their face from us,
 Through the death and passion
 Of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Here is a prayer or charm against tooth-ache which I heard from Thomas Barclay from the County Mayo. This charm, or one like it, is to be found throughout Ireland.

TOOTH-ACHE CHARM.

Peter was in the wilderness,
 Jesus Christ came there into his presence.

"What's on thee Peter?"

"It is my tooth that is sick."

"Rise up Peter and be whole,
 And not thou alone but all who remain alive,

If they carry my *mairinn*¹

Without being further troublesome."

ANOTHER CHARM. (*From the same reciter.*)

Here is a charm that Peter put
 On the tooth of the son of O'Floinn
 On a hardness on the jaw,
 On sickness of the head.
 O Mary wilt thou banish
 The hard knobby lumps
 That is in the *cruaidh-leac* (?) of the head.

Here is how I found the charm against toothache written by John MacMahon on an island in the Shannon about four score years ago.

ANOTHER CHARM. (*Against the same.*)

Of a day that Patrick was sitting on a stone of straying² (?) God came to him.

² The "*fód mearbhail*" or "*fód seachráin*" is an enchanted kind of sod upon which if you stand you are transported as it were into all kinds of scenes and travels and experiences, without leaving the place where you stand, though you may think you have gone for miles and lived for days. This is the only place, however, where I have met the *cloch mearbhail*.

"Cao é rin ort a páiríais," ar ran tigeanna Dia.

"Atá cinnear fiacail."

"Eirí ann do fúide a páiríais," ar an tigeanna, "asur bí raon ó'n bpein, asur ní tu amáin aet gac don neac eile do dearrar na focail reo leo 'na taiméoil, ar n-a más cúis paroir, cúis ané asur cré, dóid."

Tá na h-ortanna ro coitcéionn go leór, asur lort na págántaet ar euid aca, asur tá focail i gcuid aca naé bfuil don éiall ionnta anoir. Rinne euid de na daoineó péin masad fúta, aet na diais rin tanga-
dar anuar eugainn go tci an lá anoiú. As ro mar rinne tuine éigin masad paor ort a an toisg-fiacaíl, mar do eualair Dóinnall O foarta i gConamara é.

ORTA MASAD.

Orta a euid Seumar do diaimair

Orta gan aetuinge gan iarmair,

An diair [toisg] atá ann do élar-fiacaíl

A deit ran bfiacaíl ir fuide riad ann do éarbas!

Do beir an foartaac cúis orta deas dúinn do eualair pé amearg muinntire Conamara,* mar atá Orta Coirgce fola, Orta an Ruair, Orta an Taetá, 2 Orta an Bhaoinín, Orta le a gcoirgtear masad le tuteur [masad cutaé], Orta an fiabhair Bís, Orta an Diair fiacaíl, Orta Muire do mnáir ann a luide reoil, orta deirtear as tul éart leir an gCoir Búighe, orta anasair earbuid, etc, Orta Colaim-Cille no Orta na Seilge, Orta an Trom-luide, Orta Seirce, asur orta anasair deamán déir. Cíó gur "ortanna" tugtar orra ro ní ionnta aet partheacá gearra, no

* "Siampa an Seimhíró," l. 133-137.

"What's that that's on you Patrick?" said the Lord God.

"It is the sickness of the teeth."

Rise up Patrick, said the Lord, and be free from the pain, and not you alone, but every other person who shall bring these words with them, about them, after their saying five *paters*, five *aves*, and a creed.

These charms are common enough, and there is on some of them the trace of paganism, and there are in some of them words in which there is now no sense. Some of the people themselves scoffed at them, but in spite of that they have come down to us to the present day. Here is how somebody made a mock of the tooth-ache charm as Dómhnaill O'Fotharta heard it in Connemara.

A MOCK CHARM.

A charm which Seumas sent to Diarmuid

A charm with requesting, without asking,

The pain that is in your front-tooth,

To be in the furthest-back tooth in your gum!

O'Faherty gives us fifteen charms which he heard amongst the people of Connemara,¹ namely, a charm for the staunching of blood, a charm for "rose" or erysipelas, a charm against choking, two charms against a festering, a charm by which a mad dog is quelled, a charm against "little fever" or neuralgia, a toothache charm, Mary's charm for women in child-bed, a charm said on going round with Brigit's Cross, a charm against want, Columcille's or the hunting charm, the nightmare charm, the love charm, and a charm against demons of the air. Although these are called *orthanna*, or charms, they are in fact only

¹ See "Siamsa an gheimhridh," p. 133-137.

ceatrainna beaga. As ro beagán eile de'n tróirt
céanna, do rghíob Seághan Mac Mátgainna:—

ORTA AN TRIUCA.

Airta [oríta] do éirí Muire o'á mac,
Airta do éirí Chríort 'na ghlac,
Aubairt pearsa, aubairt róil,
Aubairt eóin go maib go maib.

Éirí Colam Cille [i] le n-a éiríde,
le n-a éliatán * a' le n-a uéa,
As oíbir na triuca tréin,
i n-ainm an ádair, an íllic, 'r an Spioraio naomh.

ORTA AN CREATA.

An t-am do éannaic íora an éirí a maib Sé le ceuraó uiriu do
éirí a éliab asur a éorp. O'farrmuig na gaoiúghe dé an riabhar
no cuit do bí air, "no an me easla mómainn-ne do éiríteann tu?"
O'fheasairi íora asur aubairt, "ní bfuil riabhar na cuit oim,
asur ní éiríim le easla mómaid-pe asur gac aon do béairar na
línte roo leó, na otiméiol, do meabair no i rghíobnóimeac i
n-onóir naím-ra, ní déir riabhar ná cuit go brát oim.

ORTA DÉIO.

Airta do éirí Muire o'á mac
i noomur cáitac Chríort,
Ar énuim, ar óois, ar riartaid an éinn.

Cnuim do éuaid ran breóil,
a' le no muin oit de'n déa,
Soimur íora Chríort
a oíbir 'r a cur i n-éas.

Do éirí mé i gcló ruar píora o beul tuine ar Con-
uadé Oim-na-ngall, air a otugtar Orta Muire, acé as

* "Cleatan" ms.

short prayers or little quatrains. Here are some more of the same which John Mac Mahon wrote down.

THE WHOOPING-COUGH CHARM.

A charm that Mary sent her Son
A charm from Christ's own hand that fell
Peter, it, said, and Paul, it, said,
And John, it, said, that it was well.

Columcille put it to his heart
And to his side and to his bosom
To banish the powerful whooping-cough
In the name of the Father and of the Son and Holy Spirit.

A CHARM AGAINST TREMBLING.

When Jesus beheld the cross upon which he was to be crucified His bosom and his body shook. The thieves asked him was it fever or trembling that was on Him, "or is it with terror at us that you shake"? Jesus answered and said, "There is no fever nor trembling on me, and I do not shake out of fear of you; and every one who shall bring these lines with them, around them, by heart or in writing, in honour of me, there shall never be fever or shaking upon them."

A TOOTH CHARM.

A charm which Mary sent to her Son
In the door of the city of Christ,
Against maggot, against ache, against worms of the head.

A maggot has wrought in the flesh
And is eating the tooth away,
I cry unto Jesus Christ
To banish it and to slay.¹

I printed before a piece from the mouth of a man in the county Donegal, which is called Mary's "Ortha," *i.e.*,

¹ *Literally*, "A maggot which has got into the flesh | and has made destruction of the tooth | I call on Jesus Christ | to banish it or put it to death."

ro p'iora eile de'n ainm céadna do r'ghíob tuine éigin
i leabdar an t'íleághainnaig, mar leannar :--

ORTA mhúire. [An t'ara cóip de].

Ar éuamba do f'p'it an orta ro, agus atá de buaid
innti cia bé do léigear i, no béarrar fá deara a
léigear, no ioncórar* i, go raorpar ó b'ar obann é,
mar atá teine, uirge, agus cómpac. Fóirp'it rí bean
i teinear leinb, áct a cup [uirp'it] no a léigear ói;
no an tig ann a mbéir rí ní béir daoḡal a dóigte
air.

A t'igearna r'í-m'it'iora c'p'ior, a don-m'ic an áear, a dia
na n-aingeal, a m'ic na maig'oine r'í-ghlóim'ar, cúmh'ais, a iora,
an peacac boct, agus raor mé ar gac c'p'uaó-éar ann a b'p'uilim
do-láear, agus atá éugam.

O a maig'oean ghlóim'ar a m'áeari dé, a bean or gac céim, atá
uonghálda do gac molaó, uéan eavari-ghúide ar mo r'on-r'a, an
peacac boct, cum do m'ic ghádaig féin. O a baintigearna r'í
óir'oeaig na mill'peacáta, a m'áeari na n-aingeal agus na n-áir-
aingeal, r'íreais' agus raor mé ó gac oic o'á n'oeada
éarim, o'á b'p'uil láir'ieac, agus atá éugam. O a bláit na
b'p'ac'uaric, a uéall'iaó na n-earpol, a uóct'uir na n-aingeal, a
m'aire na n-óig, a r'muáinead uac'eariac na n-aingeal agus na
n-áir-aingeal, ghúim éu go luégháir'ieac fá gan mé do éir'iean i
n-áir'ir'ie c'p'it-eaglac an b'air, nuair r'g'ar'p'it m' anam agus mo
éorp le céile, ionnur go uair'béan'p'ainn-mé féin i b'p'ad'nuire do
m'ic ghádaig féin, agus go b'p'ághainn an ghloim' r'íor'p'uir'ie maitle
p'ir. A p'eultion na p'air'p'ig, a uómp'ir teampoil dé, a p'áláir
iora c'p'ior, ir tu t' cuan na pláinte. O! a bláit na b'p'acac, a
uóct'uir luét an éir'ieim, a éobair na t'p'óearie, a uéall'iaó na
n-óig a' r' gac aingil, ir é do éonb'ar'p'áir p'ir na h-aingil agus p'ir
na h-áir-aingil, do b'air p'árad uóib cum an teampoil ann a
b'p'uil do r'íúbal, do uul i uair'ie uáona. O a b'air'p'íog'ain r'íó

* "Oioncórar" do r'ghíob an fear, labair'iear "ioncár" mar
"ionpar."

charm or prayer, but here is another piece of the same name which somebody wrote in Mac Mahon's book as follows.

MARY'S ORTHA [another version].

On a tomb was this *ortha* found, and there is this much virtue in it that whoever shall read it, or shall cause it to be read, or shall carry it about him, shall be free from sudden death, such as fire, water, and death-in-fight. It shall help a woman in child-sickness only to put it on her or read it to her; also the house in which it shall be, there shall be no fear of its being burnt.

O VERY-SWEET LORD JESUS CHRIST, O One-Son of the Father, O God of the angels, O Son of the Virgin, very glorious, protect O Jesus the poor sinner, and save me from every distress in which I am at present and which may approach me.

O glorious Virgin, mother of God, O woman above every degree who art perfect for every praise, make intercession on behalf of me the poor sinner to thy own beloved son. O very precious Queen of sweetness, O mother of the angels and of the archangels, relieve and save me from every evil that has passed me by, that is now present, or that is approaching me. O blossom of the patriarchs, O illumination of the apostles, O hope of the angels, O beauty of the virgins, O uppermost thought of the angels and the archangels, I pray thee joyously (sic.) not to forsake me in the fearsome time of death, when my soul and my body shall part one from the other, so that I may show myself in the presence of thy own beloved Son, and gain the eternal glory along with Him. O star of the sea, O door of the temple of God, O palace of Jesus Christ, thou art the harbour of health. O blossom of the sinners, O hope of the believers, O well of mercy, O illumination of the virgins and of every angel, it is thy conversation with the angels and the archangels that gives them satisfaction that the temple in which

† 1 η-λίτ "ἵρ τυ," το ρζῆνιόθ αν ρζῆνιόθνεόιμ "ἔυρ," ἀέτ νί ἐυσιζιμ
 ρῖν.

διηρώεσθαι na millipeácta, áður ári neipt, þur tupa lér fulaings-
teac zać paotari, áður þur tpiot-pa iř lućđáipeac zać aingeał
áður zać ářo-aingeał. O a iomairi(?) * na tpićairie tiomnuigim
áður uřiuigim mćpćin mo ppiotao áður mo ćođur áður mo řmuáinte,
'onnuř ęo tćaitneććainn piot řćin, áður le o' iřac mćř-đřáćć.
Điođ mair řin.

As ro paoidir le pád i ndiaid an tabaie. Do rpsíob mo cara Eóin Mac Néill i o bheul mínceáil mhic Ruairíug, ó Condae Mhuig Eó, agus tug ré dhain i.

παύσις ἡ νομαίας ἀν ταυταίς.

Och lán veas de poilis páipais, de dhac bhríge, de tuamba
 éiríofra, de pálar na róma, o' eaglais Dé, le d'anam agus le
 h-anam an té a paid an tobac ro o' a éionn"—má bíonn fé o'
 éionn tuine—" agus le h-anam máid purgadóir go h-ionlán.

nāṃi buō liac̣taige
 Ḥṛāna ḡainme aṃ an tṛāiṣ,
 nā ṛibeac̣a fēiri aṣ fār,
 nā ḡmaonta ṛiūc̣ta aṃ an mbāiri.
 nā an meāo ṛin beannaṣta le ṛ'anam,
 aṣur le h-anam na maṛḡ go h-iomlān,
 'S le m-anam fēin aṃ uairi mo ḡair,

Իր Եւ յձա տնօրոն քօւլլը ասը շօյն ու ծփաւեար լծարտ
 Ծ' անամ մարծ քարշածոյա.

Mar iſ cõip do ðuine beit burðeac de Dia ap fon
a bẽile, iſ amlaio buð ceapic do beit burðeac ap fon
an tobaic, aſur 'r ro rgeul beaſ do rſpiob an niallac
o beal an tĩhceail mĩic Ruarõpiſ cẽaona, aſ cup i
ſceitl tũinn ſup cõip paioip an tobaic do piú o am
ſo h-am.

* Λάιν ειλε, ní láin an éas-íγνιθνεόμα, το έυι an ponc δι an m.
 Ό'είτοιμ ζυη "υμαιοι buò έόιη το διέ anη.

¹ This is said only when the tobacco is taken and given at a wake.

they walk may go to human profit (sic.), O very precious Queen of sweetness and of our strength, it shall be thou through whom every labour is endurable (?) and it shall be through thee that every angel and archangel is joyous. O trough (?) of mercy I bequeath and I direct myself, my spirit, my conscience, and my thoughts, so that I may be pleasing to thyself and to thy greatly-loving Son. Be it so.

Here is a prayer to be said after tobacco. My friend, John Mac Neill wrote it down from the mouth of Michael Mac Rury or Rogers, from the county Mayo, and gave it to me.

PRAYER AFTER TOBACCO.

Eighteen fells of the churchyard of Patrick, of the mantle of Brigit, of the tomb of Christ, of the palace of Rome, of the church of God, be with thy soul (and with the soul of him above whose head was this tobacco),¹ and with the souls of the dead in Purgatory all together.

May not more numerous be
The grains of sand by the sea,
Or the blades of grass on the lea,
Or the drops of dew on the tree,
Than the blessings upon thy soul
And the souls of the dead with thee,
And my soul when the life shall flee.²

It is for God to give shelter, light, and the glory of the heavens to the soul of the dead of Purgatory.

Just as a person should be thankful to God for his meals so in like manner should he be thankful for his tobacco; and here is a short story that John Mac Neill wrote down from the mouth of the same Michael Mac Rury or Rogers, which gives us to understand that it is right to say the tobacco prayer from time to time.

² *Literally*: May not more numerous be | the grains of sand on the shore | or the blades of grass growing | or the drops of dew on the crop | than all those blessings with thy soul | and with the souls of the dead all together | and with my own soul at the hour of my death

sgeul an an tobac.

Bí bean ann fadó, agus bí aon mac amháin aici. Nuair éainis pé i n-aoir éirí sí i scoláirce é agus sinne sí pasairt ué. Tar éir a éadé o'n scoláirce bí pé tamall beas gearr 'ran mbaile; agus bí pé lá amháin as rparroédaet amuis 'ran ngláirín, agus 'éainis naom op a éeann agus labair pé anuar leir, agus túbairt pé leir an pasairt, go maib pé péin agus an méao uo bain uó, damnaigte mar gheall ar a mátaigh.

"O'fiarraig an pasairt ué, cia an éirí uo sinne a mátaigh, agus túbairt an naom leir go maib sí [as] caiteam tobac le uá bliaúain uéas agus náir túbairt sí paitoir an tobac ar an bpaot rin.

"Dona go leóir," ar ran pasairt, "bhuil muo ar bit ó flaitear anuar le rin uo méiréad?" ar ran pasairt.

"ní'l aet aon muo amháin," ar peirean, "agus 'ré reó, nuair gábar tura arteaé éirí uo mátaigh innir uí mar tá innirce asam-ra tuit-re, agus muir [muna] mbi' sí pápta leir an bár o'fhuiling inniréir mife tuit-re. maóair ar uúitce flaitear ní peicirí uo mátaigh ná doinne u'á bunad go bpiat."

"Cia an bár é?" ar ran pasairt leir.

"Caiteirí sí leigean tuit-re," ar peirean, "a rgláirad [min-gearrao] h-uile gheim u'á colainn éom min le rnaoirín."

Éuair an pasairt irteaé ann a éadé, agus ualad triom ar a éporde. Suir re ar élaaoir, agus bí bpión móir le peiceál ann a éadon. O'fiarraig an mátaigh ué cé [cao é] bí air, agus criáo u éirig uó ó éuair pé amad.

"A! ní'l oim aet tuiire beas," ar peirean, "uearig uam piopa a mátaigh," ar peirean, "buú maib liom gal tobac págaíl."

"Deargócao, agus páilte," ar ríre, "faoil mé, a múirínín," ar ríre, "nac maib tu caiteam tobac."

"A! b'éoirí go mbainfead gal an tuiire reó uíom," ar peirean.

B'fíoir an rgeul. Éirí sí rplanc 'ran bpiopa agus tar éir a páit uo caiteam u'e'n piopa, feadair sí uo'n pasairt é, agus níoir túbairt sí an paitoir. Agus rin é an t-áúdar túbairt an pasairt léi an piopa uearigaó, éinte (?) go noéarfaó sí an paitoir, aet níoir túbairt.

"Dona go leóir!" ar ran pasairt ann a innitinn péin.

O'innir an pasairt uí mar o'innir an naom uó, agus éair sí i

STORY OF THE TOBACCO.

There was a woman in it long ago, and she had an only son. When he came to age she sent him to college, and made a priest of him. After his coming from the college he was a short little while at home; and he was one day walking out in the garden when there came a saint [in the air] over his head and spoke down to him, and told the priest that he himself and all who belonged to him were damned on account of his mother.

The priest asked him what was the crime his mother had committed, and the saint told him that she was smoking tobacco for twelve years and she never said the tobacco prayer all that time.

"Bad enough"! says the priest, "is there anything at all down from heaven to set that right"? says the priest.

"There's nothing but one thing alone," says he, "and this is it. When you go in to your mother tell her as I have it told to you. And unless she shall be prepared to suffer the death that I'll tell you, not a sight of the country of heaven will your mother or anyone of her family see for ever."

"What death is it!" said the priest to him.

"She must let you," says he, "carve every bit off her body as fine as sneeshin."

The priest went into the house and a heavy load on his heart. He sat upon a chair and there was great grief to be seen in his face. His mother asked him what was on him, and what had happened to him since he went out.

"Ah, there's nothing on me but a little weariness," says he, "kindle the pipe for me mother," says he, "I'd like to get a blast of tobacco."

"I'll kindle it and welcome," says she, "I thought avourneen," says she, "that you were not using tobacco."

"Ah, maybe a whiff would take this weariness off me," said he.

True was the story. She put a coal in the pipe, and after smoking enough of the pipe herself she handed it to the priest, but she never said the prayer. And that was the reason the priest had told her to kindle the pipe, hoping that she would say the prayer, but she did not.

"Poor enough!" said the priest in his own mind.

The priest told her then as the saint had told him, and she threw

féin ar a dá glúin as gairde Dé agus as reilt na n-aoir, agus, ar
fir, “céad fáilte goim ghráta Dé, agus má ré an báp é do gheall
Dia d’am tá mé páirta ar a fulaing. Gab amac a mhic anoir,” ar
fir, “agus nuair béróear mair méiró duit-re le toul i gcionn
d’oibhe, glaotharó mé arthead tu.”

Cuair an ragarit amac, as léigearó agus as gairde Dé go dút-
maéad.

[Do] ní as agus glan an mádair i féin. Fuair rí braitlínite agus
rgeannata geura méiró, le h-agaró na h-oibhe, agus nuair bí h-uile
forit méiróte aic glaoth rí arthead ar an ragarit. agus ar cionntóg
éarit de’n ragarit ar a coir éainis an taitneamh or a ceann ahrí,
agus ouhairit ré leir go maib maiteamhar págáilte as a bunad
uile [uile] i n-eiric a breacairó, de bárr an aithneis oútreacéad
bí a mádair léir [tar éir] a óeanaim, agus an t-an-bár do bí rí
lán-páirta le n-a fulaing.

Éainis an ragarit arthead cum an tige agus lútgáiré móir ar a
óiróite, agus bí a mádair rínte ar rath a thoma ar an mboirto agus
braitlínite rúite agus éairit, agus a dá láim rínte amac uairé,
agus i as gairde Dé, agus dá rghín géar le n-a taoib, agus ar ran
ragarit léi, “Éirig ruar, a mádair,” ar reiréan, “tá maiteamhar
págáilte agam ó muis na ngráta ann ár breacairóib. agus cuirim
imríte orit anoir ó’n lá ro amac ná óeán oearmaro gan pairit an
tobaic alcuagó ruar go dútmaéad ‘c don uair éairéar tu é.”

agus b’fíor an rgeul. ní maib don uair ó’n lá rin go dtí an lá
cuair mádair an rragarit ann ran gcré, ná alcuag rí an pairit
go dútmaéad do Dia 7 do’n mágáin glóimair. agus tá na
rean-oaoin ar fuo na tíre as alcuagó an pairit óeáona ruar
[go] laéteamair, agus béró, rath ‘r béróear focal d’ár ngeóiréilz
beó ar oileán glar na naomh.

as ro oréa eile do fuair mé i leabair an mátgam-
nais. Ir corrmúil gur anagaró tinnir na n-áé é.

oréa eile.

Aréa do éirí Dia pá éliad óríoréa, éirí reanar, éirí póil,
éirí éóin do éairé óríoré, éirí mairé agus Seanan * a leigean
treanal [p] anoir. Abreál pionn do o’ leigear, abreál donn do

* “Seanan” ran rghuibinn.

herself on her two knees praying God and shedding tears, and, said she, "a hundred welcomes to the graces of God, and if it is the death that God has promised me I am satisfied to suffer it ; go out now my son," says she, "and when I'll be ready for you to get to your work I'll call you in."

The priest went out, fervently reading and praying to God.

The mother washed and cleaned herself. She got sheets and sharp knives ready for the work, and when she had everything prepared she called the priest to come in. And as the priest turned round on his foot, the brightness came over his head again, and it said to him that all his family had found forgiveness for their sins, on account of the earnest repentance that his mother was after making, and the awful death that she was fully satisfied to suffer.

The priest came into the house, and a great joy in his heart, and his mother was stretched on the length of her back on the table, and sheets under her and over her, and her two hands stretched out from her, and she praying God, and two sharp knives by her side, and, says the priest to her, "rise up mother," says he, "I have got forgiveness from the king of the graces, for our sins, and I beseech you now from this day out, do not forget to diligently offer up the tobacco prayer every time you use it."

And true was the story. There was never a time from that day till the day that the priest's mother went into the clay that she did not earnestly offer up the prayer to God and to the glorious Virgin.

And the old people throughout the country [*added the reciter, talking of West Mayo*] are offering up that same prayer daily, and they shall do so as long as a word of our Irish language shall remain alive on the green island of the saints.

Here is another charm which I found in Mahon's book. It appears to be against sickness of the liver.

ANOTHER CHARM.

A charm which God put beneath the breast of Christ ; Peter put, Paul put, John who baptized Christ put, and Senanus * * * * * (?)
A white apostle to cure thee, a brown apostle to cure thee, the

o' leigear, abrtal doin mhic Dé do o' leigear, cuig (?) an leac
pleamán atá pá cúmoad do éleib agus an meall oðar* dá
scugtar ar na h-eag. Suidim cuig mhíre agus Seanain t'ócó
do beir plán agus treanail do beir méis.

As ro oiréa do mhnaoi i dtinnear leimh, ó'n áit
céadna. Fuair an foirtarad iuto éigin cornúil leir
i gConamara.

oiréa do mhnaoi.

bhíat na mbuan-bhíat,
bhíat na gceitíre cior,
bhíat ro n-ar gmeaó Chíort
s a tóaimis† Chíort ar.

"A mhíre fóir an bean
atá i n-eagla an báir."

"Fóir féin í a mhic
O ir agus atá,
bairte leir an ngein
agus tabair an bean plán."

As ro beannugad-an-biú marí b'i ré as Miceál
míac Ruairíus agus marí éualair míre é i gconoad
Rorcomáin, agus i n-áiteadair eile, crieirim.

beannugad an biú.

Bail na gcúis arian agus an dá iars marí moinn Dia ar na cúis
míle fearí.

Rat ó'n m'is do minne an moinn
arí arí gcuid 'r arí arí gcom-moinn.‡

beannugad tar éis biú.

Dia ghrá [i. Deó ghrátiar] íora, míle molaó móir agus
buidéadar uirt a Dia. A mhíre an té eus an beata rin uínn go
scugair ré an beata fíorhuide agus glóir na bflaitear dá'n
n-anam. Amén a tígearna

* "ouh" ran ms.

† Sgríobta marí "rha táine c'í. ar." áit ní léirí dam rin.

‡ As rin marí éualair míre é o bhúisio ní éiomair i gconoad
Rorcomáin. Ir fíor-"Deiríde" an dá líne reó.

apostle of the one Son of God to cure thee, from(?) the smooth flag that is under the cover of thy breast, and the grey lump which is brought upon thy liver. I pray to Mary and Senanus that thy breast may be sound and thy channel (?) may be free.

Here is a charm from the same place for a woman in child-birth. Mr. Faherty found a charm something like it in Connemara.

A CHARM FOR A WOMAN.

The mantle of the lasting-mantles
The mantle of the four crosses
The mantle beneath which Christ was born
And out of which Christ came.

"O Mary succour this woman
Who is in fear of death."

"Succour her thyself O Son
Since it falls to thee.
Baptism for the birth
And bring the woman safe."

Here is a food-blessing or grace, as Michael MacRury had it, and as I have also heard it in the county Roscommon, and I think elsewhere.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

The good of the five loaves and of the two fishes as God divided them on the five thousand men.

Luck from the king who made the division
On our share and on our co-division.¹

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

Deo gratias, O Jesus. A thousand great praises and thanks to thee O God. O Mary, He who gave us that food, may He give eternal life and the glory of the Heavens to our soul. Amen, O Lord !

¹ This must be very old. These two lines are in perfect Deibhidhe metre, for the requirements of which see my "Literary History of Ireland," p. 483.

As ro beagán de páirteadaib gearra eile do
ruair mé óm' éarair Tomár O Coinneannainn ó Innir-
meádon. Ní oréanna iad ro áct páirteada beaga
béarruigeada iad, mar na páirteada gearra eile do
tus mé roime péo.

A bainríogain na bplaitéas.

A bainríogain na bplaitéas

Asur a m'ís síl na trócaire
naé leat-ra gniúim mo éarair

Ár mairim asur trégnóna.

Ná leis mé ár reádmán

Áct cuir mé ár an eólar

So poball an airginn

So rílfimio na veóga.

Glóir a Óia, glóir a Óia,

Glóir a Óia naoiméa,

Glóir do'n ádair ríorruiré

Asur glóir do'n spioraio naoiméa.

Glóir do'n neult eólar

'S o'á don mac-ran íora

Asur míle glóir ríorruiré

Do'n m'ís [ro minne ár noíonon]

Do'n m'ís o' iomáir an éiríor

'S é uil 'ceannaé an éine óanna.

As ro cúpla páirir beag eile do mhuiré mádair
do éalairé ine ó'n bpeair céadóna.

A mhuiré óileas.

A mhuiré óileas

Ír tu oíonon gac peacais

¹ *Literally*: O Queen of Heavens | and O bright King of mercy | Is
it not to thee I make my complaint | In the morning and evening |
Do not let me go astray | But show me the right way (*literally*: put
me on the knowledge) to the people of the mass | until we shed the
tears. | Glory O God, glory O God, glory O God, holy | Glory to

Here are a few other short prayers which I got from my friend, Thomas Concannon, from Innismaan. They are not charms but simply little metrical prayers like the other short prayers I have given before.

O THOU QUEEN.

O thou Queen of the Heavens¹
 And O thou bright King of kindness,
 Each morning and evening
 Unto you I bewail my blindness;
 Do not let me go wander
 But lead me with kindness
 To the house of devotion,
 Repentant and crimeless.
 God of glory, God of glory,
 God of glory, only,
 Glory to the Father still
 And to the Spirit glory,
 Glory to our guiding-star,
 All glory unto Jesus,
 And a thousand glories fall
 Round the king who frees us,
 Round the king who bore the cross
 And buys, by death, and frees us.

Here are a couple of little prayers to Mary Mother which I heard from the same.

THOU MARY.

Thou Mary knowest²
 The lowest sinner's contrition,

the Father eternal | And glory to the Holy Spirit | Glory to the
 guiding star, | And His one-son, Jesus | And a thousand glories
 eternal | To the King who has defended us | To the King who has
 carried the cross | And He going to buy the human race.

² *Literally*: O dear Mary | Thou art the protector of every sin-

Ḥuṛṛ oṛm, ḡaḥ puṛnte,*

Δῡρ na leiḡ mé ḥoiṛḥe ṽamaint.

Δ ḡḡuṛe beannuiḡṽe ḡáṽaṛṽa

ḡaiḡṽean ḡeal ḡléḡeal aṽá ḡan ṛḡál,

Δn ḡlóṛi aṽá i bṛlaṽeainnar ḡḡic ḽé

ḡo ḡaiḽ ṛí aḡainn aṛ uaiṛ aṛ ḡbáṛ.

se ṽo beaṽa 'ḡḡuṛe.

ḡé ṽo beaṽa 'ḡḡuṛe

aṽá lán ṽe ḡṛáṛṽa,

Δῡρ ṛé ṽo beaṽa linn-ne

ṽo ḡuḡaṽ ann ṛan ṛṽábla,

ḡaḥ beannuiḡṽe an naoiṛḥean

é ṛin ṽoiṛ ṽo láḡaiḽ!

Δ ḡáṽaṛ beannuiḡṽe,

Δ ḡáṽaṛ beannuiḡṽe aṽá ann ṛan bṛlaṽear aḡ aṛaiṛ(?)
[aḡaiṛ?] aṛ ḡiḡ na ḡḡiáṛ, iaiṛaiṛ aḡuṛ aṽḥuṛḡim oṛṽ m' anam
ṽo beṽe ṽaiṽeainḡaḥ ann ṽo láṽaṛi, anoiṛ aḡuṛ aṛ uaiṛ ḡo báṛ.

Δ ṽosa.

Δ ṽoṛa, Δ ḡḡuṛe, Δ naoiḡ lóṛeṛ

Oṛḡáṽim m' anam aḡuṛ ḡo ḥṛoiṛḥe ḡo ṽeó ṽaoiḽ

Anoiṛ aḡuṛ aṛ uaiṛ ḡo báṛ.

Δḡ ṛo ṛaiṽoiṛḡḡḡḡ beaḡ ṽo ḥuailaṛṽ mé ó'n bṛear
céaṽna. Ḥṛiṽḥuiḡṽeap ḡaḥ line le "bṛiaṽaṛ-oiḽ-
ḡiḡṽe" Δ bṛuṛ ṽṛi ṛiollaiṛṽ ann, aḡuṛ ṽaḡann bṛiḡ
an ḡoṽa aṛ an céaṽ-ṛiolla ṽe'n ṛocal. ṽo ṽuḡ mé
ṛaiṽoiṛ ḡeapṛ, ṛuap .i. "ṽoil ḽé ḡó ṛṽeanaḡaoiṽ" aṽá
cumṽa ḡo ṽiṛeac ann ṛan ḡóṽ céaṽna.

ṽliḡe ṽé.

ṽliḡe ḽé ḡo ṛṽeunamaoiṽ

aiṽeannṽa ḽé ḡo ḡcongḽuiḡḡḡḡ

aṛ ḽuailaṽ ḥṛiṽoṛ ḡo ḡḥuṛḡḡḡḡḡḡ,

* ".i. ann ṛ ḡaḥ ponc," ḡo ḡóḡḡḡḡ.

ner | Pray for me at every point (moment) | And do not let me
for ever be damned | O blessed mother Mary | Maiden white, bright-

Pray for me, hear me,
 And steer me safe from perdition.
 O blessed Mary, O motherly Mary,
 Thou white bright maiden without one stain,
 May the glories of Heaven around God's throne
 Receive my soul from the death of pain.

ALL HAIL TO THEE MARY.

All hail to thee Mary¹
 Who savest from danger,
 And hail unto Him
 Who was born in a manger,
 How blessed the infant
 Who came as a stranger.

O BLESSED MOTHER.

O blessed Mother who art in Heaven pleading (?) with the king of the graces, I ask and beseech of thee that my soul may be pleasing in thy presence, now and at the hour of my death.

O JESUS.

O Jesus, O Mary, and O Joseph,
 I offer my soul and my heart to you for ever
 Now and at the hour of my death.

Here is a little short prayer that I heard from the same. Every line is ended by an active-verb of three syllables, and the accent falls on the first syllable. I have already given a short prayer composed in precisely a similar manner, *i.e.*, "The will of God be done by us."

THE LAW OF GOD.

The law of God may we perform
 The Commandments of God may we keep,
 On the beating of Christ may we muse,

white, who art without a stain | The glory that is in the Heavens of the Son of God | May it be with us at the hour of our death.

¹ *Literally*; Hail O Mary | Who art full of grace | And hail to us | [He] who was born in the stable | Is it not a blessed infant | That one that is in thy arms?

glóir na bpláitear go bpeicimío
 asur ceól binn na n-aingeal go gcluinimío.

Do fuair mé abrán diaða eile, cumta ar an nór
 iongantac ró, ó Seunap O Maolínuaíó (no O Maoilúia
 mar rghíobann reiréan an t-ainm) atá 'na cóinnuioe i
 gcluin-bú láim le Druim Driéirín, i gconóae na
 Gaillime. Uí an tóan ro as rean-fear, dar b' ainm
 mliceal Ó Congatais go rghíob é i ltreacáib béarla
 do réir fuaim na bfoal, acé ní 'l fíor aise cia
 ceap é.

Grásta an spioraio naoim.

Grásta an spioraio naoim go n-gabanaio,
 asur ann ran gceirdeam fíor go gcoinnuigimío,
 sompla na bfeun go leanamaio,
 asur i steampoll éiríora go bpanamaio.

An tghionóio síóiriuioe go n-iairamaio,
 ár noóteur i n-íora go bráamaio,
 ar leac-érom na mboet go bfoimío,
 asur do réir tola * Dé go riúbalamaio.

Cataighe an Diabail íalaig go noiúltaiigimío,
 asur do teagars an éleir go n-úmlaiigimío,
 anaíaró gac loit go steiríuimío,
 asur ó aitéir na mbreag go rghamaio.

le cúmlóar† bhuigeanac nár mearamaio,
 acé uinaighe cráibteada go steiríuimío,
 tíoblaicte ár steiríuimío go n-áltaigimío,
 asur ó n-ár noíoc-béaraib go n-áiríuimío.

* "toilead" suáir reiréan, f.e., "cóinnuaíora."

¹ I have attempted to preserve something of the spirit of the original metre in this translation, but have been unable to carry out the "tour de force" which in the Irish makes every line, except in the last verse, end in a trisyllabic verb, with the accent on the antepenult syllable.

² Literally: The graces of the Holy Ghost may we gain | And in the true faith may we dwell | The example of the righteous may we follow | And in the temple of Christ may we abide.

The glory of the Heavens may we see,
And the sweet music of the angels may we hear.

I got another religious song composed in this very strange fashion from James Mulloy (Mweel-yeea he pronounces his name in Irish) who lives at Clonboo near Drumgriffin, county Galway. An old man named Michael Conolly heard this poem and he wrote it down phonetically in English characters ; but he does not know who composed it.

THE GRACES OF THE HOLY GHOST.¹

May the grace of the Holy Ghost be gained by us,²
And the true Faith be kept unstained by us,
While we follow the path of the saints, endeavouring
To walk in the temple of Christ unwavering.

And may we seek the eternal Trinity
Trusting in Christ and in Christ's divinity,
Helping the poor and relieving them
Walking with God and receiving them.

Devils that tempt us, still repelling them,
All our faults—to the Church confessing them.
Fighting with all that wounds, with energy,
Ceasing from lies and evil calumny.

Let us not mix with strife and devilry,
Fall we to prayer instead of revelry,
Thanking the Lord for all his graciousness
Throwing aside our evil ways from us.

The eternal Trinity may we seek | Our trust in Jesus may we place |
The hardships of the poor may we relieve | And according to the will of God may we walk.

The temptations of the foul devil may we repel | And to the teaching of the clergy may we submit |
Against every hurt may we fight | And from the speaking of lies may we separate.

With quarrelling company let us not mix | But pious prayers let us practice |
The gifts of our Lord let us offer-thanks-for | And from our evil habits may we change.

Ár mbeata mí-miagalta go learuigimí,
 Ár n-an-toil féin go rmactuigimí,
 Gac uile méad peacair go peacnuigimí,
 Agus i gcarthanar diaða go neartuigimí.

Srian le n-ár uteangtácaib go gcuirimí,
 Ó éirí na meirge go rgaramaoio,
 Ár na h-uile árír náir fíllimí,
 Aét aitéirge éirátámaíl go ndéunamaoio.

Éar gníomairtáib tiorra náir dhurimí,
 Gac sean-luibe * peacair go rghioramaoio,
 O'ár n-ea-ear-earaí fíogalta go maítimí,
 Agus ár gcóiriar [go] mó-maí go nglanamaoio.

Cuir tuine eile náir fannuigimí,
 Cumann gac tuine go gcuínuigimí,
 Námaí ár n-anma go ránuigimí,
 Ann ran ngeamnuigeaét buain go maítimí †

Clú na cómarpan go gcongbuigimí,
 Aiteannta Dé go gcoinnlíonamaoio,
 Aon nuine le peirg náir fámluigimí (?),
 Ár le rgnannail aon nuine náir fáluigimí.

Ann ran dhírinne molta go labhamaoio
 Na cmíoca déirgeannaí go meabhuiigimí,
 Ár óiol (?) na tmuaiqe go gcabhuiigimí,
 Agus ár páir íora cmíort go rmaoinimí.

* no b'éirí "luibeanna." ní maí pé cinnte cia aca buí éairí
 no deit ann.

† go "garraíuigimí" tuidairt reiréan, aét ní léir óam rin.

Our irregular life may we amend | And our own immoderate-will
 may we chasten | Every condition (*literally* "size") of sin may we
 avoid | And in godly friendship may we grow strong.

A bridle on our tongues may we place | From the gluttony of
 drunkenness may we part | To evils again let us not return | But
 timely repentance may we make.

The acts of fasting let us not break | Every old leprosy (*aliter*, plant)

Our life disorderly—now amending it ;
 Our evil will—no more defending it ;
 All sorts of sin avoiding carefully,
 In friendship with God rejoicing prayerfully.

Bridling the tongue so prone to mutiny,
 Shunning drunkenness, shunning gluttony,
 Never to evil again inclining us,
 Seeking repentance made in time by us.

Never forsaking the rule of abstinence,
 Plucking away the evil plants in us,
 Always forgiving earthly enmities,
 Purging clean our guilty consciences.

The goods of other men never envying,
 Never wantonly making enemies,
 Fighting the foe of the soul for victory,
 Living for ever a life of chastity.

As our own, our friend's fame, cherishing,
 God's commandments obey in everything,
 Oaths of anger for aye abandoning,
 Blackening no one, no one scandalising.

Speak we the praise of the truth, not slumbering,
 The end of the whole, each day remembering,
 Helping the poor and those in wretchedness,
 Musing on Christ and on His blessedness.

of sin let us destroy | Our earthly opponent let us forgive | And our
 conscience very-well let us cleanse,

The portion of another let us not envy | The affection of each person
 let us keep | The enemy of our soul may we tire out | And in perpetual
 chastity may we live.

The reputation of [our] neighbour may we keep [for him] | The Com-
 mandments of God may we fulfil | A single person, with anger, let us
 not * * * (?) | And let us not stain one person by a scandal.

In the truth may we speak praises | The final ends may we remem-
 ber | The deserving (?) of pity let us assist | And on the passion of
 Jesus Christ let us consider.

Glóir na bpláitear go raotruigimí,
 na fiacla tá oiriainn go n-íocamaoio,
 le claothaó ári n-inntinn go n-úmhluigimí,
 Agus ári g "confríteor" le dúiteaet go n-abruigimí.

le pároúin an áirio-muigh go bpanamaoio,
 leir an tsacraiméio naoihta go nglacamaoio,
 le beannaet Dé agus Duine go ngluairimí,
 Agus* congnam na naoi á' na n-abrtaí go n-úillimí.

beannaet mhuie 'r naoi ióref go b'rágamaoio,
 le b'ar beannuighe go n-iméigimí,
 Glóir na n-aingeal go ngluairimí,
 Agus ári † banteaet mhuie go n-úillimí.

as peiteam na glóir gile go n-ábamaoio
 Gnúr mic Dé go n-éicimí
 as molaó 'r as n'áduigáó Dé go n-ábamaoio
 le linn na raogal. Amén.

Do éualar mé d'an fada eile i gconradé mhuigh eo,
 air a n-éugadair "Dán beadair Seóige." Do r'ghrób
 mé cuir dé ríor o beul sean-áir de na gíobúnaib, i
 'n-áice le Clár-Cloinne-mhuir. Do éualar mé an
 d'an céadna áir o fear eile, taob fíar de bealaic-á-
 doirín ran gconradé céadna, áet níor r'ghróbair uair
 é. Mí maib an d'an iomlán as ceactar aca, áet
 timéioill a leat dé no a dá n-áir eatorra. Saoil
 mé go maib an cuir eile de'n d'an caillte, áet tárla
 go b'ruair, go n-áduair, mo ára an t-áiríllac

* "le congnam" n'áiríet peiréan áet ní léirí d'am rin.
 † "ári" = "amear" ári uairíu.

The glory of the Heavens may we gain | The debts that are on us
 may we pay | With inclination our mind may we humble | And the
 confiteor let us say with diligence.

For the pardon of the High-King let us wait | The Holy Sacrament
 let us receive | With the blessing of God and man may we walk | And

Striving to reach the heaven's holiness,
 Paying all debts in peace and lowliness,
 Toning the mind to true tranquillity,
 Saying 'confiteor,' with humility.

Watching for pardon through God's own graciousness,
 Taking the Sacrament He has made for us.
 Blessings of God and of men still nerving us,
 Help of apostles and saints preserving us.

Blessings of Mary and Joseph guiding us,
 Making death blessed when life is parting us,
 The angels calling with voice of graciousness,
 The ladies of Mary making place for us.

Waiting the coming of peace and righteousness,
 God's own countenance shining bright on us,
 Praising and loving God for aye
 Through worlds of worlds in endless day. Amen.

I heard another long poem in the county Mayo which they called Peter Joyce's Repentance. I wrote part of it down from the mouth of an old man of the Gibbouses near Claremorris. I heard the same poem again from another man, to the west of Ballaghaderreen in the same county, but I did not write it down from him. Neither of them had the entire poem, but about half or two-thirds of it between them. I thought that the rest of it was lost, but my friend, Father MacErlean, S.J., luckily happened on a copy of it when he was working in the Royal Irish

the help of the saints and apostles may we deserve.

The blessing of Mary and of St. Joseph may we get | With a blessed death may we depart | The voices of the angels may we hear | And amongst the female-company of Mary may we sit.

Waiting for the bright glory may we be | The countenance of the Son of God may we see | Praising and loving God may we be | Throughout the worlds. Amen.

Fíor-léigin S. 1., cóip dé, nuair bí ré ag obair ann ran
 Acadaim Ríogamail Éireannaic ar dántaib Seathúin
 Céitins. 'D'innir ré dam, go cineálta, cá bfuigfinn
 é, 7 rghriobar amac go h-iomlán é do péir na cóipe
 do bí ran Acadaim.* Sgríobinn Muiníneac do bí ann,
 mar mearaim, agus bí iongantar oim an dán Conn-
 aictac ro d'fágail inni. Ag ro an tiodal do bí air:
 "Aitirige an Seoirg o Condae Mhaige Eó Láim le Baile
 an Róba," agus do éiríochuig an rghriobnóir mar ro é,
 .i. "iar na rghriobad le Peadar Ua Conuil, an 7 maó
 lá pícead do lúil ran mbliadain d'aoir Ériort, 1782.
 Foirdeann mar fuairar rómáim." Do bí fíor-beagán
 díre ioir an gcóip reó agus an cóip do rghriob mé
 fíor ó beul an Ghriobnóir, aet go bfuil ré go móir
 níor faide. Níor feud an Ghriobnóir ná don tuine
 eile innirint dam cia r b'é an Seoirgeac do cum an
 dán fíor-binn áluinn reó, ná cia an uair ar mair ré.
 Níor éualair mé an dán ariam taob amuig de Condae
 Muig Eó, agus deir an Láim-rghriobinn mar conncamar,
 gur "Láim le Baile-an-Róba" ann ran gcondae rin,
 do mair an file do cum é. Ir corínúil gur cumad
 é i Rannuigeaet Mhóir ar otúr, aet tá ré puo-beag
 tpuaillichte anoir, agus tá níor mó na reaet riollair
 ann ran line go minic, agus éiríochuigtear dá painni
 de, le focal dá riolla, puo nae cóir. Ni péirir a
 ráo anoir an amlair do ceap an Seoirgeac, go neamh-
 fuimeamail é, no an tpuaillichte é, do táinig air ag

Academy on Jeoffrey Keating's poems. He kindly told me where I would find it, and I transcribed the whole of it according to the copy in the Academy.¹ It is I think a Munster manuscript, and I was surprised to find in it this Connacht poem. Here is the title of it: "The Repentance of the Joyce from the county Mayo, close to Ballinrobe," and the scribe finished thus—"after being written by Peter O'Connell, the twenty-seventh day of July, in the year of the age of Christ, 1782. Conclusion, as I found it before me." There is extremely little difference between this copy and that which I wrote down from the mouth of Gibbons, except that it is much longer. Neither Gibbons nor any one else was able to tell me who the Joyce was who composed this melodious and beautiful poem, or when it was he lived. I never heard the poem outside the county Mayo, and the manuscript says, as we have seen, that it was "near Ballinrobe" in that county that the poet lived who composed it. It was probably originally written in the great Rannuigheacht metre, but it is now somewhat corrupted, and there are frequently more than the correct seven syllables in the line, and two stanzas in it are improperly concluded with dissyllabic words. It is impossible to say now whether that was the way Joyce carelessly composed it, or whether it is a

bual ar fearó, b'éirí, dá céad bliadain, ó beul go
beul. As ro an tóin.

bán fearóir seoiḡe.

(*Aliter aicḡe an tseoiḡe.*)

ir uóman* m'orna, a'r ní gan fáe,
's ir cuipreac an lá as fear mo rḡeib,
gan fíor as aen neac, fíri no mná,
cia an nóir atáim no cia mé.

ir peacac cionntac mipe atá
anoir i ráin (P) as an éas,
ní 'l oplaac bacairio ionnam rlan
le 'n fao atáim i n-aghao Dé.

mo liaiḡ, mo fadgar, mac na nḡiáir,
ir maiḡ atá ar lár gan é,
ir é mo míoet anoir, 's or áro,
saigead ann mo lár 'na neapcáo cléib.

* = uóimín.

¹ It is extremely interesting to find that even so far back as 120 years ago an attempt was made to translate this poem into English, for the scribe after finishing the Irish text adds, "a translation of the two first (*sic.*) stanzas of the foregoing poem," which run thus with a very modern air, and with an evident attempt at interlinear rhyme in the closing half of the last stanza.

My sighs are deep and groans are loud
Each night is tedious and the morn,
I pass a stranger through the crowd
Unheard, unheeded, and forlorn.
Fell guilt confounds [me ?] in amaze,
Dread Death appears with all his train,
Through all my soul corruption sways
For years and days mispent in vain.

It is a pity that the poet, whoever he was, did not complete a translation which begins so well.

corruption which came upon it in passing during perhaps a couple of hundred years from mouth to mouth.¹

THE JOYCE'S REPENTANCE.

Deeply I sigh, and well I *may*,
And dark is the *day* for one like me,
For no one knows, nor yet know *I*,
Or whence, or *why*, or who I be.

I am a sinful man of men,
Sin's iron pen my feet have trod,
No single inch in me is whole
So long my soul hath fought with God.

The Son of grace, our priest and leech,
(Alas for each who finds not Him !)
Now who shall wash my crimson stain,
Or lull the pain in every limb !

This version is almost in the metre of the original, which is a corruption of the regular heptasyllabic Rannuiigheacht Mhór. Literally: Deep is my sigh and not without cause | and weary is the day to a man of my story | without any one knowing, man or woman | what way I am or who am I.

It is a guilty sinner I am | who is now in the pound (?) of death |
There is not a *bacard*² inch in me whole | I have been so long against God.

My leech, my priest, son of the graces | alas for who is overthrown
without him | my condition is now, [I say] aloud | an arrow in my
middle, an ulcer in my breast.

² An "*ordlach bacaird*," I have been told by old people, is the old Irish tradesman's inch, something longer than the *ordlach*, which is the same as the English inch. The word "*bacard*," a carpenter's rule occurs in O'Rourke's Feast also.

1ṛ 1omṓa buille ar cnead go cnáin
 a'ṛ ʒomtuʒad ʒáibṑeac aʒ uul i bṛiém
 aṛ m' anam boet, ʒan fíor uo éac,
 O ṛʒar mo páirt le ʒráraib ṑé.

an tṛiát ʒaoilim mé beit ṛlán *
 nī éóinnuizim† lá ʒo nṑeunaim bṛéaʒ
 maṛ an laea a eis ó'n ṛnám
 'S a luizear i lári na linne léit.‡

1ṛ tṛuaʒ ṛin oṑar i nṑoṑar báir
 aʒ uul a' ṛpárin le ʒatad tṛéan :
 maṛ fean-loing bṛirte aṛ inuiri ʒan ṛnám,
 'S an tonn báirte aʒ iit 'mo uéiz.

Oé! mo loit, mo éreac, mo éráo,
 mo bṛón báir a'ṛ m' áoṑar léim,
 mo eizearna o'fulaing uo mo ʒráo
 a'ṛ [a] ʒau atáim 'na aʒaióʒ i uṑéar.

ṑaoṛiáṑ áoam, a élan n 'ṛ a bean,
 ʒán úball uo bain|| uo neam-toil ṑé,
 1ṛ mife an té nári feuc aṛ m'air
 ʒuṛi réab ʒá ʒeac na cúiz aite uéaʒ.

má eait mé ʒeal aṛ an ṛtáir uo b'feari
 mo éreac! 1ṛ ʒeariri ʒuṛi buail mé, béim,
 ṑo méiri maṛ u'aruiʒ m'aoir a'ṛ m'ár
 euz mé ʒráo uo malarit bear.

* Sic. an ʒiobúnac. i n-áit "ʒaoilim mé beit" ta "ʒeal-
 laim mo uéunam" an ṛan ms.

† Sic. an ʒiobúnac. "eaitim" ṛan ms.

‡ Sic. an ʒiobúnac. "na linne aṛ éir" ṛan ms.

§ "a naʒaió" ms.

|| .i. "uo bainr." "uo bean" ṛan ms.

Many is the stroke and wound to the bone | and dangerous hurt
 going to the root | on my poor soul without anyone knowing it |
 since my affection parted from the graces of God.

When I think that I am whole | I do not stop one day until I
 make a lie | like the duck that comes from the open-water | and
 lies in middle of the gray puddle.

For sick and sore in branch and root,
 My foot a direful course did trace,
 Since first my heart, observed of none,
 Began to shun the ways of grace.

Just when I think my soul to win,
 I sin some sin, or lie some lie,
 As ducks will leave the clearest springs
 To daub their wings in pools half dry.

The fight with Death is hard and long ;
 (Though Death is strong his pace is slow),
 Like helpless ships we turn and toss
 And drift across the waves of woe.

Upon this hinge hangs all my dole,
 My pain of soul, my bitter smart,
 That I have warred with Him who brought
 Me out of nought——rebellious heart !

Condemned was Adam, branch and root,
 Who plucked the fruit that wrought the fall,
 But I thrice five commandments break,
 Nor take my sin to heart at all.

Once was I good, I once was pure,
 Whilst yet the lure of sin lay hid ;
 But as I, ripening, slowly grew,
 I lusted too for things forbid.

Alas for the sick-patient in the difficulties of death | going to
 contend with a powerful giant | like an old ship broken on the sea
 without swimming powers | and the drowning wave rushing after it.

Alas my wound, my despoiling, my destruction | my pain of
 death and my cause of misfortune | my Lord who suffered for love
 of me | and the length of time I am against Him in treason,

Adam and his children and his wife were condemned | for plucking
 the apple against the will of God | I am he who never looked be-
 hind | until he rent separately the fifteen commandments.

If I spent a while in the best state | my woe ! it is short until a
 blow struck me | according as my age and my growth ripened | I
 gave love to a change of customs.

Craoib, leirge, uimear, raint,
 Tnúit, fearg, uiríur, a'r pléio*
 'S é beir m'anam anḃfann fann,
 Maí ir ionnta rúo 'do éur mé rpeír.

Tuis rúo a úine fláin
 Cuir i gcár go ḃfuil tu tḃéan,
 Go uciocfaí† úuit go mbéiríur maí cáim
 'S ní béiríur maí cáim aír go h-éas.

Fuair mipe realao, fear maí éac,
 Sur éac mé an uáta bí ar mo léar,
 Gíó† cáim anoir ar ḃruac an báir
 Im' éuailín cnám san iúe san léim.

Ar ion go maíbe maí, acá
 A' teacḃ mo uáil, 'r ní anóiu ná anóé,
 Acḃruacḃ cḃota goḃa a'r gḃár,
 Salair gḃánḃa, a'r malairt béir.

Ná réao fearca 'do báilg uaim,
 Ní eug mé luac maí 'do mo éearḃ,
 Eirteacḃ, aḃairc, meamair, rḃuaim,
 Gluine, lúe, a'r oibruacḃ lám.

Cáimig oim, gac le n-uair,
 Fuiréann tḃuailliḃḃe ann a n-áit,
 Uoḃairc, bacaoil, ceataoil,ḡ tḃuar,
 Uirgeall uairc, a'r fuac ar uáim.

* "pléio" ms.

† "do uciocfaí" ms.

‡ "gḃ." ms.

ḡ "do rḡríoḃ lám eile i n-áit an uá focail ro "baeghal, ciotghail,"
 i Liréacḃaib Rómanaḃa ar éaoib na uuilleoige.

Gluttony, sloth, disrespect, covetousness | envy, anger, lust and
 disputation | 't is they make feeble my enfeebled soul | for it was in
 them I placed my delight.

Understand this O healthy man | (even) suppose thou art strong |
 that it shall come to thee that thou shalt be as I am | and thou shalt
 not be as thou art (ever) again till death.

Gluttony, sloth, distemper, greed,
 Led me with speed the deathly way,
 Envy and anger, lust and strife
 Made of my life their hideous prey.

O man, my warning take to thee,
 That health shall flee, that youth shall part,
 That as I am, thou yet shalt be,
 But ne'er again as now thou art.

I too was strong, I lived in peace
 Until my lease of strength went by ;
 A faggot, now, of wearied bones,
 Upon the stones of death I lie.

There came to meet me on my way,
 And not to-day, nor yesterday,
 A change of form, of voice, of face,
 And life's dear grace has passed away.

The prize of love from God I got,
 I thanked him not,—now none is left ;
 And flown are hearing, memory, sight,
 The foot so light, the hand so deft.

But in their place have made a breach,
 Each after each, a loathly band,
 Deafness and lameness, causeless dread,
 Languor of head and palsied hand.

I (also) found a time, a man like others | until I used up the term
 that was in my lease | I am now on the brink of the death | a faggot
 of bones without run or leap.

Because that [I] ever was, (?) there are | coming to meet me,
 and not to-day nor yesterday | a change of form, of voice, of cus-
 toms | foul disease and exchange of habits.

The jewels of love they have departed (?) from me | I did not give
 ever their price to mine artificer | hearing, sight, memory, clever-
 ness | clearness, activity, and the working of hands [are gone too].

There came upon me time about | a defiled band in their place |
 deafness, lameness, awkwardness, miserableness | sullen speech and
 hate of poets (*or men of science, or perhaps "kin"*).

Ό'ιμτίξ αν τ-αμάρε αρ μο ρύιλ
 Ό'ιμτίξ αν ρευαίμ αρ μο λάιμ,
 Ό'ιμτίξ αν ρρηεααό, αν ρεαραμ λút,
 αν ρμιοι ρ' αν ρύξ το δί ανη μο ένάιμ.

Ό'ιμτίξ αν λαπαό αρ μο ξμυαύ,
 έυιτ μο ξμυαξ, α'ρ έριον μό βλάτ,
 τά μο λεαα αμ ύατ αν ξυαίλ,
 'S αν τ-ατ-έυμ ρυαρ ηι θρυξρεαο ξο θράτ.

Sé ρ'ο υειμ μο θεαν, ρé ρ'ο υειμ μο έλανη,*
 τματ bíμ αξ ααιτ, "óύη το θέαλ,
 ηά τά τυ βοόαμ ηί 'l τυ βαλδ,
 'S óά μβειότεά μαρδ τυό θεαξ αν ρξέαλ."

Sé υειμ μο έάιμρε ξαοίλ α'ρ υάιμ
 ηι η-έτ αμάιη ρé υειμμ ρέιη
 Όά μβειτ' μ'ανам αμ ρτάιτ να ηξηάρ
 ξο μτυό é μ'άιτ το θειτ ραν ξερé.

μο τοίλ-ρε α έιξεαηνα λε το τοίλ,
 ιρ μό μο έόιμ 'ηά μο έάιη,
 λειξ μο ριαντα αμ μο έορρ
 α'ρ ó ξαé ολc ραομ μ'ανам ρλάν.

Σξμεαοαίμ ομτ υε ξυιτ [ηόιμ] άιμρ
 ξιό ξυμ υάηα αν ξηιόη υαμ é,
 'S α λιαέτ βλιαόαν ηάιτ ρυαίμ μέ ρλάν
 'S ξαν οιβμυξαό ράιμ αμ βιτ ημ' όείξ.

* Sic. αν ξιobúναé, "αρ υμεαρ υα ελαινν" ραν MS. ρυο ηαé υτυιξίμ. Sé ρ'ο=ρé αν ρυυ.

† Sic. αν ξιobúναé. "ηι η-εαó" ράν MS.

The sight has gone out of the eye | the deftness has gone out of the hand | the spirit and the standing energy (?) are gone | the marrow and the sap that were in my bone.

The light (blush) has gone out of my countenance | my hair has fallen and my blossom is withered | my cheek is of the colour of coal | and a re-setting up I shall not find for ever.

'Tis what my wife says, 'tis what my children say | when I am

The sight has flown the feeble eyes,
 Their quickness flies the fingers deft,
 And all the weary body groans,
 And in the bones no sap is left.

Gaunt are the hollow cheeks and bare,
 And fallen the hair, a rueful sight,
 What once was bright is dark in me,
 And ne'er shall be again made bright.

Now says my wife, my children say,
 "Old man away! we heed not thee,
 Deaf thou art, would that thou wert dumb,
 May death now come and set thee free."

My friends they think, nor lose one sigh,
 (And even I myself must say),
 That were my soul but sure of grace
 The body's place were in the clay.

I pray O Lord, Thy will be mine,
 Since for my crime how shall I pay?
 The flesh afflict with ache and dole,
 But spare the soul I meekly pray.

Aloud, aloud I call on Thee,
 Though bold I be on Thee to call,
 For in those years Thou gavest me
 I wrought for Thee, ah! not at all.

talking, "close thy mouth | if thou art deaf thou art not dumb |
 and if thou wert dead it were no great story (pity).

It is what my related friends and kindred (?) say | not only so but
 what I say myself | that if my soul were in the estate of grace | my
 place were to be in the clay.

My will O Lord with thy will | my crime is greater than my im-
 post | lay my pains upon my body | and from each evil free the soul
 safe.

I cry unto thee with a loud voice | though it is a bold deed for
 me | and all the good years that I got in health | and without [my
 leaving] any kind (good) workings behind me.

ἵρ τρυαῖς μο ἔορι ἀνοίρ ἐαρ ἐάε,
 ἔαιτ μέ αν λά 'ρ νιορ τόγ μέ αν πέαρ,*
 πάτ μο ἕολα--'ρ νιορ θ'έ α ἐπάε—
 μο ἥραιτ αρ λάρ, οὐλ παοι θε 'ν ἕριεν.

Α μις τὰ αρ νεαῖν νά η-αῖαρ μ'υαίλλ,
 ἀέτ cuingib uaim uair μο θάιρ,
 ὅ ο η-αῖαῖγρὸ αν αἰτμιζε αν πεαν-ἐμιοῖε κυαῖο
 παίλλιζτεαε πυαρ ἀτά ανν μο λάρ.

ἔιρτ μο ἕιυῖε 'ρ νά ρτορ το ἐλυαρ,
 ἀέτ ρλυε μο ἕρυαῖο αρ ρμυε να ηῡράρ,
 πέαε αρ αν ἡρεαεαε βοέτ ι ηῡυαίρ,
 'S ἡαν πεαρ α ἐρυαῖζε ἀέτ τυρα ἀμάιν.

Ὀόεαρ μ'ανμα αρ το ἕαλλαῖο,
 τὰ μο ἥεραῖν αρ το λάιμ;
 'S μό το ἐρῶεαιρε, α θυῖεαεαρ λεατ-ρα,
 ιονά εῖρη† πεαεαῖο ρίλ ἀῖοαῖν.

ταοθαῖμ λεατ α μις να ἡεαρτ
 ἡαε υίλε θεαταῖο 'ρ ἡαε υίλε θάρ,
 νά πέαε α ἕἱεεαρνα ι νοιαῖς μο λοέο
 ἀ'ρ νί θεῖοεαο βοέτ ὁ 'νοέτ ὅο ἡράε.

Α ἱορα υ'αἰε-θεόῖαῖς, παο ὁ, κυίρη,
 'S το ναοῖαῖς αν ἡαυιῖε αρ υαίρ α θάιρ,
 α Ὀέ θῖ αν υαίρ ριν ἀ'ρ τὰ ἀνοίρ ανν,
 ηῖ† κυαρ ορη ηῖρε ὀέαναῖν ρλάν.

* cf. line an Reaētaire, "υ'έαλαῖς αν λά 'ρ νιορ τόγ μέ αν πάλ."
 † "κυίρ" MS. ‡ "ρ ηῖ" MS.

It is a pity now my condition, beyond all men | I spent the day
 but did not lift the hay, | the cause of my crying, and this was not
 the time for it, | my swathes upon the ground at the going down of
 the sun.

O King who art in heaven do not accuse me of my pride | but
 keep from me the hour of death | until repentance make-limber the
 old-heart | negligent and cold that is in my middle.

Listen to my prayer and do not stop thy ear | and wet my cheeks
 out of the flood of grace, | look at the poor sinner in peril | without
 a man to pity him but only Thou.

A woe of woes is mine this day,
 For through my hay the wet winds blow,
 The swathes ungathered and undone, —
 And now the sun is sinking low.

O King of Heaven, my pride forgive,
 And let me live, till this old heart
 By perfect penitence be wrung,
 And stung by conscience wholesome smart.

Hearken my prayer, incline thine ear,
 Now let the tear of grace flow free,
 The sinner finds (his brief hour run),
 Pity from none, but only Thee.

The hope of my soul is in Thy promise,¹
 Though late, my homage receive of me ;
 Thy mercy is greater than my defiance
 And my reliance is placed on Thee.

Thine is my life and Thine my death,
 God of all breath, my pride is o'er !
 One glance from Thee were all my wealth,
 My hope, my health, for evermore !

O Thou who makest dead to live,
 Who didst forgive the Thief his scorn,
 Hear now, as then, a sinner's sigh,
 The bitter cry of me forlorn.

¹ *The metre changes in this verse, in which the 1st and 3rd lines have a dissyllabic ending. This verse may perhaps be an interpolation.*

The hope of my soul is in thy promise | my standing is upon thy
 hand | greater is thy mercy, thanks unto thee | than the crime of
 the sin of the seed of Adam.

I attribute (?) to thee O King of the miracles | every life and
 every death ; | do not look after my faults O Lord | and I shall not
 be poor from to-night for ever.

O Jesus who long ago didst revive bodies | and who didst sanctify
 the thief at the hour of his death | O God who wast in it then, and
 who art in it now | it is nothing hard for thee to make me whole.

Δ ἰοῖα céapað aḡi an ḡcḡoir
 'O'pulaing tairngiðe, cor a'ṛ lām,
 iompuiḡ liom, a'ṛ iompóðao leat,
 'S náṛ iompuiḡeao uait aḡiṛ ḡo 'bṛát!

Δ ṛiḡ na ṛiḡ Δ ṛiḡ na cṛuinne,
 Δ ṛiḡ 'oo ðí, 'oo ðéiðeap, 'ṛ aṛá,
 ḡo maiṛiṛ uúinn-ne aḡur 'o'á ðeuiḡ uile,
 ḡab 'oo ḡuiðe, Δ ṛiḡ na nḡiár.

Αṛά an cómaiṛle reo, “memorare novissima tua et
 in aeternum non peccabis,” an-cóitḡionn amearḡ na
 nṛaoine, aḡur iṛ iomṛa caoi aṛá aca le n-a cúṛ i
 ḡcéill uúinn, aḡṛ ní caṛaṛð oṛm aṛiaṛṇ don ṛuo cor-
 mṛiḡ leir an bṛiopa neaṛṇ-ḡnāṛṛá ṛo leanaṛ, 'oo ṛuaṛ
 mé ó ṛṛóinṛiaṛ O Concubaiṛ, naḡ maiṛeann, 'oo
 cúalaṛð é, a'ouðaiṛṛ ṛé, ó ṛṇaaoi 'oap b'ainm Máṛie
 ṇí Cāṛaṛaiḡ, aṛ Conṛae na ḡaillṛṇe, aḡṛ níor inniṛ
 ṛé 'oam cia an áit ṛpeiṛiaṛta aṛ buṛð aṛ í. Iṛ aḡallaṛṇ
 no cóṛṛiáð ioiṛ ðeṛṛṛ ṛṇaaoi é, aḡur iṛ 'oóḡ ḡuṛ ṛean-
 uine cṛaiḡṛṛeáḡ éḡin, no, b'eiṛoiṛ, bṛáṛaiṛ boḡṛ 'oe na
 bṛáitṛeáḡaiḡ 'oo biðeáṛð ann céaṛ bliáðan ó ṛoin, 'oo
 céap aḡur 'oo cúṛ é. Maṛ 'o'innṛeáṛð é buṛð cóṛmṛiḡ le
 ṛiopa beaḡ oṛama é, aḡṛ ḡuṛ iompuiḡ an ṛ-aḡallaṛṇ ḡo
 ṛḡeuluiḡeáḡṛ ann ṛan 'oeṛeáṛð. Iṛ mé ṛéin 'oo cúṛi
 ainm an cāinteóṛa oṛ cionn ṛáitṛṛe ḡaḡ ṛnā aca. Aḡṛ
 cúṛi an 'oan 'o'inniṛ an ṛḡeul aṛ 'oṛáṛ, i ḡcéill le n-a
 ḡuṛ ḡ le n-a teanḡaiḡð cia aca 'oo'n 'oiṛ bi aḡ laḡaiṛṛ.
 Aḡṛ, cor-uaiṛ, cúṛi ṛí aṛṛeáḡ “aṛṛa Máṛie,” no “aṛṛa
 Siḡile,” aḡṛ nuaiṛ cāiniḡ ṛin aṛṛeáḡ 'o'ṛáḡaṛ amaḡ é.

O Jesus who wast crucified upon the cross | who sufferedst nails in
 foot and hand | turn to me and I shall turn to thee | and may I not
 turn away from thee again for ever.

O pierced in foot and hand and side,
 O crucified for hearts that burn,
 I turn to thee, oh turn to me,
 I ne'er again from thee shall turn.

O King of kings, O King of worlds,
 O King who was, and is to be,
 Forgive O King, our world, and spare,
 Receive our prayer, and comfort me.

The advice, "memorare novissima tua et in aeternum non peccabis," is very common among the people, and many is the way they have for bringing it home to us, but I never met anything like the following unusual piece, which I got from the late Francis O'Connor, who heard it, he said, from a woman of the name of Mary Casey from the county of Galway, but he did not tell me from what exact place. It is a dialogue or conversation between two women, and no doubt it was some religious old person, perhaps a poor friar of the friars who used to be in it a hundred years ago, who shaped and composed it. As it was told, it was like a little bit of drama, except that the dialogue turned at the end into narration. It is I who have given the name of the speaker at the head of each woman's speech, but the woman who first recited it showed by voice and manner which of them was speaking, though occasionally she interjected, "says Maurya" or "said Sheela," but where this occurred I have omitted it.

O King of the kings, O King of the universe | O King who wast,
 who shalt be, and who art, | mayest thou forgive us, and all who
 are, | receive thy prayer O King of grace.

COMHÁDÓ IDIR BEIRT SEAN MHAOI.

[Máire].

Céad fáilte rómhaid, a Sígile, is leigear do rúilib mímneada d'ficead [d'feicrint], ruid ríor 7 leis do ruid, agus innir do rgeul.

[Sígile].

Mairead! ní'l don rgeul agus, ní rgeulta adá as cur innide oim.

[Máire].

Ar! cad tá as cur innide oir? Stóca [r' d'ois] ní'l tú breidíote!

[Sígile].

Ní'l mé breidíote, buideadur le Dia agus le n-a mátair beannuighe, adt bím as cuimniugad ar na ceirre críodaid deigheanna, ar an mbár agus ar an mbeirteamhar, ar isionn agus ar flaitear, mar tá 'r agus na mbéid mé móran níor fuid [fuid] ar an traogal brónad ro, adt ní mairte liom dá mbeidinn d'á fágbail amárad.

[Máire].

Ní tagann mí-déil ar bit de'n tróir rin ann mo ceann-ra, agus tá mair níor rine 'nád tur; ní'l mé tuirreac de'n traogal ro fór. Tá eolur agus ar an doimhan ro, agus ní'l eolur ar bit agus ar an doimhan eile. Ní táinig don duine ar air amam le h-innreac dam d'á taoib. Beid mé i n-am go leór [as] cuimniugad ar an mbár nuair tiucfar ré. Agus iud eile —ní éireim gur éiridís Dia don duine le n-a lorgad i n-isionn go ríorruide.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO OLD WOMEN.

MAURYA.

A hundred welcomes Sheela, it's a cure for sore eyes to see you ; sit down and rest and tell us your news.

SHEELA.

Musha ! I have no news. It is not news that's troubling me.

MAURYA.

Arrah ! and what's troubling you ? sure you're not ill !

SHEELA.

I'm not ill, thanks be to God and to His blessed mother, but I do be thinking of the four last ends—the Death and the Judgment, and Hell and Heaven, for I know I shan't be much longer in this sorrowful world, and I wouldn't mind if I were leaving it to-morrow.

MAURYA.

No nonsense at all of that sort ever comes into *my* head, and I'm older than you. I'm not tired of this world yet, I have knowledge of this world, and I have no knowledge at all of the other world. Nobody ever came back to tell me about it. I'll be time enough thinking of Death when he comes. And, another thing,—I don't believe that God created anyone to burn him in hell eternally.

[Sígile].

Tá tú 'dul amúg', a mháire. An raib tú ag díspionn an Dóinnac ro éuaib éart?

[máire].

Go veimhin ni raibar! Bí mé ag veunam muiro buib éairbige; ag tabairt aipe do mo éuib ceairc do bí mé, le n-a gcongbáil ó bpeit amuig, no ní beirdeab luac gráinne tae no rnaoirin agam ar feab na reáct-maine. Ni tiúbpaib an bolgán-béiceac, an t-Ácáir Urian, pigin dam, dá gcongbócaib ré mé ó érocaib. Ni'l ann acé rantaacán ruarac. Bí rtoirc beag muice agam an Noolas ro éuaib éart, agus o'iair ré orim i díol, le ríilling do tabairt do lá Noolas; agus mar nac noearna me rin ,gáir ré m'ainm amac an Dóinnac na diaig rin ann ran teac-pobail. Ni'l ré rápta le biaib maib, le coirce o'á capall, le ór agus le airgead ann a póca; mar duibairt mé go minic, ni feicim don éirto com maib le ceirto fásairt; feuc an t-éarac bpeáig oibre éairteann ríad, agus daoine boéta o'á raotrugab go cruair oóib.

[Sígile].

Tá iongantair móir orim rai do éomráib. Ir móir do mí-éirteam! Tá iongantair orim go laibéoréa com mi-módamail rin rai an Ácáir Urian, agus dá mbeirteá ag fágail báir amárac cia béarfaib abrolóirto uirt acé an t-Ácáir céarona?"

[máire].

Ara! bí do toirc, a Sígile, ni éarfaib an t-Ácáir Urian a fáil, uirt-re ná dam-ra, gan tuarparóal, dá mbeirdeab fíor airge go gcongbócaib ré ar ipuonn rinn.

SHEELA.

You're going astray Maurya; were you at mass last Sunday?

MAURYA.

Indeed and I was not! I was doing a thing more profitable. It was taking care of my hens I was, to keep them from laying abroad, or I wouldn't have the price of a grain of tea or sneesheen throughout the week. That *bolgán-béiceach* Father Brian wouldn't give me a penny if it was to keep me from being hanged. He's only a miserable greedy *santachán*. I had a little sturk of a pig last Christmas and he asked me to sell it to give him a shilling on Christmas Day, and as I didn't do that, he called out my name the Sunday after, in the chapel. He's not satisfied with good food, and oats for his horse, and gold and silver in his pocket. As I said often, I don't see any trade as good as a priest's trade; see the fine working clothes they wear, and poor people earning it hard for them.

SHEELA.

I wonder greatly at your talk. Your unbelief is great. I wonder that you speak so unmannerly about Father Brian, when if you were dying to-morrow, who would give you absolution but the same father?

MAURYA.

Arrah! Sheela, hold your tongue. Father Brian wouldn't turn on his heel, either for you or for me, without pay, even if he knew that it would keep us out of hell.

[Sigile].

Croir Crioirt oghainn ! níor fáoiléar go mbuó bean de'n tróirt rin tú. An ndéadair tú cum faoirtine ariamh ?

[Máire].

Chuádar, an lá pórad mé, áct níor érom mé mo glán faoi, ó foim ná roime.

[Sigile].

Ní'l mórlán le déanamh agha anoir, aghur buó cóir duit cuimniugadh ar o'nam boct.

[Máire].

Ní congbócad ré rin na ceapca ó breic amuis, aghur dá dtéiríonn le faoirtoin do déanamh leir an Achair Brian, i n-áit abrolóirde ir marluadh do gheobhainn uair, muna mbeirdeadh leat-éiríin agham ar báir mo méar le tabairt dó.

[Sigile].

Ní'l an t-Achair Brian com h-olc aghur veir tu. Tá mé le toul ann [cum] a tige an traethóna ro le uibeadaid úra aghur le pphionda ime. Laiðeóiraid me leir do éaduib-re, má tughann tu an cead dam.

[Máire].

Ná cuir an trioblóir ort féin mo éaduib-re, mar ní'l mire toul anaice leir an Achair Brian. Nuair beirdear mire ar leabaid mo báir tiucraid reiréan agham-ra.

[Sigile].

Aghur cá fíor duit* nac bair obann do gheobtá, aghur creáid tiucraid ort dá bfuigféad bair gan ragarit ?

* Labairtear go minic "cá fíor duit" mar "cad'-r'uit."

SHEELA.

The cross of Christ on us! I never thought that it was that sort of a woman you were. Did you ever go to confession?

MAURYA.

I went the day I was married, but I never bowed my knee under him before or since.*

SHEELA.

You have not much to do now, and you ought to think about your poor soul.

MAURYA.

That wouldn't keep the hens from laying abroad on me, and if I were to go to confess to Father Brian, instead of absolution its a barging I'd get from him, unless I had a half-crown on the top of my fingers to give him.

SHEELA.

Father Brian isn't half as bad as you say; I'm to go to his house this evening with fresh eggs and a print of butter. I'll speak to him about you if you give me leave.

MAURYA.

Don't trouble yourself about me, for I'm not going near Father Brian: when I'll be on my death-bed *he'll* come to *me*.

SHEELA.

And how do you know that it's not a sudden death you'd get, and what would happen to you if you were to get a "death without priest?"

* In Irish "since or before."

[Máire].

Ašur naé inbeiríonn dóm maíť leir na míltiú 'oo ruairi bář řan řařarť ar bit? Ní'ł mořán 'oócuir ařam ar na řařarťaiú. Řeacaig atá ionnta-řan uile, ir mar támaoio řéin, iao, řo 'oířeac. Sé mo tuiarim-ře naé 'břuil i řcpeioeas' aét caint. An řcualaiú tu ařiam třáét ar řáioín Críona.

[Sígile].

Ćualaiú mé řo minic.

[Máire].

Maíť řo leór, aét an řcualaiú tu ařiam a tuiarim ar ċpeioeas'?

[Sígile].

Řo 'deimín níoř ċualar, aét innir 'oam é, má řé 'o toil é.

[Máire].

Maířeac' innřeóac'. 'Bí třiúr oirřeac' 'na řcóm-nuióe i n-aon tiř, ařur 'bí řáioín Críona 'na řearb-řóřanta aca. Ní řaiú aon 'beirt aca 'o'e'n ċpeioeas' cέαona, ařur 'bíóeac' ac'řann eaořřa řo minic, ařur h-uile řeari aca ař řáó řo mbuó é a ċpeioeas' řéin an ċpeioeas' 'o 'b'řearř. Aon lá a'řáin 'oubairť řeari aca, "řářřaimaoio ař řáioín Críona é cia ařáinn a 'břuil an ċpeioeas' ir řearř aigē." "Támaoio řárťa," ařř an 'beirt eile. Řiaoó řiao arťeac' ar řáioín ařur 'oubairť řeari aca, "A řáioín, ir Caoil-ceac' mipe. cřeac' tárłócar 'oam i n'oiag' mo báir"?

"Innřeóaiú mé 'oiť," ařřa řáioín. "Cuirřeas' říoř ann řan uag' tú, ařur éiřeóaiú tú ařř, ařur řacaiú tú ruar řo řeata řlaitear. Tiućaiú řeaoar

MAURYA.

And wouldn't I be as well off as the thousands who got death without e'er a priest. I haven't much trust in the priests. It's sinners that's in them all; they're like ourselves, exactly. My own notion is that there's nothing in religion but talk. Did you ever hear mention of Paudyeen Críona [wise Patsy].

SHEELA.

I did, often.

MAURYA.

Very well; did you ever hear his opinion about religion.

SHEELA.

Indeed, I never did, but tell it to me if you please.

MAURYA.

Musha, then, I will. There were three officers living in one house and Paudyeen Críona [Cree-ŏn-a] was servant to them. There were no two of them of the same religion, and there used often to be a dispute amongst them—and every man of them saying that it was his own religion was the best religion. One day a man of them said “We'll leave it to Wise Paudyeen as to which of us has the best religion.” “We're satisfied,” said the other two. They called in Paudyeen and a man of them said to him, “Paudyeen, I'm a Catholic, and what will happen to me after my death?”

“I'll tell you that,” says Paudyeen. “You'll be put down

amaid ašur fiafpiócaid ré díot, ‘Cia an cfeirdeam ari*
de tura?’ Innpeócaid tú dó, ašur véarfaid ré,
“Teirig ašur fuir ann ran scoirnéall úo amearš na
šcatoilcead.”

“Ir ppoertún mire,” ari ran vada fear, “ašur
cread tárlócar vaim-ra anóiaig mo báir?”

“Šo vínead mar an fear eile, cuirpídear vo fuirde
i scoirnéall na bppoertún tu.”

“Ir eadpac mire,” ari ran triomhad fear ašur
cread tárlócar† vaim-ra anóiaig mo báir.

“Šo vínead mar an beirt eile, cuirpídear tu vo
fuirde amearš na n-eadpac.”

Anoir, ni faib duine ari bit aca, níor fearr ‘ná
an duine eile, mar o’ráš páioin iao; ašur ann rin
o’fiafpuig an Catoilcead de páioin, “a páioin cao
é vo cfeirdeam-ra?”

“Níl cfeirdeam ari bit ašam-ra,” ari reirean.

“ašur cread tárlócar vuic-re anóiaig vo báir-
re?”

“Innpeócaid mé rin vuic. Cuirpídear ríor ann
ran bpol mé; éirpeócaid mé ariš ašur maóaid mé
ruar šo geata plaitear. Tiucpaio peavdar ašur fiaf-
piócaid ré ‘cia ‘n cfeirdeam tura?’ Véarfao naó
bpuil cfeirdeam ari bit ašam-ra, ašur véarfaio peav-
dar ann rin, ‘tar arteaó, ašur fuir no riúbail, i
n-ait ari bit ir toil leat’.”

Anoir a Šigile naó bfeiceann tu šo faib an té

*ir ionnann an “ari” ro ašur “ir.” Tá an t-alt ro le míniúšao
mar ro, “de cia [an] cfeirdeam ir tura.” c.f., alt mar “an
fear ari leir an teaó,” 7c.

†ni focal ceart é seo. níl don focal “tárlaig.” Tárla=vo
pala.

into the grave, and you'll rise again and go up to the gate of heaven. Peter will come out and will ask you, 'what religion are you of.' You'll tell him, and he'll say, 'go and sit in that corner amongst the Catholics.'

"I'm a Protestant," said the second man, "and what'll happen to me after my death?"

"Exactly as the other man. You will be put sitting in the corner of the Protestants!"

"I'm a Hebrew," says the third man, "and what will happen to me after my death?"

"Exactly as the other two; you will be put sitting amongst the Hebrews."

Now there was no one of them better off than the other, as Paudyeen left them, and so the Catholic asked Paudyeen, "Paudyeen, what's your own religion?"

"I have no religion at all," says he.

"And what'll happen to you after your death?"

"I'll tell you that. I shall be put down into the hole, I shall rise again and go up to the gate of heaven. Peter will come and ask me, 'of what religion are you?' I will say that I have no religion at all, and Peter will say then, 'come in, and sit down or walk about in any place that you have a wish for.'"

Now, Sheela, don't you see that he who had no religion

nac faib don cneideam an bit aige nior fearr 'na na daoine a faib cneideam aca. Bí gac don díobta [díob] rin ceangailte do doinnéall a cneidm féin, aet d'féad páirín dul ann a roga áite, agus beir mipe mar an gcéadna!"

[Sígile].

Go bpoiré Dia ort a Máire, tá faicéor orm go bfuil tamall fada roim d'anam boet ran bpuir-
gadóir.

[Máire].

Díob ciall agus a Sígile, faicéor mé trío an bpuir-
gadóir com tapa le teinntreac tre rgeac ppionáin.

[Sígile].

Níl don máit as caint leat, ná beir tabairt com-
airle duit. Fágfaid mé annsin tú.

Nuair bí Sígile dul amac leis Máire rgead do cluinnead míle an gac taoib dí. Tionntaig Sígile, agus connaire pí Máire i lár larrac teine. Rit Sígile com luac agus bí innti go teac an aetar brian, agus d'fuil pí leir as rit go teac Máire, aet mo bpon! bí an teac díogte go talam, agus bí Máire díogte leir; agus tá eagla orm go faib an t-anam boet eailte.

*

*

*

Ir neamh-gháac píora do beir innipe mar an t-
agallam fuar, aet as ro agallam beag eile mar é,
do eualar ó'n bfeair céadna. Dúo le n-a gut do
éirbeán an rgeultóir do'n luac éirteacda cia aca
de'n beir bí as labairt leir an bfeair eile. An an

at all was better off than the people who had a religion ! Every one of them was bound to the corner of his own creed, but Paudyeen was able to go in his choice place, and I'll be so too.

SHEELA.

God help you Maurya ; I'm afraid there's a long time before your poor soul in Purgatory.

MAURYA.

Have sense Sheela ; I'll go through Purgatory as quickly as lightning through a gooseberry bush.

SHEELA.

There's no use talking to you or giving you advice. I'll leave you.

When Sheela was going out, Maurya let a screech out of her which was heard for a mile on every side of her. Sheela turned round and she saw Maurya in the midst of a flame of fire. Sheela ran as fast as was in her to Father Brian's house, and returned with him running to Maurya's house. But, my grief ! the house was burned to the ground, and Maurya was burnt with it ; and I am afraid that the [her] poor soul was lost.

*

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*

It is unusual for a piece to be told in the style of the above dialogue, but here is another little dialogue like it which I heard from the same person. It was by his voice that the story-teller showed his hearers which of the two

áobair rin cuirim ainm an éainteóra or cionn cainte
 gac doim aca.

AN MINISTÉIR AGUS AN GASÚN.

Don lá amháin do bí garún beag boët ar éaoibh an
 bóthair agus é ag tabairt aife do fean-éiríin nuice
 agus al banb léi. Táinig ministéir an bealaic, agus
 é ag marcúigeaóit ar a capall bheáig, agus dubhairt
 ré leir an ngarún, "Cia an áit a tuisann an bóthar
 ro tu?"

[Garún.]

Tá mé ann ro le coicídear agus ní tug ré i n-áit
 ar bit go fóil mé.

[Ministéir.]

Nac glac an buacail beag tu! cia leir na muca
 beaga?

[Garún.]

Leir an tfean-éiríin.

[Ministéir.]

Tá 'r agam rin, aóit tá mé ag fiafpuige cia h-é
 máigirtir na mbanb?

[Garún.]

An diabhal beag duibh-agus-bán rin a feicear tu ag
 tocailt, tús leiréan an t-iomlán aca a bualaó.

[Ministéir.]

Ní h-é rin atá me [ag] fiafpuige díot cor ar bit,
 aóit cia h-é do máigirtir-re?

[Garún.]

Fean-éiríle mo máigirtreara, fear com mait agus
 geobta ar ro go dtí é féin.

were talking to the other. Accordingly I shall put the name of each speaker above his speech.

THE MINISTER AND THE GOSsoon.

One day there was a poor little gossoon on the side of the road, and he taking care of an old sow of a pig, and a litter of bonhams along with her. A minister came the way, and he riding upon a fine horse, and he said to the gossoon "where does this road bring you"?

GOSsoon.

I'm here for a fortnight, and it never brought me anywhere yet.

MINISTER.

Now, isn't it the wise little boy you are! Whose are the little pigs?

GOSsoon.

They're the old sow's.

MINISTER.

I know that, but I'm asking you who is the master of the bonhams.

GOSsoon.

That little black-and-white devil that you see rooting, he's able to beat the whole of them.

MINISTER.

That's not what I'm asking you at all, but who is your own master?

GOSsoon.

My mistress's husband, a man as good as you'd get from here to himself.

[Minirtéir.]

Ní tuigseann tu mé go fóil. Cía h-í do mháigirt-
thear? B'éiríonn go dtuigseann tu rin!

[Garún.]

Tuigim go maith. 'Sí bean mo mháigirtir í. Tá 'r
as h-uile duine rin!

[Minirtéir.]

Ir glúic an buachaill beas tú, agus tá pé comh maith
dam leigean duit, áit innir dam bfuil fear asao cá
bfuil pádrais O Dómhnaill 'na dómnuidé?

[Garún.]

Tá go deimhin. Lean an bótar ro go dtuiscfaid tú
go bóitínn ar éadóid do lámh-orádoige. Annn rin lean
do fíon, agus má téirdeann tu amúg', bfuil an tpeoir.

[Minirtéir.]

Go deimhin ir aruid an buachaill tú! Cía an ceirto
béirdear asao-ra nuair béirdear tu níor pine?

[Garún.]

Maor muice. Nac bpeiceann tu go bfuil mé
as cup mo téarma arcead. Cao é do ceirto péin.

[Minirtéir.]

Deas-ceirto! bíodim as tairbeant cí h-é an bealaí
go flaitéar do na daoineib.

[Garún.]

Óra! nac bpeasac tú! Ní tís leat-ra an bealaí
tairbeant go h-áit ar bit. Níl eólar asao ar an

MINISTER.

You don't understand me yet. Who is your mistress? Perhaps you understand that.

GOSsoon.

I understand you well. She is my master's wife. Everyone knows that.

MINISTER.

You're a wise little boy; and it's as good for me to let you be, but tell me do you know where Patrick O'Donnell is living?

GOSsoon.

Yes, indeed. Follow this road until you come to a boreen on the side of your thumb-hand. Then follow your nose, and if you go astray break the guide.

MINISTER.

Indeed, and you're a ripe (precocious) little lad! What trade will you have when you'll be older?

GOSsoon.

Herding a pig. Don't you see that I'm putting in my term. What is your own trade?

MINISTER.

A good trade. I am showing the people what is the way to heaven.

GOSsoon.

Oh, what a liar! You can't show the way to any place. You don't know the way to Patrick O'Donnell's, a man

mbótar go dtí tead pádrais, fear a bfuil aithe
 as beas agus mór ann ran tír air, agus is cinnte mé
 nac bfuil eólar asao ar an mbótar go flaitear!

[Minirtéir.]

Tá mé buailte. Seó duit leat-éirí ar pon do
 gliocair, agus nuair éirí mé arís geobaid tu ceann
 eile.

[Garún.]

Go raib maic asao. Is truaas nac dtasann amadán
 mar tu an beala, h-uile lá.

Cuirpeann an cómpáid ro rgeul eile im' cuimne do
 éualaid mé i staoid garún i sCondae mhuis Eó. Rug
 ragar ar an ngarún ar an mbótar agus tuidairt leir,
 "Go mbeannuigir Dia duit."

"Go mbeannuigir an tuine céadna duit-re," ar
 ran buacailín.

"Cé [cá] 'r b' ar tu"? ar ran ragar.

"Ar Deul-na-muice," ar ran buacail.

"Cia méad Dia ann"? ar ran ragar.

"An oiread a'r tá ann ro," ar ran buacail.

"Saoilim go bfuil do paitreaca ann do póca leat,"
 ar ran ragar.

"Noir tá do tóin amuis," ar ran buacail, "diabál
 póca ar bit oim"!

As ro fórt cómpáid béarraigeada do éualaid mé
 ó pópáir O Concúbair. Bí bean ann agus b'ainm
 oí Máire Nic Giollacáin agus fuair a fear bá. Tug
 ríad an Calad Cáta ar a fear, ní'l fíor agam cia an
 fá, áit oiríom gur ionnann "cáta" agus car-

that everybody—big and little—in this country knows, and I'm certain sure that you have no knowledge of the road to heaven.

MINISTER.

I'm beaten. Here's half a crown for you for your cleverness, and when I come again you'll get another.

GOSsoon.

Thank you. It's a pity that a fool like you doesn't come the way every day.

This conversation reminds me of another story that I heard about a gossoon in the County of Mayo. A priest overtook the gossoon on the road and said to him "God save you."

"The same Man save yourself," said the little boy.

"Where are you from"? says the priest.

"From Swinford," says the boy.

"How many Gods are there in it"? [meaning how many Gods exist], says the priest.

"As many as there are here," says the boy [taking advantage of the equivocation].

"I think that you have your prayers with you in your pocket," said the priest.

"Now you're out," says the boy, "the devil a pocket at all on me."

Here is a sort of dialogue in verse that I heard from Próinsias O'Connor. There was a woman in it whose name was Maurya Mac Gilligan, and her husband died. They used to call her husband, I do not know why, the Caladh

ταναδ.* Ὀπορὶς μᾶριε βοῦτ ἀς εἰσινεαὺ ἄ ριρ μαρ
leanap.

εἰσινεαὺ ἀν ἀν γκαλαὺ κάταδ.

Ὁδ ὄν, ἄ ἑλαρὸ, εἰςυο παῖ ἀν ργαρ τυ λιον
ἀσυρ μέ ὠ'ράγδαίλ ἰ μ'δοναρ ἀς οβαρ γο τριον !
ἀσυρ ἄ λιὰτα ριν βλιαῦαν ὠ'οιβηγεαμαρ λε ἐέιλε
ἀς κυρ ἀσυρ ἀς βαινε ἀσυρ ἀς ραοῖμυζαὺ ἀν μβέιλε.

ἰρ ὀοῖς γο ὄρυν τυ ἀνοῖρ λε ἰορᾶ χρίορτα
δον-ῆμας Ὁέ, ἀν Ὀαμα ρεαμπα ὀε'ν τριονότο μὸ ναοῖτα,
ἀσυρ μῖρε ἀν ἀν ραοζαλ βρόναδ γο εἰάριτε εἰαοῖτε,
ζαν ἐέιλε, ζαν καμα, ζαν καβαρ, ζαν ἀέν νεαδ βεὺ ὀε μο ζαο-
ταῖδ.

ἄ λις ζιλ να τριόκαρ, νι ιαρμαῖν οῖρ δον ρράρ,
ἰρ βαινερεαδὰς βοῦτ μέ ἀσυρ ταβαρ ὄαμ μοῖνν ὀε ὀο ζιμάρ.
ταβαρ ὄαμ μαῖτεαῖναρ ἀνν μο ρεακαὶ' γο ἡ-ιολάν,
ἀσυρ νά λειγ μ'αναρ βοῦτ ἰντεαῖτ ἀν ρεαῖρᾶν.

ἀοῖμυζιμ† ὀο ὀια ὀο'ν ῆμας ἀσυρ ὀο'ν σπιομας ναοῖν,
ναδ ὀρεαμπα μέ ραοῖρτοῖν νά ριορ-αῖτεμυζε μῖαῖν.
νίορ ζιύναῖς μέ ἰ λάταρ εαρβοῖς, ραζαρ, νά βράταρ,
ἀσυρ νίορ ιαρμ μέ εαοαρ-ζυῖτε μῖμυρε ῆμάταρ.

ἀῖτ ἀνοῖρ ὀεαμπα ραοῖρτοῖν ἀνν ρο ἀνν ὀο λάταρ,
ἀσυρ ιαρμαῖν εαοαρ-ζυῖτε ἀν ἀν ῆμαῖς ὀο ῆμάταρ,
τά μέ εἰοννταδ ἀννρ ζαδ ρεακαὺ, βεαζ ἀσυρ μὸρ,
ἀσυρ τά μέ ῆμαλ ὀο βεῖτ ζιαντα ἰ ὀεῖνε ρυγζαοῖρ.

* Βί ρεαν-αβῖᾶν ἀν ἀν ρλιαῖδ ἐέῖρ κομαῖνν, ἰ γκοῖναδ ῆλιζις, ὀο
ὀπορὶς, "ἐέῖρ κομαῖνν κάταδ, ἰρ μαῖτ ἀν ἀῖτ ὀο βεῖτ λε ὀο ἑαοῖδ."
ἑαλαρ ἀν τ-αβῖᾶν νυαῖρ βί μέ ὄς, ἀῖτ νίορ ρέαο μέ ἄ ράγαιλ ὀ
ῖοῖν. Βί ἀρ-εαρβοζ ἄ βραο ὀ ἀνν ἄ ἐοῖρτε ἀς ὀευνᾶν ἀῖρτι. γ
νυαῖρ ἐάινις ρέ ἀναῖτε λε ἐέῖρ ουβαῖρτ ἀν ρεαρ ὀο βί ὠ'ά ἐιομ-
ἀντ, "ἄ τῖεαμπα εαρβοῖς," ἀν ρεῖρεαν, "εἰᾶν ταοδ ράγπαρ μέ
εῖρ," (ἰρ ἑ ριν, ἀν μαῖαὺ μέ ἀν ἄ λῖμ ὀεῖρ νο ἀν ἄ λῖμ ἐέῖ),
ἀσυρ ὠ'ῖρεαζαῖρ ἀν τ-ἀρ-εαρβοζ, "ράζ ἀν ἐέῖρ μαρ ἀτά ρέ," ἀσυρ
ρῖν ζυᾶτ-ῖοκαλ ἰ γκοῖναδ ῆλιζις γο ὀεῖ ἀν λᾶ ἀνοῖῦ, "ράζ ἀν
ἐέῖρ[τ] μαρ ἀτά ρέ."

† λαβαῖτεαῖρ ἀν ροκαλ ρο ἰ γκοῖναδ μῖμυζ ἐὸ μαρ "ἀοῖμυζιμ."

Cátach [the friendly?]* Caladh. Poor Maurya began keening her husband as follows;—

THE KEENE OF THE CALADH CÁTACH.

Ochone, Caladh Cátach, why have you parted from me,
And to leave me alone working heavily,
And all these years that we laboured together
Sewing and reaping and earning our meal.

No doubt but you are now with Jesus Christ
The One Son of God, the second person of the very Holy Trinity,
And me in this sorrowful world tortured and ruined,
Without a consort, without a friend, without help, without any one
alive of my kin.

O bright King of Mercy, I do not ask of thee any respite,
I am a poor widow, and give me share of Thy grace.
Grant me forgiveness for my sins entirely,
And do not allow my poor soul to go astray.

I acknowledge to God, to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
That I never made a confession or a true repentance.
I never knelt before bishop, priest, or friar,
And I never asked for the intercession of Mary Mother.

But now I shall make confession, here upon the spot,
And I ask the Virgin, Thy Mother, for intercession;
I am guilty of every sin, small and great,
And I am submissive to be cleansed in the fire of Purgatory.

* There was an old song about Kesh Corran, a mountain in the Co. Sligo, which began "Kesh Corran cátach, (friendly (?) Kesh Corran) it was a good place to be by your side." I heard the song when I was young, but have not been able to get it since. There was an Archbishop long ago making a journey in his coach, and when he came near Kesh the man who was driving him said, "Lord Bishop," says he, "which side shall I leave Kesh"? meaning "shall I go to the right or to the left of it." But the Archbishop answered, "Leave Kesh where it is," and that is proverb in the Co. Sligo to this day, "Leave Kesh (or the question) where it is."

Com fao agus fásfar Dia mé ann ran ngleann ro na nbeóir,
ní rgarfao ó deunam uirnaíste agus fíor-aiéiríge mór,
i n-ainm Dé corócaíó mé go moé ar maidin amáiric,
agus b'éirí anóidís mo báir go mbeirínn le mo Calao Cátao.

[Aé b'í cómarra as éirteacé le Máire gan fíor tí.
O'áiríge ré a gúc agus leis ré air féin gur ab é an
báir óo b'í as labhairt léi, agus dubhairt ré de glór
garb, gráineamail] :—

Ir mire an báir óo éainis le oo fábaíl ó'n obair éirim
má tá tu péir agus úmál, véan o'údaéé agus b'í liom.
má bíonn tú as clámpán no as véanam gearáin, veirim leat é
trátnóna amáiric béir oo énáma ré trióige faoi an gcré.

[Aé ní raib Máire com péir le h-imteacé agus oo
leis rí uirí. Éainis rgannrao mór uirí nuair faoil
r'í gur b'éisín o'í báir fásail, agus dubhairt rí.] :—

O! ná bíó veirim oir, aé tabair 'm aon bliadain de rpar,
go nveunao mé aieríge agus ríotéán le rí mór na ngrá,
tá móián agam le véanam anoéé agus amáiric,
as gleur poíraio' gearamail' oo m' éile, an Calao Cátao.

[O'fheasair an Cómarra].

naé gearr ó éualao mé tú as máo naé n-iarraí rpar,
agus o'innir tu go leórí bréaga oo rí mór na ngrá,
ní béir móián bhoín ná uairí oir anóidís an lá amáiric,
aé as túirígeacé rí eile béiréar tú anóidís an Calao Cátao.

O'í Máire oul o'á fheasair, agus i as fásao a
o'á láim le teann-faitéior poim an mbáir, mar faoil rí,
aé níor féao an fear eile é féin ceapao, agus
r'air ré amac as gáiríde, agus connairc Máire naé
raib ann aé ouine.

As long as God shall leave me in this valley of tears
I shall never cease from praying and making great and true repentance.

In the name of God I shall begin early to-morrow morning,
And, perhaps, after my death I might be with my Caladh Cátach.

[But there was a neighbour listening to Maurya without her knowing it. He changed his voice and let on that it was the Death that was speaking to her, and he said, with a hoarse and terrifying voice] :—

THE NEIGHBOUR.

I am the Death who have come to save you from the heavy work,
If you are ready and submissive, make your will and be with me.
If you be making complaint or lamentation I say it to you
That to-morrow evening your bones shall be six feet beneath the clay.

[But Maurya was not so ready to depart as she pretended. Great terror came upon her when she thought that she had to die, and she said]—

MAURYA.

Oh ! do not be in a hurry, but grant me one year's space,
Until I make repentance and peace with the Great King of the graces.
I have much to do to-night and to-morrow
Preparing a decent funeral for my consort the Caladh Cátach.

[THE NEIGHBOUR ANSWERING.]

Is it not a short time since I heard you say that you would ask no respite,
And you told numbers of lies to the Great King of the graces.
But there wont be much trouble or lonesomeness on you after to-morrow,
But seeking for another husband you'll be, after the Caladh Cátach.

Maurya was going to answer, and she wringing her two hands with dint of fear at the Death, as she thought, but the other could not control himself and burst out laughing, and Maurya perceived that it was only a man.

Tá an oipeas de bhortugaó ann rna h-abránais
 diaóda agus atá de bagairt. Ní ar piantaib ipinn
 aithin, aét ar glóir na bplaitear mar an gcéadna,
 tráctar, ann rna píoraib atá amearg na n-daoine.
 As ro rann do éalaid mé ó fean-fear i gconradé na
 Gaillime.

CHOIÚE-BRÚGÁD.

Choiúe-brúgáó nóéur agus carpanaét,
 Súo a cóimlíonar m' aiteannta,
 Déan ias ro a' geobair na geallaima
 atá le págail ran mbeata nó-mairbta.

I n-daoib na ngeallaiman péin, agus i n-daoib an
 tronair atá i n-dán do na ríreanaéadib, éalaid mé
 an rann ro ó fean-fear eile ann ran gconradé
 céadna.

NI ÉALAIÓ CLUAS.

Ni éalaid cluar, ni fácaid riorg,
 a' r rór níor rmuáin choiúe déinne*
 An t-daoibneor mói a beidneor mar r-tóir
 do luét na h-aicéige 'r na deag-méine.

As ro rgeul ar duine do connairc an glóir rin,
 agus do éat céad bliadan innit, aithail agus nac
 raib ann aét cúpla lá. Do éalaid mife an rgeul ó
 r-róinriar O Concúbair, do fuair é ó duine dar
 b'ainm 'Uiam Mac Dóinnail ó Beul-át-na-muice i
 gconradé Muig Eó. Tá rgeul de'n tróir ro ar an
 nió céadna le págail ann r gac tír ann ran gCríor-
 tuigeadét, agus ir é gan aithar "úgdar agus áobair"

* i.e., "don duine."

There is as much of encouragement in the Religious Songs as there is of threats. Not of the pains of hell alone is mention made, but of the glories of the heavens also, in the pieces which live amongst the people. Here is a rann which I heard from an old man in the County of Galway.

CONTRITION.

Contrition, Hope and Charity,
 These my commandments satisfy.
 Do them and gain the promises
 Fulfilled in immortality.

About these promises themselves and the happiness that is laid out for the righteous, I heard this rann from another old man in the same county.

Ear never heard, eye never saw,
 The heart of man conceived not ever;
 How happy he in Death shall be,
 Who dares himself from sin to sever.*

Here is a tale of a man who saw that glory, and who spent in it a hundred years as though they were a couple of days. I heard the story from Próinsias O'Connor, who got it from a man whose name was William MacDonnell near Swinford in the County Mayo. There is a story of this kind to be found about the same thing in every land in Christendom, and without doubt their cause and origin lies

* *Literally*—Ear never heard, eye never saw, and the heart of man too never conceived the great happiness that shall be in store to the people of repentance and good character.

atá leó, an béapra rin, quia unus dies apud Dominum
sicut mille anni, et mille anni sicut dies unus .i. go
bpuil don lá amáin as an oTigeapna mar míle
bliadóan 7 míle bliadóan mar don lá amáin.*

Ni mirtce dúinn an cup-ríor Saedealac atá ar an
rgeul do tabairt ann ro.

an mac-léigín o'fás an coláiste.

Ćáinís o'neam de o'aoiniú óga ó conradé na Saillime
go coláirte móir as fógluim asur as fágaíl oideacair,
le beic na ragaipcaib. Cualaio mé ainm an coláirte
go minic ó mo mácair, aet ní cuimnígim air. Ni mas
nuadóat do bí ann. Bí fear aca ro dar b'ainm
páorais O floinn. Mac rsgolóige raibóire do bí ann.
Buó mian le na ácair asur le n-a mácair ragaip do
oéanam dé. Buó buacaili deap caoimeamail é. Ni
téirdeat ré as pinnce leir na buacailiú eile ann ran
traetnóna aet buó gnat leir dul amac le clap-folur
an laé, asur bírdeat ré as riúbal leir féin ruar 'r
anuar, faoi rgaile na gcrann móir do bí timcioll an
coláirte, asur o'panat ré ann rin as pmuaineam
asur as meabruáat leir féin go otuicpaó buine éigin
le n-a tabairt arteaé cum a feompa.

Don traetnóna amáin, i mí na bealtaine, cuairt ré
amac mar buó gnatáat leir, asur bí ré [as] rpaip-
deopact faoi na crainn [crannaiú] nuair cualaio ré
ceól binn. Ćáinís o'péadur no rórt daille ar a
fúilú, asur nuair fuair re amáre arír connaipc ré

* 2. peapra III. 8.

in that verse which says "*quia unus dies apud Dominum sicut mille anni et mille anni sicut dies unus*," i.e., for a thousand years are with the Lord as one day, and one day as a thousand years.

It were as well for us to give here the Gaelic version of this story.

THE STUDENT * WHO LEFT COLLEGE.

There came a number of young people from the County of Galway, to a great college, to learn and gain instruction, so as to become priests. I often heard the name of this college from my mother, but I do not remember it. It was not Maynooth. There was a man of these of the name of Patrick O'Flynn. He was the son of a rich farmer. His father and his mother desired to make a priest of him. He was a nice, gentle lad. He used not to go dancing with the other boys in the evening, but it was his habit to go out with the grey-light of day, and he used to be walking by himself up and down under the shadow of the great trees that were round about the college, and he used to remain there thinking and meditating by himself, until some person would come to bring him in to his room.

One evening, in the month of May, he went out, as was his custom, and he was taking his walk under the trees when he heard a melodious music. There came a darkness or a sort of blindness over his eyes, and when he found his sight again he beheld a great high wall on every side of him,

* *Literally*—"The Son of Learning."

balla móir áro ar gac taoib dé, agus bótar lonnrad amac poime. Bí na rir-ceoil ar an mbótar agus iad ag reinn go binn, agus éualair pé sué ag rá, “tarr linn go tír na rós agus na ruaimnear.” O’feud pé taob fíar dé agus connairc pé balla móir áro ar a éúl agus ar gac taoib dé, agus níor féad pé fillead ar air tar an mballa, ciú go raib mian aise fillead O’iméis pé ar aghair ann rin anóiais an ceoil. Ní raib fíor aise cá fáda fíúbaíl pé, áit bí an balla móir áro i gcóinnuidé ar gac taoib dé agus ’na óiais.

Bí pé ag imtead agus ag rir-imtead go dtan-
gadar go h-abainn móir, agus uirge innti com deais
le fuil. Táinís iongantar air ann rin, agus eagla móir.
Áit fíúbladar na rir-ceoil tar an abainn gan a
gcora do fliuchad, agus lean páorais O fíoinn iad
gan a cora péin do fliuchad. Saoil pé, i dtorad, go
mbuó fíuag-ríde na rir-ceoil, agus fáoil pé ann
rin go bfuair pé bár agus go mbuó fíuag aingeal do
bí ann do bí o’á tabairt go flaitear.

Tuit na ballair uata ann rin, ar gac taoib, agus
táingadar go macaire móir leatán. Bí iad ag imtead
agus ag rir-imtead ann rin, go dtanadar go cair-
leán breá do bí i lár an macaire. Cuair na rir-
ceoil ardeac ann, agus o’fan páorais O fíoinn
amuis. Níor bfa da go dtáinís uactarán na bfeair
ceoil amac éirge agus tug ardeac go reomra áluinn
é. Níor labair pé focal, agus níor éualair páorais
O fíoinn don focal amáin com fáda agus bí pé ann.

Ní raib don oirde ann ran áit rin, áit folur laé

and out in front of him a shining road. The musicians were on the road, and they playing melodiously, and he heard a voice saying "*Come with us to the land of delight and rest.*" He looked back and he beheld a great high wall behind him and on each side of him, and he was not able to return back again across the wall, although he desired to return. He went forward then after the music. He did not know how long he walked, but the great high wall kept ever on each side of him and behind him.

He was going and ever-going, until they came to a great river, and water in it as red as blood. Wonder came upon him then, and great fear. But the musicians walked across the river without wetting their feet, and Patrick O'Flynn followed them without wetting his own. He thought at first that the musicians belonged to the Fairy-Host, and next he thought that he had died and that it was a group of angels that were in it, taking him to heaven.

The walls fell away from them, then, on each side, and they came to a great wide plain. They were going then, and ever-going, until they came to a fine castle that was in the midst of the plain. The musicians went in, but Patrick O'Flynn remained outside. It was not long until the chief of the musicians came out to him and brought him in to a handsome chamber. He spoke not a word, and Patrick O'Flynn never heard one word spoken so long as he remained there.

There was no night in that place, but the light of day

ar fad. Níor it asur níor ól ré don nio, asur ni
 facair ré don uine ann as ite ná as ól, asur níor
 rtop an ceól. H-uile leat-uair, mar faoil ré, do
 cluinead ré clog, mar beirdead clog teampoill, o'a
 bualaó, aet ni facair ré an clog, asur níor feuo
 ré a feiceál i n-ait ar bit.

Nuair téirdead na fir-ceoil amac ann ran macaire,
 i lathair an cairleáin, do tigead treib de gad uile
 fórt o'eanacair ann ran rpeir as reinn an ceoil buó
 binne o'a' eualair cluar ariam. Ir minic adubairt
 páorais O floinn leir péin "ir cinnte go bfuil mé
 ann ran bflaitear, aet nac airtead é nac bfuil
 cuinne asam ar tinnear ná ar bár ná ar bpeiteamnar,
 asur nac bfacair mé Dia ná a mátair beannuigte
 mar atá geallta úinn."

Ní raib fíor as páorais O floinn cá fad bí ré ann
 ran ait doibinn rin. Saoil ré nac raib ré innti aet
 tamailín gearr aet bí ré innti bliadain asur céad.

Don lá amáin bí na fir-ceoil amuis anur an bpaire
 asur bí reiréan as éirtead leó, nuair táinig an
 t-uachtarán cuige. Do tug ré amac é, asur cuir ré
 é taob-fiar de na fir-ceoil. O'imtígeadar ar riúbal,
 asur ni raib rtop ná rtao aca go tóangadar cum
 na h-aibne do bí com dearg le fuil. Cuadar
 trarna rin gan flucaó boinn, asur o'imtígeadar ar

* Compare the curious poem in the Liber Hymnorum at p. 185 of
 the edition published by Dr. Bernard and Dr. Atkinson, of the sing-
 ing birds of which St. Philip told, who inhabited Inis Eidheand, a
 land full of rivers. *Seachí n-aibhne fínda co fad | i-na muighibh i*
fuiled | As eadh no.s.biathand dogrés | canaid ceolu co cain-bés. i.e.

throughout. He never ate and he never drank a single thing there, and he never saw anyone eating or drinking, and the music never ceased. Every half-hour, as he thought, he used to hear a bell, as it were a church-bell, being rung, but he never beheld the bell, and he was unable to see it in any place.

When the musicians used to go out upon the plain before the castle, there used to come a tribe of every sort of birds in the heavens,* playing the most melodious music that ear ever heard. It was often Patrick O'Flynn said to himself, "It is certain that I am in Heaven, but is it not curious that I have no remembrance of sickness, nor of death, nor of judgment, and that I have not seen God nor His Blessed Mother, as is promised to us!"

Patrick O'Flynn did not know how long he was in that delightful place. He thought that he had been in it only for a short little time, but he was in it for a hundred years and one.

One day the musicians were out in the field and he was listening to them, when the chief came to him. He brought him out and put him behind the musicians. They departed on their way, and they made neither stop nor stay until they came to the river that was as red as blood. They went across that, without wetting their foot-soles, and went

*Seven fair rivers in all their length | are in the plains where they dwell |
it is this that feeds them for ever | and they sing songs with fair custom.*

So sweetly do they sing that the poet says—

Ḫa cluinóir ríí eoin sín áct
in coiceoal caem coinnáit,
doibédaíí uilí, móí in moí,
ar eirtect íe n-áiríóio.

i.e. If men should hear (these) faultless birds | this fair equally-balanced concert | they would all die—great the deed— | on listening to the harmony. According to the Leabhar Breac there are birds in heaven with "100 wings on each bird and 100 melodies in each wing."

deasaid go dténgadair éum na páirce i ngar do'n coláirte, an áit a bhfuairadar é i dtoradh. Ann rin o'imtighadair ar a amharc mar deo.

O'feuc pé tairir, agus o'aitin pé an coláirte, áct faoil pé go faib na crainn níor áirde agus go faib átrugað éigin ann ran scoláirte féin. Cuaid pé arteað ann, ann rin, áct níor áitin pé don duine do carad air agus níor áitin don duine eirean.

Táinig uachtarán an coláirte cuise ann rin, agus dubairt leir, "ca'í b' ar tu a mic, no cad é 'n t-ainm atá ort?"

"Páorais O floinn ar condae na Gaillime mé," ar reirean.

"Cá fada ann ro tu?" ar ran t-uachtarán.

"Tá mé ann ro ó céad lá Márta," ar reirean.

"Saoilim go bfuil tu mi-céillithe," ar ran t-uachtarán, "níl don duine de o' ainm-re ann ran scoláirte agus ní faib le ríde bliadan, mar tá míre níor mó na ríde bliadan ann ro."

"Dá mbeirteá ann ó rugað tu, tá míre ann ro ó'n Márta ro cuaid tairt, agus éig liom mo feompia agus mo leabha tairbeánt duit."

Leir rin o' imtigh pé ruar an rtaighre agus an t-uachtarán 'na diais. Cuaid pé arteað ann a feompia, o'feuc pé tairt agus dubairt, "ir é reo mo feompia-ra, áct ní h-é rin mo tporgán, agus ní h-iað rin mo leabha atá ann." Connairc pé rean-bíobla ar an mboiro, o'forgiail pé é agus dubairt pé, "'ré reo mo bíobla-ra, éig mo máclair dam é nuair bí mé as teact ann ro, agus feuc tá m' ainm rsgriobta ann."

forward until they came to the field near the college where they had found him at the first. Then they departed out of his sight like a mist.

He looked round him, and recognised the College, but he thought that the trees were higher and that there was some change in the College itself. He went in, then, but he did not recognise a single person whom he met, and not a person recognised him.

The principal of the College came to him, and said to him, "Where are you from, son, or what is your name?"

"I am Patrick O'Flynn from the County of Galway," said he.

"How long are you here," said the principal?

"I am here since the first day of March," said he.

"I think that you are out of your senses," said the principal, "there is no person of your name in the College, and there has not been for twenty years, for I am more than twenty years here."

"Though you were in it since you were born, yet I am here since last March, and I can show you my room and my books."

With that, he went up the stairs and the principal after him. He went into his room and looked round him, and said, "This is my room, but that is not my furniture, and those are not my books that are in it." He saw an old bible upon the table and he opened it, and said: "This is my bible, my mother gave it to me when I was coming here, and, see, my name is written in it."

O'feuc an t-uachtarán ar an mbíobla agus comhcinnte agus tá Dia ann fan b'fáitear bí ainm pádrais Uí Fíolainn r'ghíobta ann, agus an lá de'n mí o'fás ré an baile.

Anoir bí buairéar mór inntinne ar an uachtarán agus ní raib fíor aise créad déanfaid ré. Chuir ré fíor ar na máigirtí agus ar na h-oirí agus o'innir ré an r'geul dóib.

"Dar m'focal," ar ra sean-fásait do bí ann, "cuaird mé caint nuair bí mé ós ar mac-leiginn o'imtí ar an scoláirte reo agus ní raib don cúntar air, beo ná marb, ó foin. Chuaireas na daoine an abann agus na poill móna aet ní raib don cúntar le fásail air, agus ní b'fáda ar an corp."

Glaoth an t-uachtarán orra, ann rin, leabair mór do tabairt cuise, a raib ainm fás uile duine r'ghíobta ann, do táinig cum an coláirte rin ó cuiread ar bonn é. O'feuc re trío an leabair, agus feuc! bí ainm pádrais Uí Fíolainn ann, agus an lá de'n mí táinig ré, agus bí ré reo r'ghíobta or coinne an anma, gur imtí an pádrais O Fíolainn rin, a leitéir de lá, agus nae raib fíor as duine ar bí créad tápla dó. Anoir bí ré go díreac bliadain agus céad, ó'n lá o'imtí ré go oti an lá táinig ré ar air mar rin.

"I' iongantac agus i' r'fó-iongantac an r'geul é reo," ar fan t-uachtarán, "aet fan, turra, go r'ocair ann ro a míc, agus r'ghíobfaid míre cum an earbois." Rinne ré rin, agus fuair ré cúntar ó'n earbog an fear do congáil go otiucfaid ré féin.

Faoi ceann reactmaine, 'na diais rin, táinig an

The principal looked at the bible, and there, as sure as God is in heaven, was the name of Patrick O'Flynn written in it, and the day of the month that he left home.

Now there was great trouble of mind on the principal, and he did not know what he should do. He sent for the masters and the professors and told them the story.

"By my word," said an old priest that was in it, "I heard talk when I was young, of a student who went away out of this College, and there was no account of him since, whether living or dead. The people searched the river and the bog holes, but there was no account to be had of him, and they never got the body."

The principal called to them then to bring him a great book in which the name of every person was written who had come to that College since it was founded. He looked through the book, and see! Patrick O'Flynn's name was in it, and the day of the month that he came, and this [note] was written opposite to his name, that the same Patrick O'Flynn had departed on such a day, and that nobody knew what had become of him. Now it was exactly one hundred and one years from the day he went until the day he came back in that fashion.

"This is a wonderful, and a very wonderful story," said the principal, "but, do you wait here quietly my son," said he, "and I shall write to the bishop." He did that, and he got an account from the bishop to keep the man until he should come himself.

At the end of a week after that the bishop came and

τ-earbog, agus éuir pé ríor ar p'áorais O fíoinn. Ní raib don duine i láthair aét an beirt amháin. "Anoir a mhic," ar ran τ-earbog, teipis ar do glúnaib agus déan faoiríoin máit." Ann rin junne pé gníomh croidé-bhrúigte agus tug an τ-earbog abrolóio dó. Ar an mball táinig laige agus trom-dóolaó air, agus bí pé ar feadh trí lá agus trí oirde mar beirdeadh duine marb. Nuair táinig pé eirge féin, bí an τ-earbog agus na ragsairt ann a timéioll. "Déipis pé, érait é féin, agus o'innir pé a rgeul doib, mar tá pé innirte agam-ra, aét éuir pé iongantair éar bárr ar h-uile duine aca. "Anoir," ar reirean, "tá mé ann ro plán beó, agus déanair mar i r teil lib."

Rinne an τ-earbog agus na ragsairt cómhairle le céile. "Ir naomta an fear tu," ar ran τ-earbog ann rin, "agus béarfa daoio oró beannuigte duit ar an mball."

Rinne ríad ragsairt dé ann rin, aét ní túirge bí oró beannuigte tugta dó 'ná duit pé marb ar an altóir, agus éualadair uile ran am céadna an ceól buó binne do cualairó cluar ariamh or a gcionn ann ran rpeir; agus duhradair uile go mbuó h-iaó na h-aingle do bí ann, ag iomcar anma an átar O fíoinn ruar go flaitear leo.

* * * *

Do bí na h-éireannaig, éar gac náiríun eile, b'éirí, tugta do píctiúirí do déanamh ann a n-inntinn féin ar neitib an traoisail eile, ar glóir na b'flaitear agus ar piantair ipinn. Dó bí rin ar a gcumar ó aimpir Naomh fupra anuar, agus tá "fir ádamináin" 'na píora páir-aithnigte ran éorair. Ní éiréatim ann ro

sent for Patrick O'Flynn. There was nobody present except the two. "Now, son," said the bishop, "go on your knees and make a good confession." Then he made an act of contrition,¹ and the bishop gave him absolution. Immediately there came a fainting and a heavy sleep over him, and he was, as it were, for three days and three nights a dead person. When he came to himself the bishop and priests were round about him. He rose up, shook himself, and told them his story, as I have it told, and he put excessive wonderment upon every man of them. "Now," said he, "here I am alive and safe, and do as ye please."

The bishop and the priests took counsel together. "It is a saintly man you are," said the bishop then, "and we shall give you holy orders on the spot."

They made a priest of him then, and no sooner were holy orders given him than he fell dead upon the altar, and they all heard at the same time the most melodious music that ear ever listened to, above them in the sky, and they all said that it was the angels who were in it, carrying the soul of Father O'Flynn up to heaven with them.



The Irish were, perhaps more than any other nation, given to making pictures for themselves in their own minds of the things of the other world, the glory of heaven and the pains of hell. They have been able to do this from the time of St. Fursa down, and Adamnan's Vision is well known over Europe. I shall not speak now of Dante, nor

¹ *Literally*: "An act of heart bruising."

an Dánté agus ar an gcomaoine fá a maib ré (no nac maib ré) do na h-Éireannaighib, aét cuipiró mé ríor tairbheam no tairbeántar beas ar bheiteammar an anma marí connairc fearí i gCondae Mhuig Eó é. Ir minic éualar tráct ar an bpíora ro agus junne mé ceitne iarracta le n-a fáigail, aét teip rin orm, ní bfuairéar aét fíir-beagán dé. Faoi deiread do rghríoó mo éara, an Miallaó, an méad ro ó beul mo éaraó Miceál Mac Ruairóig, o condae Mhuig Eó. Ir doig nac bfuil ann aét bloó, aét, mar rin féin, ir fearrí a tabairt ann ro. As ro go díreac, focal ar focal, marí do labair Mac Uí Ruairóig é.

MAC AN MINISTÉIR.

Bí cailín Románac ar aimpirí i dteac ministéir, agus bí sí [as] caiteam éiréad na Maigóine Muire.* Bí sí gluapact don uair amáin as dul cum aimpinn, agus nuair bí sí o'a nige féin bain sí an t-éiréad bí agus leas sí i leit-éad é. Táinig mac an ministéir arteaó, agus toruig ré as gáuilleact(?) anonn 'r anall ar fuó an treompia, agus capad an t-éiréad leir. Rug ré ann a láim aip, agus bpeactnuig ré go géar aip. Cuip ré timéioil a muinéil é, agus nuair éionntuig an cailín éarí, connairc sí an t-éiréad ar mac an ministéir, agus o'pár báiníde móir uipirí. Tug sí coirceim cum cinn, agus rpeactail sí an t-éiréad o'a muinéal. Torais sí 'gá díoblad agus 'gá mar-

* i.e., rghaball. Tabair fá deara na focail neam-ghnátaó ann ran rgeul ro, mar ata, "éiréad na Maigóine," "gáuilleact," "díoblad," "conálad," "bail," "rtoip," "an-bálad," etc.

of the obligations under which he was (or was not) to the Irish, but I shall put down here a little vision or revelation about the judgment of the soul, as a man in the County Mayo beheld it. I often heard talk of this piece, and I made four different attempts to get it, but it failed me. I only recovered a very little bit of it. At last my friend John MacNeill, wrote down this much from the mouth of Michael MacRury (or Rogers) from the County Mayo. There is evidently only a fragment in it, but even so, it is as well to give it here. Here is exactly, word for word, how MacRury recited it.

THE MINISTER'S SON.

There was a Roman Catholic girl at service in a minister's house, and she was wearing the Virgin Mary's garb¹ (*i.e.*, a scapular). She once was getting ready to go to Mass, and when she was washing herself she took the garb off her, and laid it on one side. The minister's son came in, and he began rummaging (?) backwards and forwards through the room, and he met the garb. He caught it up in his hand and observed it closely. He put it round his neck, and when the girl turned about she saw the garb on the minister's son, and she got very furious. She gave a step forward and she tore the garb off his neck. She began

¹ This periphrasis for a scapular is one of the many curious expressions in this piece.

luḡað. Dubairt sí leir naḡ raiḡ ré ceart ná foil-
leamhaḡ, aḡ fear d'a éiredeam bpeit ar an éirdeað
rin ann a láim, aḡur go raiḡ fuat aḡur spáin aige
anaḡair na Maigtoine glóimhaige, "aḡur," ar ríre leir,
"ó tápla go ruḡ tu ar an éirdeað beannuighe mur
[muna] ttríoirḡiró tu an doine reo cugainn, i n-éiric
do rēacair, raḡar ar dūtairḡ flaitear, ni feiciró tu
go brát."

Éaimis brón aḡur dólár móir ar mac an minirtéir,
raoi an díoblaḡ cug an cailín dó, aḡur dubairt ré
léi go ttríoirḡreao ré an doine.

Bí go maic aḡur ni raiḡ go dona. Nuair éuarḡ mac
an minirtéir ann a doḡlaḡ an oirde rin, fuair ré taom
cinnir, aḡur bí ré go h-an-dona ar maidin, aḡur
dubairt ré le n-a máḡair naḡ leisreao ré don-'ne
raoi ná ḡair aḡ an cailín-aimeir, aḡur go raiḡ rúil
aige naḡ mberḡ' ré a brat ran taom cinnir.

Ni raiḡ don-'ne rreartal air aḡ an cailín, mar bí
rún móir aige an doine ttríoraḡ. Bí ríor maic aige
dā mberḡ' a máḡair [aḡ] tigeaḡ arteaḡ ann a feompa
go ḡcaitreao ré tonnālaḡ (?) do ḡaiream uairi, aḡur
rin é an t-dōbar naḡ leisreao ré a máḡair arteaḡ.

Nuair éaimis an doine, níor blar ré ḡreim ná deoḡ
ar reao na h-doine.

Ar maidin, Dia Sāḡairn, d'fíarpuig an máḡair de'n
cailín, cia an bail do bí air. Dubairt an cailín léi go
raiḡ ré aḡ tigeaḡ i ttrí.* Aḡur nuair éuarḡ an
cailín arteaḡ ar uair dō-dēaḡ ran lá bí ré 'na rtoir

*"Un oír" dubairt ré, d'éiríir ḡur "cum tíre" é. Tá an dā

railing at him and abusing him. She told him that it was not right nor fitting for a man of his religion to lay hold of that garb in his hand, seeing that he had a hatred and loathing of the glorious Virgin, "and," says she to him, "since it has happened that you have laid hold of the blessed garb, unless you fast next Friday in eric for your sin, one sight of the country of the Heavens you shall never see."

Grief and great unhappiness came over the minister's son at the abuse the girl gave him, and he told her that he would fast the Friday.

It was well, and it was not ill. When the minister's son went to sleep that night he got a fit of sickness, and he was very bad in the morning, and he told his mother that he would not let anyone next nor near him except the servant girl, and that he hoped that he would not be long in the fit of sickness.

There was nobody attending him but the girl, because he had a full determination to fast through the Friday. He knew very well that if his mother were coming into the room he would have to eat some food from her, and that is the reason he would not let his mother in.

When the Friday came he never tasted bit nor sup throughout the day.

On the morning of Saturday his mother asked the girl how he was getting on. The girl said that he was doing nicely [*literally*, "*coming to land*"]. But when the girl went in at the hour of twelve o'clock in the day he was a

έορ-εάντε μερζέα ανν "un (i.e. cum) típe. .i. "τεάετ ι οτίη" γ
 "τεάετ cum típe." ιρ é ιρ ειάλλ οο "ουλ άμ άζαίό ζο μαίε."

[corpán]. Agus táinig an-bátaó mór ar an gcailín, agus toraisí sí as caoinead. Cuairtí sí amach agus d'innir sí do'n mátaí go nuaib ré marb.

Cuairt an rgeul ó béal go béal ann sin, agus duabairt ceann le céile, gur ab í an cailín do marb é, agus ní nuaib fíor aca cia an t-an-bár b'éiríad ríad sí.

Bí cáinán móna i n-éadan na cirtéana, agus ceann-gail ríad an cailín le ríadairt greamuighe de bacán iarrainn bí i mbinn an tige, agus nuair beic* an colann curta aca, bí ríad le ola agus 'gheir' cur ar an móin agus teine do tabairt sí, agus an cailín do dógaó agus do lorgaó ann.

Ar maidin Dia luain, nuair cuairt ríad ardeac ann ran reomra leir an gcorp do cur ran gcóir, bí mac an minirtéir beo bíogearmáil ann a leabair, agus d'innir ré dóib an cairbeánaó do connairt ré.

Connairt ré [duabairt ré] na trí teinte purgadóra, mairtíní ífúinn, agus an diabail mór lúadár,† agus duabairt ré leo [.i. le n-a muinntir] gur ab í an mairgínean glóiríar do fábaíl é, agus do fuair a páiróin do. D'iarra sí impióe ar a h-Don-Mac a cur ar an raogal arís as teagaras na n-daoine, agus fuair sí an impióe‡ sin do, agus mur mbeic gur éic ré éiríad na mairgíne, móiméio amáin, nuair bí ré ar an talamh, ní feicfead ré nuaire ar d'útaig plaitear go brát; agus sin é [do] fábaíl é ar rí-foctar ífúinn.

* "nuair bí" duabairt ré.

† Labairt ré an t-ainm go mar nuaóir.

‡ "an t-impióe" duabairt feiréan.

corpse, and there came a great dispiritedness [*literally*, "*much-drowning*"] over the girl, and she began crying. She went out and told his mother that he was dead.

The story went from mouth to mouth, and one person said to another that it was the girl who had killed him, and they did not know what awful death they would give her.

There was a heap of turf over against the kitchen, and they tied the girl with a chain, fastened in an iron staple that was at the gable of the house, and as soon as ever they would have the body buried they were to put oil and grease on the turf, and give it fire, to burn and to roast the girl.

On Monday morning when they went into the room to put the corpse into the coffin, the minister's son was there alive and alert, in his bed, and he told them the vision that he had seen.

He saw, he said, the fires of Purgatory, the mastiffs of Hell, and the great Devil, Judas, and he told them that it was the glorious Virgin who saved him, and who got him his pardon. She asked it of a request of her One-Son to put him into the world again to teach the people, and she got that request for him; and if it had not been that he had worn the garb of the Virgin [though] only for a moment, when he was on earth, he would not have seen one sight of the country of the heavens for ever; but it was that which saved him from the lowest depths of hell.

Cait ré pead̃t mbliad̃na ar an raog̃al ãs teag̃ar̃s
na ñdaoine, ãsur ãs inñr̃int d̃óib̃ an c̃reideam̃ ceap̃t.
Ãsur c̃ionñtaig̃ a m̃uigh̃in uile 'na s̃Catoileacaib̃,
ãsur ĩr é mac an m̃inir̃t̃eip̃ do cum an d̃án :—

d̃án mic an m̃inist̃eip̃.

Tá an d̃olann 'na lair̃de ãsur í 'na ruan.
Solur l̃ar̃ta ar a h-uad̃taip̃.
Tá na mná c̃r̃iona 'na r̃uir̃de go mál̃la,*
ãsur d̃óib̃ ar s̃m̃uaid̃ na mñaoi ó̃s' (sic) go c̃r̃áir̃de.

Éir̃t̃ig̃iú, éir̃t̃ig̃iú, go mõt̃aig̃' r̃ib̃ mo r̃g̃eala,
an t̃ri ñiú ĩr mó l̃eip̃ an b̃peac̃aú do d̃éañam̃.
S̃eall̃tanar † neam̃-éail̃teanar, ‡ b̃r̃éag̃ãd̃, §
nac buair̃deap̃ta mall̃aig̃te dam̃anta mo r̃g̃eula!

ñíor̃ b̃raoa go b̃raoa mé an t̃-ioñs̃ant̃ar,
t̃ri t̃eiñiú mó̃ma.
An teine buó l̃ú̃ga aca, buó mó í
'ná cúig̃ céad̃o d̃éag̃ mó̃na,
ãsur 'ná lán-r̃léib̃e || ciú buó mó̃r̃ í.

Ann r̃in do d̃onnaic me an t̃-ioñs̃ant̃ar, ¶
na t̃rí m̃air̃t̃íní mó̃ma,
a s̃c̃raopa for̃s̃aib̃te ;
ãsur iad̃ ar l̃ar̃aú
mar̃ d̃oinneal c̃eip̃eac̃
ar̃ éad̃oib̃ an t̃r̃léib̃e **
ãs r̃eib̃eap̃ le m'añam bõc̃t

* "Go máñla."

† = s̃eall̃am̃na (s̃an cóim̃l̃ioñaú, ĩr d̃óig̃).

‡ = neam̃-éap̃t̃anãd̃t̃.

§ "b̃r̃éag̃ãd̃" t̃ub̃aip̃t̃ ré.

|| "lá r̃léiú" t̃ub̃aip̃t̃ r̃eip̃ean.

¶ "an t̃-aoñtar" t̃ub̃aip̃t̃ r̃eip̃ean.

** "ar̃ éad̃oib̃ a r̃léib̃e l̃ar̃t̃í" t̃ub̃aip̃t̃ r̃eip̃ean.

He spent [after that] seven years in the world teaching people, and telling them the right religion, and all his family turned Catholics, and it was the minister's son who composed the dán or poem.

THE DÁN OF THE MINISTER'S SON.

The body, it lies in the sleep of the dead,
And the candles above it are burning red;
The old women sit, all silent and dreaming,
But the young woman's cheeks with tears are streaming.¹

Oh listen, listen, and hear the story
Of what are the sins that shut out from glory.
Promises, lies, penurious hoarding,
How troubled, how cursed, how damned the story!²

But it was there that I saw the wonder!
Three great piles of fire.
And the least fire it rose in a spire
Like fifteen hundred of turf on fire,
Or a burning mountain, higher and higher.

It was not long until I saw
The three great mastiffs,
Their gullets opened,
And they a-burning
Like great wax candles
In a mountain hollow,
Waiting for my poor soul

¹ Literally—The body is lying, and it in its [death] sleep | kindled light above it | the old women are sitting sedately (?) | but tears are on the cheeks of the young woman, miserably.

² Listen ye, listen ye, until you hear my tidings | the three things greatest for making sin | promises [unfulfilled], want of charity, lies | is it not troubled, cursed, damned my story is.

(The rest of the translation in the text is almost literal.)

‘D’alpaó ‘r ‘do méabaó,
 Aşur a ‘tabairt ʒo h-irruonn ‘palaó
 Aş ‘fulaings na péine.*

Tuʒaó mé ʒo ʒeataib irruinn
 ‘Dóigeaó an ʒmuaz ve mo ‘malaiʒ’,
 Cuipeaó cmaíam polí tpe mo ‘ceart-lár,
 níomí móim ‘dam féin † an oíóce ‘tmoirʒear,
 Aşur éiríeaó na maíʒoine muipe ‘aiítear,
 ná beir’ mo ‘curo ‘pola aşur ‘péola ann a luaiíteamh ‘an loirʒte
 Ameaʒ na nuaibál ʒo lá an ‘bpeíteamhnaip.

Ann rin cuipeaó coiríve an ‘dár ‘éaʒ oim,
 buó ‘tpeirpe le n-a n-olcar ‘ná le n-a maítear.
 [Aliter—buó ‘tpeirpe le m’olcar ‘nó le mo maítear]
 ʒaó a nuaemna mé ó bí mé mo leaib,
 ʒʒríobta i bpaípeam’ ‘uiba aşur ʒeala.
 Ceann ann mo láim, aşur ceann am an talaím.
 ʒan ámítaó aşam mo ‘dóim ‘cui a b’polaó. ‡

Am éionntóó ‘taip ‘óiom, taob mo láime veirpe,
 ‘Connaic mé an ʒiúirpe bpeáʒ beannaizíte
 ‘paoi n-a ‘lócail ʒeala,
 ‘D’íarpmiʒ ‘ré ‘óiom, ve na bmaípmiʒ beannaizíte,
 cá ʒ ‘maib mé mo ‘dóimhuíve nuaim bí mé am an talaím,
 náim mé an t-anam boét atá le ‘uul rin mbaima?

Am éionntóó ‘taip ‘óiom, taob mo lánne cléite
 ‘Connaic mé an ‘uaibál móim ‘do fuaim bpaip (?) ||
 Aş ‘uul i mbáimma mo ʒéaʒa
 Aşur ann rin ‘d’ár an ‘taip am m’anam boét,
 aşur, a ‘úa, ó! níomí ‘b’ionʒnaó!

* “An péineac” ‘uibaip ‘ré.

† “Dam péin” ‘uibaip ‘ré, maip ip coiréionn, i ʒConnaótaib.

‡ Labaipítear “polaó” maip “palaó” i ʒConnaóé muiʒ eó.

§ ‘Dairíao “cé” i n-áit “cá” i ʒConnaóé muiʒ eó.

|| = b’ríob. lúoár ip ‘dóiz. Tabairp pá ‘uaemnaan méao ‘d’pocalaib

To tear and to swallow,
To bring down to hell's foulness
In anguish to wallow.

I was taken to the gates of hell,
And the hair was burnt off my forehead,
And a sieve of holes was put through my middle ;
It was then it stood to me, that night I fasted,
And wore the garb of the Blessed Virgin,
Or my flesh and my blood had been burned to a puff of ashes.

It was then the jury of the twelve sat on me,
Their evil will than their good will was stronger,¹
And all that I did since my days of childhood
Was writ upon paper in black and white there ;
One paper in my hand, on the ground another,
To conceal a crime I had no power.

On turning round of me, towards the right-hand side,
I beheld the noble blessed Justice
Beneath his bright mantle,
And he asked of me, with soft blessed words,
"Where was I living when I was on the earth,
And whether I were not the poor soul who had to go to the
bar."

On turning round of me, towards the left-hand side,
I beheld the Great Devil that got the bribe,
Going to fall upon me from above [*literally, "on the top of my
branches or limbs,"*]
And it was then that the thirst grew upon my poor soul !
And, oh, God ! oh ! it was no wonder !

cruaíoe neamh-ghnátaíca atá ann san bán ro, map, "go mála,"
"gealltanar," "neamh-éailteantap," "bhailep."

¹ *Aliter*—"My evil was more powerful than my goodness."

ʊearc mé fuar ar an mairgoin beannuighe
 ʊ'iarra mé imríde uirri—mé tógáil ó na diaibail palac'
 ʊ'irliḡ rí anuar go lútmair tapas,
 leis í péin ar a glúin mín fleanmair,
 ʊ'iarra rí imríde ar a h-don-mnac 'r ar a leanb
 mo éur i mbárra géas ná i lúb na cloíche,
 ná faoi an talamh mara téirdear * an earóg,
 ná an taobh o stuaidió mara féirdear an pneacta,
 ná ann ran scoláinn éadonna as teagars na noadoina,
 —asur beannaect ʊé ʊo beul ʊ'a innrin.

As ro urnaighe an-áluinn ʊo fuair mé rḡríobta le
 míceál piocóiró éigin, i ndeiread an leabair rin an
 mātḡamhnaig air ar labair mé ceana. Tá an píora
 ro tarrainḡte ó'n lairion asur ip riú a fábail ó'n
 mbár. Ar an áobair rin, beirim ann ro é. Sé ip
 ainm ʊó “Urnaighe coitceann ar an uile ocáir.” No
 i lairion, “Oratio universalis ad omnia salutem
 spectantia.” Ip riú an éulair ḡaeḡealac ar an
 urnaighe reo ʊo fábail.

urnaighe coitceann.

O, a ʊia, cḡeirim ionnat, neairtaig mo éirideah;
 muirigim ionnat, ʊaingnig mo muirigim;
 ḡráḡuigim éu, ʊúbail mo ḡráó.
 Ip aitéreac liom ḡur éurdear fearis oir
 méadaiḡ m'aitéreacar.

áḡmuigim éu mara éad-ḡúr mo beactó,
 sannḡuigim éu mara mo éríóḡ ʊéigeanac,
 beirim buirdeacar ʊuit mara mo ríom-éabairéac,
 ḡairim oir mara mo érean-éorantac.

* “Téirdeann” aḡubairt reirdean, as mearḡad, mara ip ḡnátac
 i ḡconactaib, an ʊá fírim rin. i n-“eann” asur i n-“ear.”

I looked up and saw the Blessed Virgin,
 I asked a request of her — to save me from the foul devils.
 She lowered herself down actively, quickly,
 She laid herself upon her polished smooth knee,
 And asked a request of her One-Son and her child,
 To put me in the top of the branches, or in the fold of a stone,
 Or under the ground where the weasel goes,
 Or on the north side where the snow blows,
 Or in the same body again to teach the people,
 —And the blessing of God to the mouth that tells it.¹

Here is a prayer that I found written by one Michael Picóid at the end of that Mahon's book of which I have spoken before. This piece is taken from the Latin and it is worth while to save it from death. For that reason I give it here. It is called a common or general prayer for every occasion. Or in Latin "*Oratio universalis ad omnia salutem spectantia.*" It is worth preserving the Gaelic garb of this Latin prayer.

A GENERAL PRAYER.

O God, I believe in Thee; strengthen my belief.
 I trust in Thee; confirm my trust.
 I love Thee; double my love.
 I repent that I angered Thee,
 Increase my repentance.

I adore Thee as first-beginning of my life.
 I desire Thee as my last end.
 I give thanks to Thee as my ever-helper.
 I call upon Thee as my strong-defender.

¹ i.e., the mouth that repeats the above.

l'ion mo érhoiðe le h-uamhain gan éadóétur,
le muiniúin gan an-óóétur,
le chábáð gan raobáð,
ašur le * žáimveaðar gan iomaimearó.

mo ðia ! doncuig mo érhoiužáð le v'eagna ;
mo toimearž le v' éear,
mo compóritáét leu' érhoime,
ašur mo óioionn leu' éoimáeta.

naomaim† m'uile rmuáinte, bmaéma, žnioimeá, ašur
fulainž, vuit,
ionnar, uaió reo‡ amač, žo rmuáinrinn oit,
žo vtráétfairinn oit, žo raoérhoáinn vuit,
ašur žo bfulónžainn vuit.

ačizeaima, iamaim žo v'éantari vo toil,
ve dičimž žur ab í vo toil,
ašur ari an móð ir toil leat.

ačeuinžim oit roillriž mo éuigrint,
ionlar " (?) mo toil, žlan mo éoir, ašur naomaiž m'anam.

mo ðia ! tabair neait vam
ionnar žo v'éanaim cúitružáð im' éažcoíuib,
žo mbéairainn buaió ari mo caéuigčib,
žo žceairtóáinn mo ómoč-člasona láime,
ašur žo v'áiteóáinn na rubáileiðe
atá roilleamháč vóm' r'áio beačáð.

l'ion mo érhoiðe le žean vo v' maitear,
v'ruat vóm' ločvaid, ve žmáð vóm' éómaimein,
ašur ve éaircuirne vo'n traožal.

žo žcuimnižim,¶ a ðia,
veit úmal vóm' uáetarináib,
dončaižead vo m' iočtaraid,
v'ilear vo m' éáiruib,
ašur capčanač vóm' náimuib.

* "vo" MS.

† v'éioiri "naomaiž."

‡ "uaióri" MS.

Fill Thou my heart with awe without despair ;
 With hope, without over-confidence ;
 With piety without infatuation ;
 And with joy without excess.

My God ! consent to guide me by Thy wisdom ;
 To constrain me by Thy right ;
 To comfort me by Thy mercy ;
 And to protect me by Thy power.

I hallow all my thoughts, words, deeds and sufferings to Thee,
 So that from hence-forward I may think on Thee,
 May converse of Thee, may labour for Thee,
 And may suffer for Thee.

O God ! I ask that Thy will be done,
 Because it is Thy will,
 And in the way Thou wilt.

I beseech of Thee enlighten my understanding,
 Wash my will, cleanse my body, hallow my soul.

My God, give me strength
 So that I may make expiation for my misdeeds,
 So that I may win victory over my temptations,
 So that I may right my strong evil-inclinations,
 And so that I may practise the virtues
 That are suitable to my state of life.

Fill my heart with affection for Thy goodness,
 With hatred of my faults, with love for my neighbours,
 And with contempt for the world.

That I may remember, O God,
 To be submissive to my superiors,
 To be at one with my inferiors,
 Faithful to my friends
 And charitable to my enemies.

§ = "Θεοῦ δμῶς ἕκμ." || δ' ἐρωμ "γονναίε" = νῆς.
 ¶ "Ἑκμ. κυμνίσεα" MS.

Cuiotig liom buaid' vo breit
 Δι colnuigeaet le crádaó,
 Δι fáint le h-almra,
 Δι lapántaet le mioðaireaet,
 Δgur δι φuam-épiádaó le caonouétiáet

Δ Όια, véan cpióna * mé rna neitib gáðar le[m'] δι,
 Cpióda i gcontabaipe, poiçitonaet i n-anhió,
 Δgur úmal i noul-ari-áçaió 'pan tpaogále.

nári véanaim† coióde thepmao
 pá aipe vo éuri le m' uhiñaiçitib,
 meapariódaet le m' ðealaiçitib,
 Oitçiolli le m' éúmam,
 Δgur buantap anñ rna neitib éuipum piótiom.

Δ çiçeapina, múrçail mé éum cóinriar ceape vo coiñéao,
 [Tabaipe óam] móðamlaet vo'n leat-amuiç,
 Cóinriáó tairðeaet, Δgur ioméari miaçalta.

Oéonaiç óam vo píori
 le tpeipe vo breit δι mo náouíri,
 le paómaó vo o' çpiáraið,
 le cóinliónaó o'aitéanpta,
 Δgur le h-oiçpiuçáó mo flánuigete.

poiullriç óam, Δ Όια, neim-niðeaet an voñain-pe,
 mópdaet flaitip Oé,
 çioipmaet na h-aimpipe.
 Δgur paó na píoriuiðeaéta.

Tabaipe óam mé péin vo éuri i n-çpiéamain vo'n ðár,
 paitçior vo ðeit opm piom vo ðpeiðeamnar,
 óamnaó vo peáçaint,
 Δgur pá oéoiç neam vo çnóçuçáó. ‡

çupiað toil leat pá ðeipeaó,
 aitiuçe vo éaðaipe vo h-uile peacaet,

* "Dion cpióna," MS. † "nañ oiionçari," MS.
 ‡ focal píori-ðonnaétaet an focal po.

Aid me to gain a victory
 Over fleshly-desires by piety,
 Over covetousness by alms-giving,
 Over passion by mildness,
 And over hypocrisy¹ by earnestness.

O God, make me wise in the things that pass near me(?)
 Valiant in danger, patient in tribulation,
 And humble in going forward through the world.

May I never forget
 To put heed in my prayers,
 Moderation in my ways,
 Earnestness in my care,
 And perseverance in the things I set before me.

O Lord, stir me up to keep a right conscience,
 Give me courtesy on the out-side,
 Profitable conversation, and orderly bearing.

Vouchsafe me always
 To get the upper hand of my natural disposition
 By inclining to Thy graces,
 By fulfilling thy commandments,
 And by working out my salvation.

Show me, O God, the nothingness of this world,
 The majesty of the heaven of God,
 The shortness of time
 And the length of eternity.

Grant me to put myself into a state of fitness for death,
 To be afraid of Thy judgment,
 To shun condemnation,
 And at last to gain heaven.

Finally, may it be Thy will
 To grant repentance to every sinner,

¹ Literally "cold-piety," by which the Irish always translate, though not very happily, the Greek 'υπόκρισις.' It is here equivalent, however, to the Latin *tepiditas*.

Σίον-βουλ ἀμ ἀξιαὶ το na πίμπυναιθ,
 Σιότέάν το na βεόυαιθ,
 Ἀγυρ ρίον-δοιθνεαρ το na χιετομέαδαιθ ρυαιρ βάρ.

Ιαηραϊμ το uile οητ, α ἱζεαρινα το αοντυζαδ,
 Τηε λυαιθεαδτ ἀμ οἱζεαρινα ιορα χρίορτ,
 Τηε εαυαργυιθε ἀμ μβαιντιζεαρινα βεανнайτε,
 Ἀγυρ na n-uile νάοη,
 Ἀγυρ τηε τοιλ ἀμ ηαοη-ηνάταιη an εαγλαηρ. Ἀμέν.†

Ἀς το παιδιρ ζεαρι ζαν μόριάν ρλαετα ανη, το
 ρυαιρ μέ δ'ημ' εαριαι, an τ-αεταηρ εδην Caethaolac
 Mac Giolla Eáin, C.I., το ρηριόβ ι ρίορ ó βεατ ουινη
 ι ζκοηθαε na Ζαλλιηε.

βεανнайτ θε.

βεανнайτ θε le h-anam ἀμ η-αιτμεαδα, ἀμ μιάτμεαδα, ἀμ ηοεαρ-
 θριάτμεαδα, ἀμ ηυειηθριύμαδα; Ἀγυρ βεανнайτ θε le ἀμ η-anam
 πέηη an lá υειηιό.

Μαιτ, α Ὀια, ραοι फैल ραοιριτιη, βρεϊθεαμнар-αιτμζτε, οεαρ-
 μαο αιρρηηη lá ραοιηη ná Ὀόηηηαιζ, ná ρμάλ ρεααριό ἀμ βιτ.

Ζο μέαουιζιό tu ἀμ an ηγλόμε, Ἀγυρ ζο λαζουιζιό tu ἀμ na
 ριανταιθ, Ἀμέν.

Μά'ρ μαιτ* ατάμαοιο ανοετ, ζο ηβυό ρεαετ μίλε ρεαρι α
 βείρθεαρ† μυιο βλιαδαιη ó ανοετ [ρηηη πέηη γ] ἀμ ζκυρο ι η-αen-
 ρεαετ, [ι] ραοζαλ Ἀγυρ ι ρλάηηη, ι ηζμιάό γ ι η-αβαντύη, ι ηζμιάό
 Ἀγυρ ι θραιτέιορ θε, ι ηζμιάό θε Ἀγυρ na ηοαοιηη, Ἀγυρ α βειτ ó
 na ρεααριό.

Ἀγυρ an τέ α ευηη ρλάν ó'η lá μυρο, ζο ζκυριό sé ρλάν ταηη an
 οιόεηηηη. ζο ζκυριό tu ρλάν ó ζαε ζάβαθ ζο υεό μυρο. Ἀμέν.

* "ρεαρι" ουβαιητ ρειρεαν.

† Το ευηηηηη μο εαριαι, Caeth Mac Néill, cóib de'n Laidion éugam,
 áet ní'l an triómað manu ná na veic líne véizeannaða innri.
 Toρaizeann pé maηη po paη Laidion, "Credo, Domine, sed credam
 firmitus | Spero, Domine. sed speram securius | Amo, Domine, sed

Constant forward-progress to the righteous,
Peace to the living,
And everlasting happiness to the faithful who have died.

I ask of Thee, O Lord, to grant all this
Through the merit of our Lord Jesus Christ,
Through the intercession of our Blessed Lady,
And of all saints,
And through the will of our Holy Mother the Church.

Here is a short, and not very shapely prayer which I got from my friend the Rev. J. C. MacErlean, S.J., who wrote it down from the mouth of a man in the County Galway.

GOD'S BLESSING.

God's blessing with the soul of our fathers, our mothers, our brothers, our sisters; and the blessing of God be with our own soul at the last day.

Forgive, O God, neglect of confession, of penance, forgetfulness of Mass on holiday or Sunday, or any [other] blot of sin.

Mayest Thou increase the glory, and mayest Thou lessen the pains. Amen!

If it is well off we are to-night, that it may be seven thousand times better we shall be a year from to-night, ourselves and our possessions together, in life and in health, in love and in luck, in love and in fear of God, in love of God and men, and [us] to be away from sins.

And He who sent us safe since day-[break] that He may put us safe over the night; and mayest Thou send us safe from every danger for ever. Amen.

† "ῥεαρη ἀρ βέμιο" οὐδαίτε ῥεῖρεαν.

amem ardentius | Doleo, Domine, sed doleam vehementius." Ἀς πο
ἀν λαιον ἀτά ἀρ ἀν ῥεῖρεαο ἡανν. .γ. Voto quidvis | Voto
quia vis | Voto quomodo vis | Voto quamdiu vis. Ὅτεῖν μο ἔπατο
ἀν ἡαλλὰς ἡομ ὅο ἔφαιτ ῥαιτόορ ἀρ ὅφαι ἀρ ἀν ἡβέαῖτα το
cupeaó ὅαεόειλς ἀρ.

An céad uair do dualar an t-an ro, leanar, do b'é
 as féir na Saillime é. 'D' aicéir rean-feair boét, air
 a tucann ríad annan scáitair rin an "Ceannuirde
 Cóir," i gcomórtar ar ron buaire é—ní'l fíor asam
 cao é a fíoinnead. Rug mé do leit-éad é, ioir
 dá comórtar, asur ríuioib mé fíor uair níor mó 'nà
 a leat dé, aét ní raib an t-am asam le n-a éuio-
 nuad. Dubairt mé rin le mo éaraid, Eógan Ua
 Neachtáin, asur nuair fuair pé féin faill ar an rean-
 feair do ríuioib pé fíor an t-iomlán uair, 7 do cuir
 go cineálta eugam-ra é. Ir dóig nac bfuil ann aét
 bló, asur go bfuil dá píora meárgta tré n-a céile
 ann, óir ní meáram go mbaineann na h-oét linte
 torais leir an gcuid eile dé, ó éairt. Tug mé
 éana píora gearr do éorais mar éoraiséann pé reo.
 Ní raib don ainm as an rean-feair air, ir mire do cuir
 an tíodal air. Ir coitíonnn an ríéal i tcaoiib an éoilis.

ADLACAD ÍOSA.

A mairgean módmair, módmair, mairéad,
 Ir tú mo ríóir, mo lón, 'r mo éairge,
 Ir tú mo émann-fóillre le m'anam
 Do éuioinuad go Ríogáet na bflaítear.

An t-don m'ac naomta, ríis na n-aingeal,
 A o'fúlains an páir, an ríat, 'r an marluad,
 As tabairt párad ar an bpeacad
 Do gnímir ar an talam.

* * * * *

Cuiread ann ran tuamba é, le toil Ríis asur veacair,
 Asur b'é an pompla ann ran eadairéa Dia h-doine,*

* "An riompla ann ran eadairéa," dubairt reiréan. Saoil mé
 i ttorad gur b'é "an pompla ann ran nead" adubairt pé.

Literally: O Virgin, courteous, mannerly handsome! Thou art
 my store, my provision, and my resource | Thou art my shaft of
 light to conduct my soul | To the Kingdom of the heavens.

The first time that I heard the following poem was at the Galway Feis. A poor old man whom they called in that city the Ceaunuidhe Cóir [canny core] or Honest Merchant—I do not know his real name—recited it in the competition for a prize. I brought him aside during the interval between two competitions and wrote down from him more than half of it, but I had not time to finish it. I told this to my friend Eoghan O Neachtain, and when he himself got an opportunity he wrote down the whole of it from the old man, and kindly sent it to me. It looks as if there were only a fragment in it, and as if there were two pieces mixed up with one another, for I do not think that the first eight lines belong by right to the rest of it. I have already given a short piece which begins as this one begins. The old man had no name for it. It is I who have given it a title. The story about the cock is common.

THE BURIAL OF JESUS.

Virgin gentle, courteous, gracious,
Whose goodness, which my soul embraces,
A shaft of light through time and space is,
To lead it into heavenly places.

Thy Holy Son, the King of Angels
Suffered passion, wounds, estrangement,
In satisfaction for the ailments
Of the sins which here assail us.

* * * * *

He was laid in the tomb at the will of the King,
He died with pains unstinted,

The Holy One-Son, the King of the Angels | Who suffered the
passion, the terror, and the reviling | Giving satisfaction for the sin
| Which we commit upon the earth.

He was placed in the tomb by the will of the King, and hard-
ship (?) | And he was the example in the afternoon of Friday | The

fuil a éiríodé ag úil trí n-a éaduib a'p gac bhaon ve ag úil
triarna.

a'p go raoilpeá naé fearpaó pé éiríodé.

Bí leac ann ran doimur, dar go veimín éom' uaingean

'S naé uotóspao céao fear i gan rpiónao,

Go uatáinis aingeal ar flaitéar, gur méiríotí pé an bealaé,

'S gur éós pé an leac ar a bfaíonnuir'.

Éainis muirne magoaléine* go h-éarparó arteaé ann,

Go léigirpeao pí cneaváda ápi uTigeapna,

Éuapraiz pí an tuamba, éapit éiméioll, go rgiopéa.

a'p ní bfuair pí don amáic ar íora.

Go bfaicéar pí an t-airéao go méirí coir an balla,

San méao a bí polac ve vo bí pé†

U'fiarpmuiz pí go raiteao "an fearu éú no rat(?) éú?"

no cé nveapmaíó píb acaio(?)‡ ápi uTigeapna.

"níomí fásdaiz mé an áit reó," veir an gárhoa bí 'gá fáire,

'S ní fearac mé cia maíao u'á íarpmuio,

Tá éimín beag coiriz ag fuaíao ran gcoirne."

('S íao a' veir-maíao pá n-ápi uTigeapna).

*Éaoil mire gur uubairt pé "maoiriléire," 7 níomí éuigeap
é i uotpac.

†Ní éuigim an líne reó i gceapit.

‡Ag po nóta vo bí agam óm' éapao eógan ua neacéain i
nGaillim, map leana. "U'airtur an 'Ceannuiríoe Cóipi' an uán
úo ápir uam, aét ip mópi an triuaiz naé bfuil na fiacla ag an
uaine boét. Ní féirípi a lán uá nceirpeann pé vo éuigirint go
beaét, 7 ní'l fiop agam fóp ar uubairt pé 'acaio' no 'écaio',
no map 'acéaoi' no 'écaó.' Veir pé 'an fearu éú no rat éú?'
.i. 'an fearu éú no taródre?' aét raoil mire gur greamuiz pé
'tú' le 'fearu' 7 ápir le 'rát' [feartú no ratú]. Veir pé
'rát,' an 'a' gceapit. Veir pé ápir, "ní'l gar ag cur 'bapmaó'
ar íora," 7 nuair u'fiarpmuizíop éeana ué éreao é 'bapmaó,' veir
pé gur 'bapmaíail é,' aét ip uóiz liom go bfuil an ceapit agao-ra,
gíó nápi éualap-ra apiam' 'bápi pé mé=hestopt me.' [Tá an focail
rin coitcéann i gConaoé Ropcomáin]. Uubairt pé 'toil a' muí'
map 'toilmuí,' don focail amáin, 7 'rompla' map 'riompla.' [Ip
map 'riompla' labairíteapi é i gConaoé Ropcomáin map an
gceáona]. Uubairt pé go gcialluigeann 'eapmuiz' [eapmaíre?]
'tap éir meáon laé,' agur 'bí palac ve, 7c.' 'Bí pé clúoaište
ran áit (ve) a maíó pé clúoaište, agur ran áit naé maíó, ní maíó,'

The blood of his heart on the point of the dart,
And death on his cold face printed.

At the door of the tomb was a stone of gloom,
Not a hundred men could heave it,
But an angel came from heaven like flame
To raise it and to leave it.

The Magdalen came, and she came in her haste,
To wash his wounds in a minute,
She searched through the gloom of the rock-hewn tomb,—
No trace of the Lord was in it.

She saw by the wall the grave clothes all
Lying empty there, and started,
And timidly asked of the soldier guard
“Where has our Lord departed.”

“I was here,” said the guard, “I kept watch and kept ward,
Why seek ye the truth to smother,
I’ve a nice little cock who boils here in my pot—
And the one is as dead as the other.”

[ní tuigim-re an míniúḡaḡ ro], ḡṡur veip ré ṡur ‘maḡaḡ,’ ‘veip-
maḡaḡ.”

ḡṡ rin nóta mo ḡapav an neaḡtánaḡ, ḡ ḡoṡuigeanṡ ré ḡom
veaḡair ḡṡur tá ré na rean-uánta ro vo ḡur ríor i ṡceair.

blood of his heart going out through his side and every drop of it
flowing across Him | And sure, you would think that he would
never stand.

There was a flag in the doorway, and surely it was so firm | That
a hundred men would not raise it without breaking-it-up | Until
an angel came out of heaven, till he redded the road | And till he
lifted the flag out of their presence.

Mary Magdalene came hastily into it | That she might heal the
wounds of Our Lord | She searched the tomb all round about,
hurriedly | And she did not get one sight of Jesus.

Until she saw the grave clothes ready beside the wall | In the
portion [of the tomb] that the cover was off (?) it was | She asked
timidly, “Are you a man or a ghost (?) | Or where have ye made the
room (?) of our Lord?”

“I never left this place,” said the guard who was watching
him | “And I do not know who would go looking for him | I have
a small little bird of a cock boiling [here] in this pot” | (And they
making a mock of our Lord).

["τά εἰνὶν βεῖς κοιλίῃ αὖ πικρὰν ῥαν γκοίμῃ,"
 Δοεῖν πέ, αὖ μαζὰν πέ ν-ἀν ὀτιζέσθην.]
 "Ὁ γο ν-εῖμιζ ἀν κοίλεαὶ ἀμαὶ ἀρ ἀν γκοίμῃ,
 Νι πέτοιμαν διρέμιζε θέαναιν.

Δέτ ὀέμιζ ἀν κοίλεαὶ ἀνίον ἀρ ἀν γκοίμῃ,
 Ἐμαὶ πέ αὖ τὰ ῥιζιάν, ῥ ἐμῇ πέ ῥιζοὺ ἀρ,
 "Μ'οὐδὸν!" ἀρ ῥαν ῥιζοῦ, ῥ ὅαρ νουίζ νι ῥαν ἀνδρῶν,
 "Νί'λ ῥαρ αὖ ἐμ βαρμαὶ ἀρ ἰορῶ."

[Οὐδαίμῃ ἀν ἡμίζεσθαι.]

Τὰ μῖρε τὶνν ἡμεῖοιτε, ῥ νι βεὸ μέ ὀ'α ἐαρβυρὸ,
 Μυρ ρεόλαιρ τὺ μέ ι μβελαὶ αὖ ἔμῃζ' μέ ἐ,
 Κυρρὸ μέ βὰμ ἀννρ ῥαὶ ῥάτῶ ῥ ῥαὶ ῥεαρμαὶ
 ὀ'α νρεαρμαὶ ριὰν τμάρηα ῥα ἐλιαδμὰ.

ι ῥηαίλιρ τὰ σέ ῥν ἀιτ αὖ ἔμῃλ να ἡ-εαρβαίλ,
 ἱρ ἀνν ρύο αὖ ῥεοδρ τὺ ἑμῖορτα.†

[Οεῖν ἑμῖορτα.]

Τὰ μο ἑεαμπολλ-ρα θέαντα γο ναοῖτα αὖ ῥεαοαρ,
 ῥ ἀν ἑμῖορτα ἐμ λαρὰ, ῥαὶ ταοὺ ρε,
 μά βυαίτεαρ ἀν ἐολῶν νι βαοζαλαὶ ρο'ν ἀναμ—
 Δέτ νὰ ῥεαναζαὶ μ'αἰνμ-ρε ἐοιόε.

Αὖ ρο πῖορῶ βεῖς βῖνν εἰλε ἀρ ἀν ὀ'α ἡμῖρε, ὅο
 ρυαῖν μέ ὀ μο ἑαμῖο, Διγνέαρ Νι ῥαῖρδεαλλαίζ, ὅο

† νι λέμ ἐα ρεῖν ὀ'α λῖνε ρεο.

"I have a small little bird of a cock boiling in the pot," | Said he,
 mocking at our Lord | "And until the cock rises up out of the
 pot | It is impossible to make a resurrection."

But the cock rose up, away out of the pot | He shook his two
 wings, and put a crow out of him | "My ochone," says the guard,
 and surely not without cause | "There is no use putting a stoppage
 on Jesus."

[THE VIRGIN SPAKE.]

I am sick and ill, and I am not alive for want of Him | Unless ye

"I've a nice little cock who boils here in my pot
While the camp looks on and sees us,
And until the cock rises out of the pot,
He never shall rise, your Jesus."

With that the dead cock flew out of the pot,
And clapped with his wings, loud crowing,
"Ochone"! cried the man, and his features grew wan,
"Then Jesus is up and doing."

[SPAKE THE VIRGIN].

"I sicken, I sigh, with longing I die,
If ye show me not where to find him,
To put balm in the cuts and the stabs and the wounds,
Wherewith in his side they signed him."

He is gone where are gone the Apostles, and soon
In Galilee thou shalt find him.

[SPAKE CHRIST.]

By Peter my Church has been holily built
With flame of faithful endeavour,
Though the body be stricken the soul hath no guilt,—
Confess ye my name for ever.

Here is another melodious little piece about the two
Marys which I got from my friend Miss Agnes O'Farrelly,

direct me in the way I shall get Him | I shall put balm into every
stab and every cut | That they have made across in His breast.

In Galilee He is, the place where the Apostles are | It is there
you will find Christ.

[SPAKE CHRIST.]

Peter has My Church holily built | And faith [or religion] lit up
on each side of it | If the body be beaten there is no danger of the
soul | but do not ye deny My name for ever.

nuair é ó garún ós í n-ínirmeadhon, no í n-árainn
móir, ní'l fiór agham cía aca.

Ó'éirigh an dá mhúire.

Ó'éirigh an dá mhúire

Óá uairí mórí an lá,

cuasair 'n á' teampoil *

as caoineadh a ngrádh.

Éirigh an t-aingeal

'S á éinneall géal 'na láim,

"Sé 'o beadh, 'mhúire,"

Deir Dá mhóir na ngrádh.

"Cao éirigh naé gcuimnígeann tú

nuairí o'fúlainn tú an páir?

Cao éirigh naé gcuimnígeann tú

nuairí o'fúlainn tú an báir?

"Cao éirigh naé gcuimnígeann tú

An tpleadh nime† tré 'o lár,

feadh ar asur éinneócadh

clann éada asur ádaim?"

* * * * *

Cuimnígh oim-rá,

A clann ádaim asur éadh,‡

asur geobair rídh na flaitir

le congnáin Dé.

* = cum an teampoil.

† "nuairí cuairt an tpleadh nime," uadairt feirean.

‡ "Éada asur ádaim," uadairt feirean.

¹ *Literally*—The two Marys arose | Two hours before the day |
They went to the church | Keening their love.
The angel came | And his bright candle in his hand | All hail, O
Mary | Says the great God of the Graces.

Why dost thou not remember | When thou sufferedst the passion |
Why dost thou not remember—When thou sufferedst the death.

who got it from a young gossoon in Inismaan, or in Aran more, I do not know which.

UPROSE THE TWO MARYS.

Uprose the two Marys,¹
Two hours ere day,
And they went to the temple
To keene and to pray.

There came in the angel
With candle so bright,
"All hail to thee, Mary,"
Said God full of light.

"And dost thou forget it,¹
Thy passion and pain,
And dost thou forget it,
Thy slaying by men?

"And dost thou forget it,
The spear and the threat,
Which no children of Adam
Could ever forget?

* * * *

Remember me, children
Of Adam and Eve,
And the heavens of God
Ye shall surely receive.

Why dost thou not remember | The venomous spear through Thy side | And so excellently well would the children of Adam and Eve remember it.

Remember me [or, think of me] | Ye children of Adam and Eve | And ye shall find the heavens | With the help of God.

¹ In this and the next verse it would appear as though the Virgin were speaking and asking Christ how he could be so forgiving as to appear in the world again after the treatment he had received, because none of the mere race of Adam could be so forgiving.

Δε πο πίορα βεας ó'η ηγαρύν céαona:—

Δ μνιρε na ηγρας.

Δ μνιρε na ηγρά,
Δ μήταρι μνιc όέ,

So ζευιμó tú
Δι mo leap mé. *

So pábálaró tú mé
Δι ζαé uile oic
[So pábálaró tú mé
toiri anam á'r coip].

So pábálaró tú mé
Δι μνιr á'r Δι τίr,
So pábálaró tú mé
Δι leic na bpiar. †

Σάpτα na η-αιngeal
Of mo éionn,
Όia μómmam
Δγur Όia liom.

Δε πο άβpán Δι pάγapт ve na Ruapcaάaró vo πόp
bean Δγur vo έpéις Δ έpειveam. Ní'í pior Δγam cia
h-é vo μinne é, no cia an uair Δι iompuiς an pάγapт,
no cia 'r b'é péin. Fuairpear an óán i leabap vo
pηpíob Seóippe Siolla-an-éioiς, no beil i mbéapla,
vo éómnuις i σCláp-cloinne-μνιμr, i σconvaé
μνις Eó, Δγur vo bí 'na ζαeóeilςteóip clirte. Fuair
pé báp so véiςeannac, Δγur éáiniς an leabap po Δι
péilb mo éapao an Όóctúip Concuáip Maγuióip ann

* "mé Δι mo leap," ouáipr pεiρεan.

† Όo lean na focail eile pео tap éir an μainn fuar, "Όia
έpíopт Δι mo éop, teάéταιpe é Όia i σcoinne m'anama," áct
pάγaim amac íao.

¹ *Literally.* O Mary of the Graces | O Mother of the Son of
God | That thou mayest put | Me on the-thing-best-for-me.

Here is another piece from the same gossoon :—

O MARY OF GRACES.

O Mary of Graces¹
 And Mother of God,
 May I tread in the paths
 That the righteous have trod.

And mayest thou save me
 From Evil's control,
 And mayest thou save me
 In body and soul.

And mayest thou save me
 By land and by sea,
 And mayest thou save me
 From tortures to be.

May the guard of the angels
 Above me abide,
 May God be before me
 And God at my side.

Here is a song upon a priest of the O'Ruaires or O'Rorkes, who married a wife and forsook his religion. I do not know who composed it, nor at what period the priest turned, nor who he was. I found the poem in a book that George Giolla-an-chloig (or Bell, in English) wrote, who lived in Claremorris, in the County Mayo, and who was an expert Irishian. He died lately, and this book came into the possession of my friend, Dr. Conor Maguire, of the

That thou mayest save me | From every evil | That thou mayest
 save me | Both soul and body.

That thou mayest save me | By land and by sea | That thou
 mayest save me | from the flag of pains.

The guard of the angels | Above my head | God before me | And
 God with me.

ran mbaile céadna, agus i' uaidh-rean 'do fuidh mife é. I' uaidh suph r'ghioibh Seoirre Siolla-an-éilais é o béal duine éigin, ran mbliadain 1892, oir buidh gnáth leir gac nio 'do carad air agus 'do taitneis leir 'do cuph rior ann a leabhar.* Nuair bi pé óg 'do éit pé mórlán dá fadgaal i n-iar-ghConnacht agus i n-áiteadail i ar-ghcúlada eile ag tarrainis cáirte na tíre ar páiréar, agus 'gá map-ál 'do'n uachtaránaacht, agus níl don áit a macad pé nac mbeir pé ar éoir na rean adhlán, agus 'do r'ghioibh pé iad ro ann a leabhar 'do péir map fuidh pé iad. Buidh beag de r'gholáiruibh na Gaedheilge i gConnachtaibh 'do b'feairi 'ná é. Ni b'féas a fad go mbuidh éil é 'd'a éinead. Go gcuirigis 'Dia é.

AN SAGART TADH O RUAIRC.

SAGART DE NA RUARCAIS 'DO GLUAIR LEIR NA CAOIRIS RUAÉ,
AR ÉAR AN GAOÉ O STUAÉ NO AN CHUAÉ-FOIRTÚN 'DO'N TÍR REO É?
NAC É REO UOL NA THUARIS 'R A LUARIS A TÉIRÉAR NA DAOINE I GCIÉ,
B'RUADA CHIORTA AIR, BUAILTE, AGUS É AG CUI RUAR AIR 'D'A ÉRÉAD.

I' RUARIS LIOM 'DO ÉRÉAD BOÉT A MEALLAÓ, 'R A R'GARAO RO 'N TÍR,
'S GAN DON DUINE LE N-A B'ÉACANT NO LE NA B'ILLEAO AIR.
LÁ AN TRLÉIBE 'DO BÉARPAIR R'HEAGAIRT 'DO CHIORT
PAOI N-A ÉRÉIGÉAN AIR ÉILTE 'DO BEIT AGAO RAN OIÓC'.

* I' é pé p'iora veirheannac an leabhair, tagann na focail reo 'na uaidh .i. "cuicnuighe lé mife (sic) Seoirre Siolla-an-éilais, ar an m-bóbaile big, a gcláir-clanna-muirir, an xxvi. la 'do'n máirt, MDCCCXCII. Go gcuirid 'Dia cuic mairt oirpáinn uile a n-veirhead air mbeata." Agus tagann ann rin an fann ro—

"Gac don 'do clúinir no 'do leigir mó fannra bez binn,
Dá r'io b'heacard a n-gaoidilge caoin.

Guibead pé an t'adair an mac 'ran spiorad naomh
Cum f'aoir-b'heir 'do t'adair air anam an té 'do r'ghioibh."
seorse bell.

¹ This poem about Teig O'Ruairc is the last in his book, and is fol-

same town, and it was from him that I got it. No doubt George Bell wrote it down from the mouth of some one in the year 1892, for it was his custom to put down in his book everything that he met with which pleased him.¹ When he was young he spent much of his time in Iar-Connacht and other out-of-the-way places, drawing charts of the country and mapping it for the government, and there was never a place he would go but he used to be in pursuit of the old songs, and these he wrote in a book according as he got them. There were few better Irish scholars in Connacht. He was, indeed, a credit to his race.

THE PRIEST TEIG O'RUAIROC.

A priest of the O'Ruaires who departed with the stray sheep !
 Was it the wind from the North, or hard-fortune, that turned him to
 this country ?
 Is not this a sufficiency of wretchedness, considering how quickly
 people go into clay,
 The brand of Christ imprinted upon him, and he again giving up the
 Flock !

I pity thy poor flock, their being deceived and scattered over the country,
 Without anyone to visit them, or to turn them back again !
 On the Day of the Mountain² thou shalt give an answer to Christ
 In the matter of forsaking Him for a consort, to be with thee during
 the night.

lowed by these words, in Irish—"Finished by me, George Giolla-an-chloig, out of the little bó-bhaile in Claremorris, the xxvi day of March, M.D.C.C.C.X.C.I.I. May God put a good end upon us all at the conclusion of our life." And this verse follows—

"Everyone who shall hear or shall read my melodious little ranns
 They are jotted down (literally "speckled" i.e., put down in black
 upon white) in graceful Irish,
 Let Him pray the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit
 To pass a free judgment upon the soul of him who wrote.
 GEORGE BELL.

² The Irish expression for the Day of Judgment.

ναὲ μαίρησ το μιννε ραζαρε νε τὰὸς ο ρυαίρε,
 's leir na galaið sur iompuið ré an τὰοθ ο οτυαίτ,
 μά 'r é laige το ἐπειοιὸς ἐυς ορε iompóð υαίνν
 ἀρ an ζαρηιαίς rin πρεοαίρ ni μαιð tu buan.

Δ ὅια ḡlégil zo ὁρέαδαίό tu ἀρ πρεααδαίð an τρὰοζαίλ
 ὁ 'r léir ὅυιτ ζαὲ don ὀδῖρ ὁ'ά ζευιρμῖμο οῖνν.
 ναὲ τρῡαζ an τέ rin το ἐπίεῖς ἐυ αζυρ το ḡlac le mnaoi,
 ζαν ρρηέ ἀρ bið ἀὲτ έαοαὲ lom caíte cṛíon.

Δ μῖς na n-abrtoí a maítear το na τὰοιουð a n-olc
 ἀὲτ capað zo h-aíteμῖζεαὲ cṛioiðe-ðṛiúḡzte ορε,
 μυρ* nḡlacpaíð tu le πρεααὲ ατά λάν νε loét
 i† n-aímarc na ὁπλαíteαρ ιρ τοααίρ το τὰὸς το ὅυλ.

an τέ το ἐάινις ἀρ πᾶρητέαρ ὁ'άμ ζεαannaὲ zo τὰορ,
 's ἀρ ἐriann na páire sur ταμῖαινεαὲ puií a ἐpioiðe,
 ἀρ a lámaíð nári ḡṛáñna ὅυιτ imteaὲτ ἀρίρ
 ἀρ πεαρη-a'p-bárrι beaz ὁ'páḡail νε το τοίλ ἀρ an ραοζαίλ.

ιρ έαοτμοιμε céille αζυρ cáíðe† το bí
 ἀρ an τέ rin a ὁ'έαλαίς ἀρ αιβίο ἐρίορε.
 ni péioiri naὲ ὁpuií pṛeáñ éiḡin ζαν caíteañ ann το ἐpioiðe,
 το ὁέαρηαὲ leat ζαν don ρτασ, ἀὲτ capað ἀρίρ.

Δ αέαιρ τὰὸς na páire, naὲ náimeaὲ a ὁ'iméiðs tu
 a-nḡan-ḡioṛ το το ἐάιμοιð αζυρ αναζαίð an πᾶρα sur ṛiionnaið
 tu,
 μά puií caíuḡaὲ an τρὰοζαίλ ḡṛáñna buntáire ἀρ το ṛheallao
 υαίνν.

cap ἀρίρ i oṛpáτ, ḡ béið páílte ann ρna flaiðir pṛómat.

ni νε ιαρζαίμῖð ἐρίορε τὰὸς ο ρυαίρε,
 ἀὲτ ραζαρε το ὅιολ an pṛioḡaὲτ a maíρpeαρ zo buan,
 μά capað caol-bean ἐnaoiðte leat, έana ἐpuaíð,
 ζαοίλ an bealaὲ léi ἀρίρ, αζυρ νεan aíteμῖζε luaét.

* = muna.

† "ἀὲτ a n-amarc" MS.

‡ "caíte" MS.

Is it not, alas, for him who made a priest of Teig O'Ruairc !
 Seeing it is with the Galls ¹ he has turned on the north side,
 If it is the weakness of thy faith that has made thee turn from us,
 On that rock of Peter thou wast never steadfast.

O bright God ! mayest Thou look upon the sinners of the world !
 Since to Thee it is plain, every crime that we throw off from ourselves,
 Is it not a pity yon man who has forsaken Thee and taken up with a
 wife,
 Without any fortune but bare worn old clothing.

O King of the apostles, who forgivest to the people their evil,
 But to (*i.e.*, if only they) turn with repentance and contrition to Thee,
 Unless Thou take with (receive) a sinner who is full of evil
 Into a sight of the heavens it is hard for Teig to go.

He who came out of Paradise to buy us dearly
 (Sure upon the tree of the passion the blood of his heart was drawn
 forth),

Out of His hands—was it not abominable for thee to depart again,
 To get a little over-and-above of thy desire in the world.

It is lightness of sense and of chastity that was
 Upon him who stole away out of Christ's habit,
 It cannot be but that there is some root not worn-out in thy heart
 Which shall say to thee to make no delay but to turn again.

Father Teig, my beloved ² is it not shameful how thou hast gone
 Without the knowledge of thy friends, and sure thou hast sworn
 against the Pope.

If the temptation of this vile world has found an opportunity to
 deceive thee from us

Return again in time, and there shall be a welcome before thee in the
 heavens.

Not of the fishermen of Christ is Teig O'Ruairc,
 But a priest who has sold the Kingdom that shall endure everlastingly,
 If thou hast met a slender woman, withered, thin and hard,
 Dismiss her on her way again, and make a quick repentance.

¹ *i.e.*, the English.

² *Literally*, "Father Teig of the part," in this idiom *παίρ* means
 love or affection.

1r pava τὰς βοὲς τεανθαίτε ι μβυαὶοῖτε ἀν τραοῖαι,
 Ἀς ἐμυνηυζαὸ πεακαὶ ἀνν ρ ζαὲ βεαλαὲ ο'ά θρυαίη ἀν τρλίγε,
 1r ο'ε'η τριολ ἐ το κραίτεαὸ ἀρ ἀν μβεαλαὲ νάη ἐμρ ρρέαη ἐεαρτ
 ραοι,

no oe na caoimhí peadomail a o'éalaíḡ ar an tmeuo úo éríor.

'Sé pecaὸ na o'múire to múc na ḡmárta
 b́i ḡḡao ar o'túr le cúmáct an ḡára.*
 áct átmuḡ to éurpa ḡur viúltaíḡ to mnaíb an τραοῖαι,
 ταρμαίḡ go h-úmal ḡur béro † ζαὲ cúρ ο'ά noeapnaíρ ραορ.

τρéḡ to éile ḡur ταρμαίḡ ḡan ρḡíct
 ραοι úén an té to céapáὸ ο'áη ḡceannaḡ go o'aoρ.
 naḡ θρυil ρéala oρt naḡ ρéioρi to ρḡapamaíain leat éoiúct,
 á'ρ ó'η τρέαὸ ρin liúteρ go ḡcapaὸ tu apír. ‡

1r τρυαḡ liom an Ruapcaḡ to caílleaὸ le mnaoi,
 'S a émuáὸ-foρtún níor éualaiὸ mé ar ḡḡapart apiaíh,
 ḡluair leat ραοι θυαίὸρεαὸ éum τ' áctar apír
 ḡur ḡeoḡair ρuarḡaíte anuar o ḡlaítear na naom.

τρéḡ ζαὲ don éðr oe to ḡlíḡe ḡeacaiḡ,
 'S páz ḡeíúteac i n-éiric to neam-aiḡmḡe,
 1r beaḡ éipeacḡ ar éirḡ o'η τραοḡal leat-ρa,
 'S an τρέαὸ ρin liúteρi ḡḡaoil uait ρeapta.

Δ ḡḡapart beannuḡct a ο'átmuḡ to émétrie
 o tcapoíl ḡeaoair, ḡḡ teapapḡ bḡéḡe,
 1r o'ípeac náη ρeacap uuit to éuo oíct-éílle
 'S a ḡioρpaíoe úuit-ρe an lá ann a n-éapḡair,

ann a ρínpear ρíor to éolann bḡéḡaḡ
 ann ρan uaiḡ ḡḡ beaḡuḡaὸ ḡ péirte
 'S naḡ o'tuapáὸ to ḡaolta apír to ο' ḡéacáint,
 U'pupura aiḡne oom-ρa || go ρaíb tu [ḡḡ] caílleam' to éílle.

* "an ḡára naomíct," MS.

† "b́i" MS.

‡ laḡairítear an ρocal ρo go minic i ḡconnaḡtaíb mar "apírte,"
 ḡur 1r an-am oeirítear i ḡan τ to cuρ leir. i. "apír."

Long is poor Teig bound in the trouble of the world,
 Gathering sin in every road to which he has found the way,
 He is of the seed that was scattered on the wayside, that never put
 under it a proper root,
 Or he is of the stray sheep that have wandered away out of yon flock
 of Christ.

It is the sin of adultery that has quenched the graces
 That thou haddest at the first, through the power of the Pope,
 But change thy course, and refuse (give up) the women of the world,
 Come humbly, and every turn that thou hast committed shall be free
 (forgiven).

Forsake thy consort, and come without pause
 Unto Him who was crucified to buy us dearly,
 Is there not a seal upon thee, that it is impossible to ever separate
 from thee,
 And from yon flock of Luther mayest thou return again.

I pity the O'Ruairc who has been lost by a woman,
 And his (*i.e.*, such) hard fortune I have never heard of (falling on) a
 priest.

Proceed, under trouble, to thy Father again,
 And thou shalt receive redemption down from heaven of the saints.

Forsake every crime of thy sinful way,
 And receive a settlement in eric for thy unrepentance.
 Small is the value of all of the (fortune of) life that has succeeded
 with thee,

And dismiss from thee henceforth yon flock of Luther.

O blessed priest that hast turned thy accomplishments
 From the Church of Peter, teaching lies,
 It is plain that all thy lack of sense was not evident to thee
 Considering how near to thee is the day in which thou shalt die.

In which thy lying body shall be stretched down
 In the grave, feeding the worm,
 And thy kin shall never come again to visit thee;
 It was easy for me to know that thou wast losing thy sense!

‡ "Δ βεαὐτὰιβ." MS.

|| "ὁόρΔ," MS.

O! rúto é an lá, mo éireac-máirne! go mba léirió duit
 Sác a n-éirínead tu ariam de péacaidí' arí tráoşal ro,
 Tiucpaio õmõs * malluizte na láime cléite
 Arí óat an şuaile, a' rşieadaiş 'r aş béicil.

aş cóimiac,† 'r aş leaşan milleáin arí a éile,
 ni béiró ceao raomta‡ aca na reunta,
 béiró a şcõimteaşa rşmíobta i şclári a n-éadain,
 an t-olc 'r an máit, 'r iau rşmíobta i n-éinpeaít. §

péac árteaó ann rna cmiócaio véißeannac'
 's i bpocalaio cmiaró an "Recantation,"
 'óean oo éapaio leir an ácairí o laoşaire,||
 's muna n-éanaró rin máit duit, ní'l neapc aşam réim oit.

Ni léirió dain cao é an "Recantation" arí arí laðair
 an óan şuar, áct tá an pocal céatona i n-abrán eile
 oo éualaró mé, cóimráó ioirí beirt mnaoi. Paapaor
 nac bfuil an t-iomlán de'n abrán airteaó şreanna-
 mail ro aşam, áct veir an trean-cáilleac p'potaarúin
 leir an trean-cailliz şaeóealaz.

Óiúltaz oo na h-acairí (?) rin
 aşur reun an cmióeaín şaeóealac,
 aşur iompuiş leir na p'potaarúin
 aşur léiz oo Recantation.
 béiró riúntar an oo family,
 aşur buaóacáil aşao t'réir rin,
 şeoðaró tu veire o'n n Government
 ni h-ionnann a' luét na véirce.

Ir óóiz şur óiúltaz an bean şaeóealac oo'n
 cuircaó ro, aşur şur óubairc rí ruo éigin arí ron an

* "An õmõs" MS.

† "Cóimieacan" MS.

‡ "Saoiaó ácaó" MS.

§ Şmíobtarí an líne reo le peann-luaizge marí leanaş, "an t-olc
 aşur an máit a n-eanaét rşmíobtaiz." Ir mipe ó' ácpuiş í.

|| "Father O'Leary," ran MS.

Oh! that is the day—my morning spoil!¹—in which shall be plain to thee

All that thou hast ever done of sin in this life,
The accursed troop of the left hand shall come,
Of the colour of coal, screaming and roaring.

Fighting, and laying blame upon one another,
They shall have no leave of freeing (themselves) or denying.
Their crimes shall be written on the forehead of their faces,
The evil and the good, and they written together.

Look into the "Final Ends,"²
And into the hard words of the "Recantation,"³
Make thy complaint to Father O'Leary
And unless that do thee good, I have no help for thee myself.

It is not plain to me what is the "Recantation" of which the above poem speaks. The same word occurs in another song that I heard, a dialogue between two women. Unfortunately I have not the whole of this curious and amusing song, but the Protestant old woman says to the Gaelic old woman :—

Refuse those ways (?)
And deny the Gaelic faith,
And turn with the Protestants
And read your "Recantation."
There will be respectability in your family,
And victory for you, after that,
You will get a nice job from the Government
Not all as one as the people who beg.

Apparently the Gaelic woman refused this invitation, and said something on behalf of her own religion, for the

¹ A common Irish idiom meaning an intensified "Alas"!

² Probably the poem of that name, a portion of which I have already given.

³ This is not plain to me.

éireoinn 'do bí aici, díri d'fheadair an trean-bean eile
 arís i, as cup i gcéill d'í cia an róir éireoinn é rin,
 dar léi féin!

má mhúineadar do lesson tuir
 níor fofair rias do fúile,
 níor léis tu mian do "Cepament,"
 ná focal de na h-úgairi.
 dá mbeir do pócaró lán asao
 ní baogal naé bfuigead maiteammar,
 dá mbainfeá ceann de photarún
 geobair tu absolution!

Doir bheadh é reo, ir trias san an t-iomlán de
 asam.

Níor b'é an riasar tadhs O Ruairc amáin do
 meallad le mnaoi. Ní mearaim go bfuil don abhán
 níor coitcionnta i gConnactair ó tuair, ná an
 "Cairveas bán" no an "Briatair buairdearta." Ir
 iomda tuine cuatar cuio de'n abhán triaighnéileas
 ro uair, asur cuir mé le céile é ó na cóipeannair
 éasraimla do fuair mé ó béal na ndaoine, asur ó'n
 gcóir do fuair mé i leabair Seóirre Giolla-an-éiois,
 acit eireoinn go bfuil dá abhán, no tri cinn, meargta
 le céile ann ro.

an cairveas bán no an briatáir buairdearta.
 a daoine, an trias lib an briatáir buairdearta,
 atá d'á fuasat anonn 'r anall,
 meargt gleannra toirca asur pléibte uaigneas,
 go ndearnao gual d'á éiríde 'na láir.*

* As ro mai fuair mé an dá ceatmáin reo ó tuine eile.
 buadail buairdearta mé, cuiread ar fuasat
 asur cuiread fuais oim anonn 'r anall,
 i ngeall ar éailín cá m'inninn buairdearta
 asur minnead gual de m' éiríde ann mo láir.
 báitead mo guala go dtí mo éluara
 asur fuair mé fuasat glan géar ó'n mbár.

other old woman answered her again, giving her to understand what kind of a religion that was, according to her own idea of it.

If they taught you your lesson
 They did not open your eyes,
 You never read the Testament
 Nor a word out of the authors,
 If you had your pockets full
 There is no fear but you would get forgiveness,
 If you were to cut the head off a Protestant
 You could get absolution !

This is fine satire. I wish I had the whole of it.

It was not the priest Teig O'Ruairc alone who was deceived by a woman. I think there is hardly any song better known in North Connacht than the Caisideach Bán [Cosh-ă-dăch Bawn] i.e., the Fair-haired Cassidy, or the "Troubled Friar," as it is also called. Many is the person from whom I have heard parts of this sorrowful song, and I have put it together from the various versions which I got from the mouths of the people, and from the copy which I got in the book of Seóirse Giolla-an-chloig; but I believe there are two songs, or even three, mixed up together here.

THE FAIR-HAIRED CASSIDY,

OR

THE TROUBLED FRIAR.

Friends, are ye sad for the troubled Friar,¹
 Scorched by desire and blight of soul,
 Roaming through valleys and lonesome mountains,
 While all his heart is a kindled coal.

'S ní't duine a éualairé mo rígeál an uairín
 náir óubairt go mbuó éruag boét an Cairíveac bán.

¹ *Literally*: O people, do ye think him a pity, the troubled friar | who is being routed backwards and forwards | amidst dark valleys and lonely mountains | until a coal has been made of his heart in his middle.

'D'at mo fuaíllne go dtí mo éluara,
 aḡur fuair mé fuasḡaó ḡlan ḡéar ó'n mbár,
 ní'l buine do éualao mo rḡéal an uair rin
 náir óubairt go mbuó tḡuaḡ é an Cairíveac bán.

Ir rúo í riari, an eala ḡléḡeal
 aḡur í coih ḡleurt a le mnaoi an mḡḡ,
 an oiróce ruḡaó í ar bhoinn a mátar
 í ḡcoinne mo báir do éainis rí.

náir ruarac 'na h-éasḡair óá bráḡainn éime
 a'r mé 'ḡ mo féanaó aḡ mo éairíob ḡaol,
 a'r tu ḡ mo mairbáó le do ḡean, a rḡéir-béan,
 a éuaíó mé ['óá] h-éilíuḡaó aḡur naé bḡuḡinn.

mī ar íléibíob rḡaolí a díóear mo mīan-ra *
 acé í nḡleanncaíob aolbne mbíonn mear aḡ rár,
 ba aḡur laolḡce aḡur bḡic na rḡaolíob
 cḡuicneacé bḡíob aḡur eóina bán.

bíonn mīl ar luacra aḡur im ar uaétar
 a'r í lár an fuaéar' bíonn na ba rḡaolí óáir,
 's óá mbeinn-re cḡíona deit m'áruv óearca
 aḡur mīl óá taóómaó aḡ mo mḡuinnín bán.

naé bravaé bréasac cuireao í ḡcéill oí
 naé brápann féar ann ran áit a mbím,
 naé oirḡ ó'n nḡealaḡḡ a roillre bréḡe
 's naé lapann rḡealt ann ar feao na h-oiróe' !

* Tá an ceatḡama ro, 7 an ceatḡama leanaḡ, ann ran aḡrían
 "An corḡ-ḡliab" mair an ḡcéaona, aḡur í n-aḡrían ar a oirḡann
 rḡao "An mīleann bán" í Aran.

My shoulders have swelled to my ears | and I have got a clear
 sharp warning from death | there is not a person who heard my
 story at that time | that did not say that he was a pity, the Fair-
 haired Cassidy.

Yonder she is, back there, the bright-white swan | and she as well
 dressed as the wife of the king, | the night that she was born from
 her mother's womb | it was for the purpose of my death she came.
 [This verse occurs also in the song of the "White Mill" in Aran.]

Were it not miserable, without her, if I should get [all] Ireland |
 and I being denied by my friends and relatives | and you killing
 me with your affection, O sky-woman | whom I went to ask for, and
 might not get.

His ears are shrunk to his rounded shoulders,
 And death has called him with one loud call,
 And not a man who has known his story
 But says "Alas! for the Bráthair Bán."

Saw ye her passing, the swan so slender,
 Graceful and tender and queenly bright,
 Alas! the day that her mother bore her,
 Fate set before her my death and blight.

What were, without her, the whole world's riches,
 When she bewitches, I all forget,
 You are killing me, love, with your love. I met you.
 I tried to get you. I could not get.

On no wild mountain, but in a valley
 Fruitful and happy, my love shines bright,
 Where trout are leaping and calves are lowing,
 And red wheat growing, and barley white.¹

Where the rush drops honey, the cream makes butter,
 And no cold comes from the skies above.

Had I been prudent I might be in it
 And pouring honey for her I love.

Oh! false and cruel the things they told her,
 That where I rove no grass will grow;
 That the moon keeps back her borrowed light
 And the stars of the night refuse to glow!

Not upon mountains of heather does my desire (love) be, | but in
 delightful valleys in which fruit is growing, | cows and calves and
 trout in shoals, | yellow wheat and white barley.

There be's honey on the rush and butter on (the) cream, | and in
 the midst of the cold the cows are fruitful, | and if I had been wise
 my abode would be made, | and my fair love would have honey
 pouring-out-abundantly.

Was it not meanly and lyingly she was given to understand | that
 no grass grows in the place where I be, | that there comes not from
 the moon her false beams [i.e. beams borrowed from the sun] | and that
 no star gleams throughout the night.

*This verse and the next are found in various songs; I have heard
 them often. There are verses like them in the song of the "Curlew
 Mountains" and the Aran song called the "White Mill."*

So n-éalaig an fuáct a'r teap na ghréine,
 So n-éasparó éirís ran muir gan bhaon,
 So n-éirig' an fairsige or cionn na rléidte
 So bhrát ní féanfao cuio mo éiríóe.

Sigirín (?) Lágað a vtus mé ghráó vís,
 An dean ir áilíne rna bailtíð í,
 Tá cáe v'á gráó gur baogalað vaim-ra
 Má leasaim lám ar a bholíac mín.

ní'l cóir ná cáin im' aghairó ran áit reo
 áct rúgráó a'r meadóir, 'r so n-ghaibim fonn,
 A póbail éatagis fairsigim trát vís
 An milleann ghráir beir vóanaim ghrinn.

Lá v'á' éirigear faoi'n scoill éraobais
 Do carao orim rphér-dean a'r í buaint enó *

* * * *

nað oic na tréitíre éis im' innitinn
 Gur fairsige ar mo slánuigteóir ! †

* * * *

* níor rghrób Seóirre mac Siolla-an-élois an cuio eile ve'n
 ceatramain ro; áct as ro mar éualar é ó fean-feap ve muinntir
 palamain vo dí i gcairleán riabac i sconnóe Rorcomáin,
 bliadóanta ó foín—

v'áitir mé léi so mba bhrátair vó mé
 S so n-óanraí a h-éirteact ar cúpla póg.

asur lean an ceatramain eile reo nað vtusann Seóirre mac
 Siolla-an-élois ar cóir ar bié.

v'umlaig an cúilfionn vaim ar a glúnaib
 asur fapair, rinneap an nio náí cóir,
 óir buó é an bpeiteamnap-áitirge dí ar an gcúir rin
 gur goio mire uaiti ríúcia a póg.

v'áitir mé an line veirheannað, ríuo beas.

† níor rghrób mac Siolla-an-élois an vó line eile ve'n
 ceatramain reó, asur ní éualar mé féin apuam iao.

Till the Cold and Heat of the Sun shall depart, | till the fish shall
 die in the sea without a drop (of water), | till the ocean shall rise over
 the mountains, | I shall not deny for ever the portion (love) of my
 heart.

But till the seasons are passed for ever,
 Till sea and river are all gone dry,
 Till the onset of ocean the rocks shall sever
 This heart shall never its love deny.

I gave my love, until then a stranger,
 To her, the fair one of all the land,
 Now each one tells me of death and danger
 From laying my hand in her snow-white hand.

Ah ! men have nothing to say against me
 Except my mirth and my gift of song ;
 Tell me, good people, is grace made little
 By things like these—that ye make them wrong ?

That day I walked in the leafy green-wood,
 And met her picking the nuts so brown.¹

How evil the thoughts of my hid desire,
 They anger my Saviour, they weigh me down.²

Courteous Sigrin (?) to whom I have given love, | the most beautiful woman in the villages she, | everyone is saying that it is dangerous for me | if I lay my hand upon her smooth bosom.

There is neither crime nor fine against me in this place, | but mirth and merriment, and that I sing an air. | O friendly people, I ask (this) time of you, | does it destroy grace to be making mirth?

On a day that I arose beneath the branchy wood | I met the sky-like woman and she picking nuts |

Are they not evil, the ideas (*literally* "*accomplishments*") that come into my mind | putting anger upon my Saviour. |

¹ Séoirse Giolla-an-chloig, did not write the rest of this verse, but the completion of it, as I have heard it orally, is as follows, "I told her that I was a friar of God, | and that I would hear her for a couple of kisses." | According to a version I heard from an old man named Fallon, who used to be in Castlereagh, in the County Roscommon, another verse followed this. "The coolin bowed down to me on her knees, | and alas ! I did a thing that was not right, | for the penance that was in that case | was that I stole from her the sugar of her kiss"

² He did not complete this verse either, and I have never heard it orally.

mo éiríod go brádao má gnióim níor mó é
go dtéir mé i gcómhra rínte i gcill,
ašur cuirim impióe ar Ríš na glóire
na peacaíó móra ro éógbáil díom.*

Cuirfeann rḡéal an bḡádaí buaibearḡa do cuiread
ar miḡe le ḡrád do mḡnaoi, rḡéal ar ḡašarḡ eile ann
mo cúimne. Do cuiread an rḡašarḡ eile reo ar miḡe
go míoḡbúilead, má'r fíoiḡ do'n rḡéal, ašur níoiḡ óuine
cíoḡnntaó do bí ann, aóḡ leaó-naom. Iḡ maíḡ an
pompla an rḡéal ro ar an ḡcaoi a n-iompuiḡeann na
daoine ruo náóúḡa go ruo míoḡbúilead ann a n-inn-
tinnib féin, o'a óeiriugad ašur o'a ḡleuraó fá cúlaíó
ionḡantaíḡ. Fuair mé an rḡéal ro ó ḡḡóinḡiar
O Conóubair, ašur fuair reirean é ó fearḡ o'a'r b'ainm
Tomár ḡruaḡe—buó é rin an t-ainm do óuḡ ré
oam-ra—láim le loó-ḡlinne i ḡConoae Roḡcomáin.
O'aḡuiḡ me na h-ainmneada ann ran rḡéal ro, óir
tá cuio de na daoinib beó fóiḡ, maḡ óeiriom. Ní'l
an áit aóḡ cúḡ nó, ré de mílḡib óm' áit-óóḡnuíde
féin.

* Do méiḡ cuma eile atá ar an aḡḡán, do fóiḡ an bḡádaí an
bean, óir aš ro o'a óeaḡmaḡain eile de'n aḡḡán maḡ óualaíó mḡe
iao ó'n bḡalaḡnaó.

Do bí bean-uaraḡ real o'a luad liom
ašur cuir mé ruar dí, óeao fapaíḡ ḡeaiḡ
ašur fóiḡ mé an rḡuaic-bean na mala ḡruama
Do rinne ḡual díom, i láḡ mo éleíó.

O'a mbeíḡ an chance rin ar óaḡraínn an teampoiḡ
óeíóinn ran am rin ar mo óómaḡle féin,
aóḡ, anoiḡ, tá mé caillḡe a'r ní'l ḡar i ḡcaint oim
ašur beíó mo élaḡn boóḡ aš ḡol mo óeíḡ.

Óualaḡ, i oḡríomad líne na óeao óeaḡmaḡna ruar, i n-áit "na
mala ḡruama" na focaíḡ "ran mbaíḡe ḡruama," ašur ó óuine
eile na focaíḡ "aš Donn na Cḡuaíḡe."

If I do it, may ruin and death come o'er me,
 And the coffin open to take me in,
 But I pray this night to the King of Glory
 To lift from my soul its load of sin.¹

The story of the troubled friar who was driven mad by love for a woman brings to my recollection the story of another priest. This other priest, however, was driven mad miraculously—if it is true for the story—and he was not a guilty but a half saintly person. This story is a good example of the way in which people change a natural thing to a miraculous one in their own minds, ornamenting and dressing it up under a garment of wonder. I got this story from Próinsias O'Connor, who got it from a man of the name of Thomas Gruairc—that was the name he gave me—who came from near Lough Glynn in the County Roscommon. I have changed the names in this story because I believe there are some of the people alive yet. The places spoken of are only five or six miles away from where I am writing.

My destruction may I find, if I do it any more | until I go into a coffin,
 stretched in the churchyard, | and I put my request to the King of Glory | to lift from me these great sins.

¹According to another version of this song, the friar married the woman, for here are two other quatrains of the song as I heard them from Fallon.

There was a lady once on a time betrothed to me (*i.e. the Virgin*),
 And I gave her up, a hundred times bitter alas !
 And I married the hard(?) woman of the gloomy brow,
 Who has made a coal of me in the middle of my breast.
 If that chance had happened at the threshold of the Church
 (*i.e., before I was ordained a friar.*)
 I would have been then at my own disposal,
 But now I am lost, and there is no use in talking about me,
 And my poor children shall be weeping after me.

AN SAĠART ĊUAIÒ AR MIRE.

Nìor mò nà veic mbliaðain aḡur dā ficeað ó pòin
bì muilleoiri dāri b'ainm Donncaò O Rìain 'na còm-
nuirde i mbaile beaḡ ari a tucann riad
i bpoisgreac̃t mìle do . . . i gconðae Ror-
comáin, aḡur bì muileann aise i nḡari do'n bōcari.

Bì Donncaò na cnapall [mairtineac̃] ó'n am ari
cui ri pé an muileann ari bonn.* Deiri dāoine ḡo
táinis ḡruaḡac̃ beaḡ ruad̃ cuise don orōce amáin
nuairi bì pé aḡ pñocaò na bñón-muilinn, aḡur ḡur
leis pé do cēann de na clocaib̃ móra tuitim ari,
aḡur ḡur ab é rin do cneapall é. 'D'farruig an
feairín beaḡ ḡruaḡac̃ de, "Cia aca ir feairi leat,"
ari pé, "do bean, do m̃ac, nā tú féin do veic ari
m̃ie?"

"Ní'l aḡam ac̃t don m̃ac amáin aḡur ní'l baog̃al
m̃ie ari, tá pé ran ḡcoláirte anoir aḡur beir̃ pé 'na
fagaḡt paol cēann m̃iopa, aḡur mairi le mo m̃nao,
'rí an bean ir ciallm̃ie ann ran bpaḡm̃airte í."

"Ir mair̃ an rḡeuluir̃de an aimir̃i," ari ran feairín
beaḡ ruad̃.

Bì ḡo mair̃ aḡur ní ruib̃ ḡo h-olc. 'D'imc̃ig m̃i
tair̃t, aḡur táinis Eóḡan mac 'Donncaò Uí Rìain
a-baile 'na fagaḡt. Bì fáilte m̃or̃ pòim̃ an aḡair̃
Eóḡan, ní h-é amáin aḡ a aḡair̃ aḡur a m̃āc̃air̃ féin
ac̃t aḡ h-uile d̃uine ann ran ḡcóm̃arraḡac̃t, mar̃ bì

* ní abḡann an rḡeal é, ac̃t ir pollupac̃ ḡur̃ cui ri pé an
muileann ari bonn i n-áit do bí aḡ na 'Dāoinib̃ mair̃te [na Sirdéḡa]
orōib̃ féin, ḡ ḡur̃ cui ri pé feair̃ḡ oḡra.

¹ He had evidently built the mill on a spot that the "good people"

THE MAD PRIEST.

More than fifty years ago there was a miller of the name of Dennis O’Ryan living in the little village of within a mile of in the County of Roscommon, and he had a mill near the road.

Dennis became a cripple from the time that he founded the mill.¹ People say that a little red *gruagach* or wizard came to him one night when he was pricking the quern of the mill, and that he let one of the great stones fall on him, and that it was this that crippled him. The little wizard man asked him, “which do you prefer,” says he, “your wife or your son or yourself to go mad?”

“I have only one son, and there is no danger of madness on him; he is in the college now and he will become a priest within a month, and as for my wife, she is the most sensible woman in the parish.”

“Time is a good story-teller,” said the little red man-*een*.

It was well, and it was not ill. A month went by, and Owen, son of Dennis O’Ryan, came home a priest. A great welcome was before Father Owen, not only from his father and mother, but from every one in the neighbourhood, for himself and his father and mother were greatly respected.

or fairies, *i.e.*, the *sídheóga* or Tuatha De Danann themselves, lived in, invisible, of course, and unknown to men-folk. They had probably given him a warning to desist from his work, and he had neglected it. This is the suppressed premise of the story, but all Irish speakers would supply it for themselves as something self-evident.

ré féin agus a dtáir agus a má táir faoi mear mór. An céad Dómnac, tar éir teacht a-baile úd, léig ré Aifionn i dteach-pobuil . . . —buó é rin a céad-Aifionn, aót mo léan! buó é an t-Aifionn deiridh dá'n léig ré siam. An oirde rin féin táinig mife air. Fuair ré páirí 7 faoil ré ríoríac a má táir do gearrad. An maidin, lá ar n-a márac, ríoré ré h-uile gheim éadais do bí air, agus ar go brát leir, tío an tír, agus é lom-nocta, agus leabair mór do ríoró ré féin i nGaeóil agus i Laidion ar mulla a cinn.

Bí an t-áir líonta le bión agus le bipead crioite, agus nuair eualaid an má táir an ríor a siab a h-aon-mac ann, bí sí féin beag-naé ar mife, com maid leir. Cuiread reairíoríantúige i ndiais an áir eógan, agus tugad ar air é, aót búr ré uata air, agus air eile, 7 b'éigin dóib céad a cinn do tábairt do faoi deiread.

Ní coirdeólad ré áir ar bí aót ann ran muileann agus ní áitíre ad ré gheim bí ar bí aót min agus bíolar, agus ní iacad ré a coirle gan an leabair mór faoi n-a céann. Ír minic faoil na daoine an leabair do goir uaid, aót níor féadadair, agus ní ríarad ré leir, cor ar bí.

Buó gnát leir dul go páiré mór, i bpoisreacht leir-míle do'n muileann a siab go leórí caoiris agus uain innti. Suidéad ré ríor i lár na páirce agus ní siab caora ná uain innti naé mbeir cnuinnigte 'na cinníoll, agus coruigead reirean as léigead dóib ar an leabair mór, agus fearad ríor as éiríte leir go mbeir ré páirigte. Ann rin do

The first Sunday, after coming home of him, he read Mass in the chapel of . . . , that was his first Mass, and, my grief! it was the last Mass ever he read. That very night madness came upon him. He got a razor and thought to cut his mother's throat. In the morning, the next day, he tore every bit of clothes that was on him, and off and away with him through the country, and he naked, and a great book which he had written himself in Irish and Latin on the top of his head.

The father was filled with grief and with heartbreak, and when the mother heard of the way in which her only son was, she herself almost went distracted as well as he. Servants were sent after Father Owen and he was brought back, but he broke from them again, and yet again, and at last they had to give him his own way.¹

He would not sleep in any place except in the mill, and he would not eat a morsel of food at all except meal and watercress, and he would not go to sleep without the great book under his head. It was often the people thought to steal the book from him, but they were not able; and he would not part with it at all.

It was his custom to go to a large field within half a mile from the mill, in which there were numbers of sheep and lambs. He used to sit down in the middle of the field and there was never a sheep or a lamb in it that would not be gathered round him, and he used to begin reading to them out of the great book, and they used to stand listening to him until he would be tired. Then they used to come, each one of them, and lick his hands.

¹ Literally "give him the leave of his head."

tigeadh fad don acá, agus do ligeadh riam a lámha. Bí fear uair bhainm beaon O Ríoróin as éirteacht leir don uair amháin, a-san-píor úd, agus eus ré a-baile leir an treanmóir do eualair ré an t-áitir Eógan d'a tabairt dona caoircaib.

"I n-ainm an áitir an míc agus an Spioraio Naomh. Amén.

"Éir liom, sib-se atá san beacá. Tá sib faoi cúram Dé. Tá fear 7 luibheanna as fáir daoib, agus tá eualair deir bhán orraib le buir gcongháil teit agus tirim. Agus ní'l don bheiteamhar orraib i n-iais buir mbair. Tá sib níor rógha 'na clann Éab do rugad i beacá, agus beit riam d'a n-ógha i oteine móir i n-irionn go ríorruide tar éir a mbair, muna mbeit 'sur cuir Dia, Rí an Domáin, a don míc anuair ar flaitear le rompla agus le teagaras do tabairt dóib, agus le n-a rábáil. Acht feuc an cúitigead eusadair úd ar ron a tmoiblóide. Mar-laiseadair 7 buaileadair é, agus caiteadair rmugairle palac ar a éadan nó naomta. Cuireadair croidin dealgac ar a ceann, agus bhuig riam ríor i go daigíon [daingean] air; agus 'na daigí rin érócadair é ar ériann. Acht nuair bí ré as págail báir d'iair ré ar a áitir maiteamhar do tabairt dóib i n-iais na tpoó-úráide eusadair úd, óir do rinne ré iam ann a deilb féin, agus tairbeán ré dóib a móir-cúmhacta le miorbhúiltib ar an tpaogal ro. Úrait lúdar bpaodac é, agus ceil beaon an t-eirbal é, acht 'na daigí

² The Irish when speaking English feel the want of a distinctive plural form for "you," "your"—these being now used as singular

There was a man of the name of Peter O'Riordan listening to him once, without his knowledge, and he brought home with him the sermon that he heard Father Owen giving to the sheep.

"In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

"Listen to me, ye that are without sin. Ye are under the care of God. There are grass and herbs growing for ye,³ and there are nice white garments upon ye, to keep ye warm and dry. And there is no Judgment for ye after ye'r death. Ye are more happy than the children of Eve who were born in sin, and who would be a-burning in a great fire in hell for ever after their death, were it not that God, the King of the world, sent His only Son down out of Heaven to give them example and doctrine, and to save them. But behold the requital that they made Him for His trouble. They abused Him and they smote Him, and cast foul spits upon His very-holy face. They put a crown of thorns upon His head and bruised it down tightly upon Him, and after that they hanged Him upon a tree. But when he was dying He asked His Father to grant them forgiveness after all the ill-usage that they had given Him for He made them in His own image, and He showed to them His great power with miracles in this world. The thief Judas betrayed Him, and Peter the Apostle renegued

forms, and they very sensibly make it out of "ye" and "ye'r." It is a wonder the English have not long ago followed their example.

rin tug pé eochraí fíaitir dó, agus buí é an céad fára, agus cuip pé ar bonn an eaglais Catoilcead le n-ár tceolúgach i mbealach na ngrá; agus ní'l baogal ar an té leanfar dí, áit mo bhrón! ní'l móran ag leanamaint dí!" Dubhairt pé móran eile de'n tróit céadna leir na caoraí.

An tréachóna rin capad an ragar parhárte ar an áitir Eógan O Riain, agus corais pé ag tabhairt cómairle dó. Áit dubhairt an t-Áitir Eógan leir, "Coirg do beul! Ir peacach gráanna tú, atá ag cur na ndaoine amúg' le tóic-fompla."

"Cia an áoi?" ar ran ragar parhárte.

"Innreócair mé rin duit," ar ran t-Áitir Eógan. "Nuair glac tú oró beannuighe, rinne tú trí geallamhna do Dia, mar atá nún faoiróine, seanmnaißeacht, agus úmál-boctanar. Anoir atá fíor agat go n-áit naé bfuil tú ag congáil do geallamhna i tócair an úmál-boctanar; óir tá tead, talam, ba agus caoirg agat, agus tá na céadta punt agat ann ran mbanc. Fuair tú an eirte rin ó na daoine bocta, 7 ní'l lá ran treachtmain naé breiceann tú do cóim-éireatuiríde beag-naé [ag] fágaíl báir leir an oirur, agus ní poinneann túra do fáirídear leó—ní tugann tú gréim le n'íte dóib. Ná cuip ceirt oimra go n-áituiríde tú do n-áit, no dóigiríde mé an méad péir agus coirce atá i t'ogair, agus fágaíde mé tú san capall san caora."

Buí é ar an mbótar mór dubhairt pé an áitir reó, agus bí tream de daoine ag éirteacht leir, agus ir dóig go bfuil cuir díob beó fíor.

Him, and yet after that He gave him the Keys of Heaven, and he was the first Pope, and He established the Catholic Church to guide us in the way of grace, and there is no danger of whosoever shall follow it, but, my grief ! there are not many following it."

He said many more things of the same kind to the sheep.

That evening the parish priest met Father Owen O'Ryan, and began to give him some advice. But Father Owen said to him, " Hold your tongue, you are a vile sinner, you are putting the people astray by your example."

" How so ? " said the parish priest.

" I'll tell you that," says Father Owen. " When you took sacred orders you made three promises to God, namely, secret of confession, chastity, and lowly poverty. Now you know perfectly well that you are not keeping your promise about lowly poverty, because you have a house and land and cows and sheep, and you have hundreds of pounds in the bank. You got that treasure from the poor people, and there is not a day in the year but you see your fellow creatures almost dying with the hunger, yet you do not divide your riches amongst them ; you do not give them a morsel to eat. Put no question to me until you change your ways or I shall burn all the hay and oats that is in your haggard, and I shall leave you without a horse or a sheep."

It was on the high-road that he held this talk, and there were a number of people listening to him, and no doubt there are some of them alive yet.

Ní fácaíod tuine ar bít an t-Ádair Eóghan ag teacht cum an mhúilinn an oíche rin, mar buíó gnátaí leir, agus bí immíde móir ar a ádair agus ar a mádair, ar eagla gur báirde do bí ré. Nuair bí ré mall [deiseannach] ann ran oíche, agus nuair bí na fearbórg-antairde uile 'na scoolaí, fuair an t-Ádair lannóir 7 cuairt ré cum an mhúilinn. Nuair o'fórgail ré an doir, connairé ré an muileann larta fuar, com lonnraí agus dá mbuó é an grian do bí d'a laraí. Buíó mipeamail an fear Donncaí O Riain, áit bí raicéir air dul ardeach. O'fíll ré ar air agus úiríge ré fear eile, fear de na Siolamánais, agus fuig leir é. Cuairt an beirt aca ann rin cum an mhúilinn, agus nuair cuairt ardeach conncaí an t-Ádair Eóghan 'na scoolaí, agus an leabair móir faoi n-a ceann, agus seite móir glégeal 'na fearam ar gac taoib de. Cuir an t-Ádair i laige, agus b'éigin do'n fear eile a ioncaí a-baile leir. Bí ré tinn bpeirde 'na báirde rin, agus níor fás ré an leabair go ceann trí mí.

Do bíod roir móir ann ran muileann h-uile oíche 'na báirde rin, tar éir a deic a cloí, agus bíod eagla móir ar na daoine riuáil ar an mbóir do bí le h-air an mhúilinn, ó cuitead doircaí na h-oíche; agus ní cuirad ríad coirce cum an mhúilinn le n-a trinuigad no le n-a meit. Áit do bíod an roir-uirge ag dul tar, h-uile oíche, agus na cloí ag obair.

Seal gearr 'na báirde rin do cuirad an t-Ádair Eóghan go teac móir i mbail-áit-cliaí a raib daoine ann do bí ar mipe nó ar a scéill, áit níor mair ré

Nobody saw Father Owen coming to the mill that night, as it was his custom to do, and his father and mother were very anxious for fear lest it was drowned he was. When it was late at night and when the servants were all asleep, the father got a lantern and went to the mill. When he opened the door he saw the mill lit up as bright as if it was the sun that was shining upon it. Dennis O'Ryan was a courageous man, but he was afraid to go in. He returned and waked up another man, a man of the Gillerans, and brought him with him. The pair went to the mill, and when they entered it they saw Father Owen asleep, and the big book under his head, and a great shining ram standing on each side of him. His father fell into a faint, and the other man had to carry him home with him. He was sick and ailing after that, and never left his bed for three months.

There used to be a great light in the mill every night after that, from ten o'clock on, and the people used to be greatly afraid of walking on the road that was beside the mill from the time that night would fall, and they used not to bring oats to the mill to dry it or to grind it. But the mill-wheel used to be going round every night and the stones used to be working.

A short time after that Father Owen was sent to a great house in Dublin where mad people and people out of their senses were; but he did not live long in it. He died, and

a b'rao ann. Fuair pé b'ar; agus níor mair an t-ádaí
 ná an mádaí a b'rao 'na díad. Thuitíodh-ruar an
 muileann, agus ní'l b'raon uirge as teacht éirge le
 bliadantaib, ádt veir ríad go sclaimeann muinntir
 na h-áite an roct-uirge as obair h-uile oíche rór ann.

* * * *

As ro d'án eile do fuairéar ó mo áraio Tomár
 bairclaiḡ do éalaid é as a mádaí do rugaó tim-
 cioll ceit're míle ó Béal-an-áta i scondáé muiḡ eó.
 Dubairt ríre go mba ḡnát leó an píora ro do ḡabáil
 ann ran tréipéal h-uile Dómnac nuair bí ríre óḡ.
 Truaḡ san leanamaint do'n veaḡ-nór rin anoir!
 Saoil míre gur loctaó truaillighe do bí an d'án ro
 aici, agus learuig mé é, mar íaóil mé, le poclaib do
 éur i rlaḡraclaib [] cum na linte do déanam com-
 érom, ádt fuairéar amaó ó foín go raib pé aici veaḡ-
 nac i sceaḡt, agus gur baínead é ar an leabair airteaó
 rin air ar tráódt mé éana, an "Rór Spioraóáita,"*
 leabair a b'ruil h-uile rórt roct-íliḡdeáta ann.
 Veirim ann ro é mar do learuig míre é, ar na fáḡail
 tam ó'n mBairclaiḡeáó, óir níor b'ruí morán é mar
 tá pé ann ran leabair. Tá a lán eile ran leabair
 ádt ní tugaím ann ro ádt an méad fuair mé ó'n
 mBairclaiḡeáó.

ráilte a mádaí.

ráilte a mádaí a'r a maighean,

De'n don dia ann a trí,†

a teampoill lútgáiréá na b'laitear,

[a] lóirín san caḡaó [éoiré'].

* Feic an d'án "íora muiḡe 7 ioseph," fuar. Do clóḡuilead
 cóir ve'n leabair ro, do fuair me o foín óm' áraio Dáití Coimín,
 as muineacán 1835, agus veirtear gur maíctí O Ceinniois do éur
 ḡaeóeilḡ air.

† "Ann a veim," dubairt pé.

¹ See above, the poem of "Jesus Mary and Joseph." A copy of this

the father and mother did not live long after him. The mill was closed up, and there has not been a drop of water coming to it for years, but they say that the people of the place hear the mill-wheel working in it every night still.

* * * *

Here is another poem I got from my friend, Thomas Barclay, who had it from his mother, who was born about four miles from Ballina in the County Mayo. She said that they used to sing this piece every Sunday in the chapel when she was young. A pity that this good custom is not followed now! I thought that she had this poem in a faulty and corrupt way, and I corrected it, as I thought, by inserting words in brackets to make the lines more even. But I have since discovered that she had it almost correctly, and that it was taken out of that curious book of which I spoke before, the "Spiritual Rose,"¹ a book in which is every kind of bad poetry. I give it here in the way that I arranged it when I got it from Thomas Barclay, for it is better than the way it was printed. There is a lot more of this poem in the book, but I only give what I got from his mouth.

WELCOME O MOTHER.

Welcome take O Maid and Mother
From the Godhead's One-in-three,
Holy temple wrought for heaven,
Habitation still to be.²

book which was given me by my friend, Mr. David Comyn was printed in Monaghan in 1835, and it is said that it was "Mathew O'Kennedy" who Irished it.

² *Literally.* Welcome O mother and maiden | from the One God
in his Three (persons) | O joyous temple of the heavens | Tabernacle
not worn-out for ever.

[A] íólaíir gada tuirriú *

[A] émainn pailm ann a ruióe,
A gáiríoin na bpléariúir
[A] lán-geannnuiróe.

ráilte a airc na meáda,
A cátaoirí solaimh an riuí,
Buairé bairte na bpláitear
An t-óir le teine [i].

[ráilte] a lompa díoinn
[ráilte] a ílat lán ve bílá,
[ráilte] a míl h-aoibhe(?) sampron,
[ráilte] éadé úé go bpiáde.

Buó éadart do'n m'ac ríogóda
A rádáil ó [gac] rpot,
Ann o maib clann ádaíh
[Do bí] geinnte i loet.

An dean naomh do éog ré
Le beir ag viúil a caoib',
Ionnap naé luigreadó
Smál peacairé uirriú coiróe'.

Ráilte a grian ríogamhail
Airi a t'otíonnatigeanh an fíon-éilíh,
[Do éuairé] veic gceim air air,
Agur rinneadó ve'n úriatari peóil. ‡

* "Gac tuirreac," buhairte ré.

† "Airíon a otíonnatigeanh," buhairte ré.

‡ "Rinneadó peóil ve'n úriatari," buhairte ré.

O solace of every weary one | O palm tree set up | O garden of
pleasure | that art full chaste.

Welcome O ark of the law | O throne of Solomon the king |
Victory of the baptism of the heavens ; | the gold (refined) by fire
is she.

Solace of the sick and weary,
 Spreading palm and fragrant tree,
 Garden walled around with pleasure,
 Innocent, and chaste, and free.

Welcome arc of purest judgment
 Throne of David's mighty sire,
 Victory baptized from heaven,
 Gold refined and purged with fire.

Welcome fleece of high protection,
 Welcome O thou blossom-rod,
 Welcome honey-comb of Sampson,
 Welcome house and home of God.

Meet it was the kingly scion
 Should be saved from stain and spot,
 Common to the race of Adam,
 In their sin and shame begot.

Hence He chose her pure and holy,
 On whose 'breast He meekly hung,
 To the spotless one and stainless,
 Free from stain and spot He clung.

Welcome Sun of regal splendour,
 In whose face a glory burned,
 Backwards, paces ten, revolving,
 Now the Word to Flesh is turned.

Welcome O protecting fleece | welcome rod full of blossom |
 Welcome pleasant (?) honey of Sampson | Welcome house of God
 for ever.

It was right for the Royal Son | to save her from every spot | in
 which the race of Adam was [stained] | which were begot in fault. |

The holy woman he chose | to be sucking her side | so that there
 should not lie | a blemish of sin upon her for ever.

Welcome O regal sun | on whom the true glory turns | ten paces
 went it backwards | and of the word was made flesh.

Cum uaine árouḡad ó iphionn
 ḡo párrēar [ḡeal] an Rēḡ,
 [reuc] Dia mórr na bplaitēar
 i rtabla ann a luide.

An lile amearḡ epionac
 A ēruicēnior an t-āair-nime,
 A ḡlan-ḡeult ann ran oioēe
 Beirēar polar do'n ēruinne.

ḡuioḡo a naom-muige
 ḡo h-úmall, ó ērioide,
 na h-uaiḡe caintice reo
 ḡan uiúltad uóid a-ēoiōē'.

ḡeiuḡaiḡ do feardróḡanta
 ḡo maōarē ērioirt na nḡiár,
 ḡuio oḡrainn a mḡiḡoēan
 ['noir a'r] ar uaiḡi ár mbáir. *

Tá cuio mait béarraiḡeacḡa ann ran trean-leabair,
 acḡ tá ré uile ḡo h-olc. Tá an cuio ip mó de cumḡa
 le uaoimib naḡ raib aon eolair aca ar fíor-filideacḡ
 na nḡaeuēal, ip uóig ḡur tarḡainḡeacḡ an cuio ip mó
 ḡo uoirḡeacḡ ar teanḡaiō éigín eile. Ar an adḡair rin
 tá ré mi-binn uoḡ-ḡlarta, aḡur cuio mórr de uoḡ-
 lḡriḡḡe uóí-léiḡḡe. Aḡ ro rompla no uó, ar

* Aḡ ro cúpla béarra ar an leabair ḡo uirēac mar clóduail-
 teair iad. Tá a lán eile ran uán ro.

Failte mhathir agus a Maighdion | Don aon Dia dtiri
 Teampull luaghir na naingiol | Lostin gan chaoidh.
 Solas gah turseach | crann pailim na sith.
 Gardin a phlesir | Lon geanamnaigh.

Failte Ghrian riahghal | Ar son a dtiontain a nfhioghír
 Deith goeim air ais | Rinnamh feoil do mbreithir.
 Chum a duine ardámh o Ifrion | go Parthus a righ
 Dia mor na bhflaighios | A stabla na liugh (sic).

Man to raise from hell to heaven,
 Opening Paradise for all,
 See the God of worlds unnumbered,
 Lying in a stable's stall.

* * * *

Lily amongst weeds, a terror
 To the serpent ambush-curved,
 Purest star of deepest midnight,
 Darting light through all the world.

We beseech thee Holy Mary
 Praying humbly here to-day,
 From our canticles and praises
 Turn, thou pure one, not away.

Keep, protect, and steer thy servant,
 Let him dwell with Christ for aye,
 Pray for us we pray thee, Virgin,
 When our soul deserts its clay.

There is a good deal of versification in this old book, but it is all bad. The most of it is composed by people who had no knowledge of the true poetry of the Gaels. No doubt most of it was hastily translated out of some other language. For this reason it is unmelodious, ungraceful, and a great deal of it ill-spelt and unreadable. Here is an

To raise people from hell | to the bright Paradise of the king |
 behold the great God of the heavens | lying in a stable.

The lily amongst brushwood(?) | who shaketh the serpent; | O
 clear star in the night | which giveth light to the universè.

We pray, O Holy Mary, | humbly from our heart | these hours of
 canticles | not to refuse for ever.

Steer thy servant | to the view of Christ of the graces, | Pray for
 us, O Virgin | Now, and at the hour of our death.

"Offic ainnim Iosa." Glacóidh an leabhar "neamhnuaill" (?) ar na hantaisí gearra ro. Cuir na puca bocta ro i gcomhráio le fíor-abhánaí rriomadóla na ndaoine féin.

"neamhnuaill" as an nós spioradóla.

Iosa an tra mhusclas tu an mo mheomhair
Bion mo chraoidh air lasamh le gah luaghair,
Ach nuair a thig tu lathair a rare gah maithéis
Bioghain manam ambuil aoibhnis Flaighos.

no arís :—

Iosa bheir trocaire uaid na cheatha
Soilse ar gceadfaidh lan fhuaran na beatha,
Le fíor sholas bhethaidh tu ar geradh
Ta da thiolcaid os cionn ar fíor iaraidh (!)

no arís :—

O Iosa glac seilbh air manam a noch
Agus dibir uainn a hule locht,
Ionas go mbeamh shinn saor o gah innis
Go mblasaidh an saogh'l do thiolcaith bhills.

Tá curó de na "neamhnuaill" níor binne 'nā iad ro,
aet tá an curó ip mó aca dona go leór. As ro cupla
ceann de na cinn ip fearr, rgríobta amaé asur
litriúte i gearr.

ní bfuil ceól coim ráim no molaó coim grinn,
no as éirteat cluar glór coim binn,
ní eis a rmuáineam le choirde go briat
an t-ainm mó glórmair rin, íora ár ngráó.

Asur arís :—

[A] íora atá mó líonmair i ngrár,
fuair buair ar gearr-gaeta an báir,

example or two from the "Office of Jesus' name." The book calls these short verses *neamhnuaill* (?) Compare these poor effusions with the real spiritual songs of the people themselves.

NEAMHNUAILL FROM THE SPIRITUAL ROSE.

O Jesus when thou awaknest in my memory,
My heart lies fired with every joy,
But when thou comest forward, in the sight(?) of every goodness,
My soul be's as it were [in the] felicity of heaven.

or again—

O Jesus who gavest mercy from thee in showers,
Light our senses, full spring of life,
With true light of life thou art our love,
And thy gifts(?) are beyond our true asking(?)

or again—

O Jesus, take possession of my soul to-night,
And banish from us every evil,
So that we may be safe from every * * * (?)
And that the world may taste thy sweet gifts.

Some of the "*neamhnuaill*" are more melodious than these, but the most of them are miserable enough. Here are a couple of the best, properly written and spelt:

There is no music so gentle, or praise so pleasant,
Nor in the hearing of ears voice so sweet,
No heart is ever able to conceive it
That very glorious name, Jesus, our love.

and again—

O Jesus, who art very full of grace,
Who hast obtained victory over the bitter gate of Death.

1r cormúil go bfuil na ceathramhá ro airtuichte
ó'n mbeapla, aet tá cúig vánta fíor-Shévealaca i

“Beloved Brethren, as nothing tends to promote human happiness and the cause of religion so much as the Bibles which are printed upon the wise institutions of the Gospel, because they insensibly warm the will of man into sentiments of Devotion, and a pure desire for the Catholic Faith, so essentially to rise (*sic*) a prospect in our hearts for the dignity of the Christian Religion, for the peace and prosperity of the public in general, and also to frustrate the private influence of ir-religion, I heretofore (*sic*) recommend this Psalm to my people, and hope that every clergyman will recommend it to his flock.”

The second joy this heavenly bride
Felt rising in her breast,
Thro' when Saint Elizabeth cried,
Men or women thou art blest.
The Lord is thy womb enshrined
This wound will I restore
To all the world that bliss which man
For her renounced before. Hallelujah.

Thy affection draws us closely,
Our wants, then, Thou dost satisfy.

It is possible that these quatrains may have been translated from English, but there are five poems of a purely Irish

When humbly prostrate on the ground
You were delivered of a son,
Three Eastern kings, Messiah's crowned,
Tho' in a manger roll'd.
The fourth joy, this the Virgin knew,
Whilst heavenly light unsalted (*sic*).
Sent down the gospel from the spheret (*sic*)
To teach a guilty world. Hallelujah.

Another of these English religious poems is called "The Pilgrim's Address," and begins thus—

Glory be to God on high, glory be to him again,
Glory be to him for ever, and ever, that suffered for all men.
The Blessed Virgin thus she said, dear Son pray let it be,
Perform the promises you've made, perform them now to me.
Glory be to God on high, glory be to him again,
Glory be to him for ever, and ever, that suffered for all men.

St. Francis sits at God's right hand, St. Francis sits on high,
Come to me you children all, for none of you eternally shall die.

* * * * *

All you that's invested in my Cord, all you that has it on,
All you that's invested in my Cord, shall follow the holy Lamb.

Here is the first verse of another fragmentary poem on St. Francis.

St. Francis, poor and naked, his penance first began,
St. Francis, bare and naked, lamenting for his sins,
St. Francis seeking Jesus, till he found his wounds at last,
O may these wounds be written and engraved upon our hearts.

Neither poet, nor printer, nor even bishop seem to have been thoroughly at home in English! These effusions are miserable, compared with the beautiful traditional religious poetry which lived upon the lips of the people in such abundance then, and of which we have been able to save so many specimens even at this eleventh hour.

n'oiriead an leabair, an céad céann aca ar piantaib
irinn, coruigeat mar ro :

Beith le ghlaan (?) na dhcharaand (?) iugh siordhubh,
Dorochadas cruinnigh a niffrion iotrach,*
Nil cuimsiot* dearbh air Fhairsinge a crhaois duibh ;
Na air fhad a dhoimhnat* nil rare no fis air.

Tá naoi gceatramna déas ran ván ro. 1r é an
dara ván "Cómháid an Anam damanta leir an
gCorp." Tá naoi gceatramna ann. Dé ro an céad
céann aca, go díreac mar clóbuilead é :

A Dear an Tanam a gleacamh uime a cliugh chulip (?)
Le heasgain threan a neigin dioltais
Narab e do l'heatha a chuirp mhallaigh an ghoimh uile ; †
A cru bocht g'irana nar ghraidh an rioghat* mhaith.

1r é an tríomhad ván, "Iarraet ar p'réim ar
gCeitrim, i ván." ‡ Tá ceit're ceatramna déas
ann, agus coruigeann ré :

Gach mólamb Gloir onier is buidheachas,
Do thabhairt don Tronaid fiormhoa dhligh muid §
Do athair na Gloir is do mhor mhac Iosa,
Is don Spirod naomh na gras air chach do scaoilas,

1r é an ceatramhad píopa an Dies Iræ, i nGaeðeilg,
leir an dtair bearnair O Coláin (?). Tá eolair
asam ar cúig airtrugtib de'n ván ro i nGaeðeilg, ar
a laas. Coruigeann ré reo :

La na feirge laud (sic) an leurscrios,
La mbeidh críocha thríd a cheile,
Mur deir Dabhi 'is Tybeala.

* Tabair fá veama naé ionntar an "ach" ann ran r'gornac i
gcanamain an ván reó, acé "iotrac" i n-áit "ioctarac," 7
"muōat" i n-áit "muōacé," 7c. 1r cruēuāó é ro gur cumad é
i gCúig ulad íoir, no 'béoir i gconuac na míde, ar téorainn
Cúige ulad.

character in the end of the book. The first one, on the pains of hell, begins thus:—

To be with * * * * (?) of the * * * * (?) thick, ever-black
Darkness gathered in lower hell,
There is no certain supposition concerning the width of its
black gullet,
Nor on the extent of its depth, there is no sight or knowledge of it

There are nineteen quatrains in this poem. The second poem is "The conversation of the damned Soul with the Body." There are nine quatrains in it. Here is the first of them exactly as it is printed :

The Soul says taking upon it * * * * * (?)
With a powerful curse, in the necessity of revenge,
No hail to thee * accursed Body of the evil deed
Poor, vile worm that loved not the good kingdom.

The third poem is entitled, "An attempt at the root of our religion in poetry." There are fourteen stanzas in it, and it begins:—

Every praise, glory, honour, and thanks
We ought to give to the truly great Trinity.
To the Father of glory, and his son, Jesus,
And to the Holy Spirit of Grace. which he lets loose upon
everyone.

The fourth piece is the Dies Irae in Irish by Father Bernard O'Calain. I know of at least five translations of this piece into Irish. It begins—

The day of anger, the day of destruction,
The day that countries shall be through other,
As David and the Sybill say.

† = ḡníomh uile.

‡ no maḡ cloḡuasailteas é, "aig so irauht air phreimh ar gore digh a ndan" !

§ D'eoiri "ḡíom-móm ólḡmíro."

Ir é an dán veirceannac "Dán an Duine Dorgiú,"
do cum an ragar cearna. Tá veic sceatpáin ann,
as ro an dá ceann torais, rsiobta amac i sceart.

San am a maid mise ós

Ir iomda rin pús, raras!

Le h-ionmhuinn na colla ro mhó

Do tug mé do ós-mháid an traosail.

Ir iomda rin teagasg ó'n gcléir

A véarfaó liom féin, go fíor,

Dá bpeacainn le toil a'r le méin,

Suiri b' ionnann 'r dá nveanfaíde 'n gníomh.*

Do tug mé an méad ro ar an leabhar rin mar
pompá ar an róir fuio mi-pláctmairi oíoc-blaíra
atá ann, oir ní'l duine ann ran míle do connairc an
leabhairín reo no do cuairt tráct air ariamh. Ní
b'fuar na daoine don blaí ar na píoraib reo, 7 ní maid
riao coitcéionn; ní cuairt maid don ceann sca aet an
"fáilte a máitair" ó beal duine ar bit.

As ro beannaet an Sgabail mar fuairéar é ó
m' éarair, Norma Dorguic, do fuair é ó fear i
gConradé mhúg eó:

beannaet an Sgabail.

Éiríad fuair mé ó máitair íora,

maidívean naomta atá ar neamh,

peacac mé nac riú mé fáil,

aet plán m'anam' le do b'rat.

* As ro mar clóbuailtear ran leabhar é:—

Sa nam a rabh mise og | Is uime sin pog fa rair | Le hanmhain na
colla ro mhor | A thug me do oig mhna 'n tsaoghail.

Is uime sin teagasg o'n geir | A dearadh liom fein go fíor | Du
bpeacain le toil is le mein | gur bhannan sda ndeanfidh gníomh.

The last poem is the "poem of the Spendthrift" which the same priest composed. There are ten quatrains in it. Here are the first two, properly written out :

In the day when I was young,
 Many was the kiss, alas!
 With too great fleshly affection,
 I gave to the young women of the world.

Many is the instruction (I got) from the clergy
 Who used to say to myself, with truth,
 If I were to sin with the will and with the inclination,
 That it was the same as though the deed had been done.

I have given this much out of the book as an example of the ungraceful, tasteless stuff that is in it, for there is not one person in a thousand who has seen this book or heard of it. These pieces never became popular on the mouths of the people, for I never heard one of them, except the "Welcome Mother" from the lips of anyone.

Here is the Blessing of the Scapular as I got it from my friend Miss Borthwick, who got it from the mouth of a man in the county Mayo.

THE BLESSING OF THE SCAPULAR.

I have found a garb from Mary Mother,¹
 The Holy Maiden who dwells on high,
 She guards with the hem of her cloak my soul,
 An undeserving sinner I.

¹*Literally.*—A dress I got from the Mother of Jesus | Holy Maiden who is in heaven | a sinner am I who am not worthy to get it | but the health of my soul (be) with thy mantle.

Δ ἡμῶν ἐν ἡμέτεράς ἡλὸς ἡμῶν θεοῦ ἡμῶν,

Δ ἡ δὲ μετὰ τὸν ἡμῶν ἡμῶν.

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* "ἡ δὲ ἡμῶν ἡμῶν ἡμῶν ἡμῶν

O powerful glorious blessed Virgin | beneath whose shield I am |
in the name of the Father who is in heaven | and of the Son who
suffered the pain.

Powerful, glorious, blessed Maiden,
 Shield me and take me in thy train,
 In the name of the Father who dwells on high,
 And the Son in the sky who suffered pain.

May the Holy Spirit guard us,
 And the Virgin Mary ward us,
 Now and till our latest breath,
 Now and at the hour of death.

Here is another short one which I got from Mac Rury,
 from the county Mayo, which is called the "Bed Dán."

THE BED DÁN.

I stretch in this bed
 As I shall stretch in the tomb,
 A hard confession I make to Thee.
 O God, absolution I am asking of Thee
 For the evil-sayings of my mouth,
 For the evil-thinkings of my heart,
 For the evil-actions of my flesh.
 Everything that I have said that was not true.
 Everything that I have promised and have not fulfilled,
 I give Thee my soul, O Son of God
 Between Thy two hands.

O Blessed Virgin,
 The three angels highest in heaven,
 May they be protecting my soul
 Now and to-night and for ever,
 And at the hour of my death. Amen.

Here is another prayer to be said by a person going to
 rest at night. I do not remember from whom I wrote it
 down.

The Holy Spirit strengthen me | and the Virgin Mary guide me |
 now and for ever | and at the hour of our death. Amen.

ΠΑΙΔΙΣ ΝΑ Η-ΟΙΘΕ.

ΣΙΝΙΡΘ ΜΕ ΡΙΟΡ ΑΙ ΑΝ ΛΕΑΒΑΙΘ ΡΕΟ
 ΜΑΡΙ [ΥΟ] ΡΙΝΕΑΘ ΜΑC ΔΕ ΑΙ ΑΝ ΞΕΜΟΙΡ.
 ΒΡΑC ΘΡΗΞΟΕ ΥΟ ΘΕΙΤ ΜΑΡΙ ΡΣΑΒΑΛ ΟΥΜ;
 Α ΜΑΙΞΟΕΑΝ ΞΛΟΡΜΑΡΙ ΜΟ ΜΙΛΕ ΞΡΑΘ ΤΩ,
 CΑΡΑΙΟ Μ'ΑΝΑΜ' ΛΕΙΡ ΑΝ ΘΡΛΑΙΤΕΑΡ Υ'ΡΑΞΑΙΛ,
 Α ΙΟΡΑ CΡΗΟΡΥ ΥΟ CΕΥΡΑΘ ΑΙ ΑΝ ΞΕΜΟΙC,
 Υ'ΡΛΑΙΝΞ ΝΑ CΕΥΡΕΤΑ ΞΥΡ ΝΑ ΜΙΛΤΕ ΛΟΙΤ,
 ΥΙΒΗΙ ΞΑC ΥΙΛΕ ΟΛC
 Υ'Α ΘΡΥΙΛ ΑΞ ΒΡΑC ΟΥΜ ΑΝΟCΤ
 Ι ΥΤΑΟΙΘ ΑΝΑΜ' ΑΞΥΡ CΥΙΡ,
 ΑΝΟΙΡ ΑΞΥΡ ΑΙ ΥΑΙΡ ΜΟ ΒΑΙΡ. ΑΜΕΝ.

ΑΞ ΡΟ ΥΡΗΝΙΞΕ ΕΙΛΕ ΥΟ ΡΥΑΙΡ ΜΟ CΑΡΑ ΝΟΡΜΑ
 ΥΟΡΥCΙC Ο ΡΕΑΥΑΙ Ο CΟΙΝCΕΑΝΝΑΙΝΝ Ο ΙΝΙΡΜΕΑΥΟΝ.
 ΙΡ CΟΡΜΥΙΛ Ι ΛΕΙΡ ΑΝ ΒΡΑΙΥΙΡΗΝ ΥΟ CΥΞ ΜΕ CΕΑΝΑ ΡΑ'Ν
 ΤΙΟΤΟΙ "Α ΥΑΙΡΗΙΟΞΑΝ ΝΑ ΘΡΛΑΙΤΕΑΡ."

ΞΛΟΙΚ Α ΔΤΑΙΡ.

ΞΛΟΙΚ 'Ν ΔΤΑΙΡ, ΞΛΟΙΚ 'Ν ΜΑC [ΞΙC],
 ΞΛΟΙΚ 'Ν ΥΙΑ ΝΑΟΜΕΤΑ,
 ΞΛΟΙΚ ΥΟ'Ν ΡΙΞ Υ'ΙΟΜΕCΑΙΡ ΑΝ CΡΟΙΡ
 ΑΞΥΡ ΥΟ CΕΑΝΝΙΥΞ ΝΑ ΥΑΟΙΝΕ.
 ΜΟΛΑΘ ΜΟΡΙ ΛΕΙΡ ΑΝ ΡΕΑΛΤ ΕΘΛΑΙΡ
 'S Ι ΜΥΗΕ ΜΑΤΑΙΡ ΙΟΡΑ.

Α'Ρ Α ΜΑΙΞΟΕΑΝ ΝΑ ΡΟΙΛΡΕ
 'S Α ΜΑΙΞΟΕΑΝ ΝΑ ΞΛΟΙΚΕ,
 ΙΡ ΛΕΑΤ ΞΗΥΟΙΜ ΜΟ CΑΡΑΟΙΟ
 ΑΙ ΜΑΙΥΟΙΝ ΑΞΥΡ ΤΡΑΤΗΝΟΝΑ.
 CΑΡΡΑΙΞ ΡΑΟΙ ΜΟ CΟΙΜΡΥΘ
 ΑΞΥΡ CΥΙΡ ΜΕ ΑΙ ΑΝ ΕΘΛΑΡ,
 ΑΞΥΡ CΥΙΡ ΜΟ CΡΟΙΥCΕ CΥΜ ΑΙΤΗΥΞΕ
 ΞΟ ΡΙΛΡΥΘ ΜΕ ΝΑ ΥΕΘΡΑ,
 ΞΟ ΥΤΕΙΟ ΜΕ ΞΟ [ΥCΙ] ΝΑ ΡΛΑΙΤΙΡ
 ΑΙ ΡΕΑΘ ΝΑ ΞΛΟΙΚΕ.

¹ Literally.—Glory to the Father, glory to the Son | glory to the holy God | glory to the King who bore the cross | and who bought the people | great praise be to the guiding star | she is Mary, Mother of Jesus.

A NIGHT PRAYER.

I shall stretch myself down on this bed
 As the Son of God was stretched upon the cross.
 The mantle of Brigid to be for a scapular on me.
 O glorious Virgin, my thousand loves thou art,
 The friend of my soul to obtain the heaven.
 O Jesus Christ who wast crucified upon the cross,
 Who didst suffer the hundreds and the thousands of wounds,
 Banish every evil
 That is spying for me to-night,
 With regard to soul and body,
 Now and at the hour of my death. Amen.

Here is another prayer which my friend, Miss Borthwick, got from Peter O'Concannon in Inismeadhon. It is like the little prayer which I have given already under the title "O Queen of the Heavens."

GLORY TO FATHER AND TO SON.¹

Glory to Father and to Son,
 Glory to God most holy,
 Glory to Him who bore the cross,
 And bought the nations wholly.
 And glory to our guiding star,
 To Mary pure and lowly.

O maiden of brightaess,
 All heaven adorning,
 I cry to thee ever
 Both evening and morning.
 Come to me, guide me,
 And save me from fears,
 And make me repentant
 And wash me with tears,
 And lead me to heaven
 When spent are my years.

And O maiden of the light | and O maiden of the glory | it is to thee I make my complaint | each morning and evening.

Come for my protection | and show me the right road | and send my heart to repentance | until I shed the tears | until I go to the heavens | throughout the glory.

Δε πο παιδιήν δ'η ουινη κέαθηα ατά λε γάθ αρ
 ζκορμζαθ το λεαβαθ ουιτ —

κοιριζιμ αν λεαβαθ seo.

Κοιριζιμ αν λεαβαθ ρεο
 1 η-αινη αν αταρ, αν ηνις 7 αν σπιομαρ ηαιοη.
 1 η-αινη να η-οιθκε ζειναθ ρινη,
 1 η-αινη να η-οιθκε ριζαθ ρινη,
 1 η-αινη αν λαε βαιρτεαθ ρινη,
 1 η-αινη ζαε οιοθε, ζαε λαε, ζαε εοιη, (?)
 ζαε αιηζιλ ο'α θρuiλ ανη ρηα ρλαιτιρ.

Κηεαθ τα τυ 'μαθ, α ηηαταρ?
 παιυιρ θεαζ ειλε, α ζηαθ!
 ιρ μαιτ 1 το παιυιρ, α ηηαταρ, λε γαθ.

Ουινη αρ βιτ θεαηραθ το παιυιρ τηι η-υαιηε 'ουι α εοιλαθ, ζο
 mbeit [α] αναν ρειν ανη ρηα ρλαιτιρ αριρ ζο ηηατ.

Δζυρ μαιτεαηηαρ λε ραζαλ
 ο ριζ ζεαλ να ηζηαρ.

Δε πο ταν ειλε το εualαθ με δε ηηαιοι βοιτ 1
 ηπαρμρτε να θηιζθεοιζε 1 ζκοηθαε ρορκομαη. Οι
 με ριυθ δε ρειλζ αρ εαηαθαθ, Δζυρ βι με 'ζαη'
 εριομυζαθ 1 οτιζ ειζιη ηυαιρ ταηιζ βεαν βοτ
 αρτεαθ το βι δε ιαηηαθ θεηρκε, Δζυρ λαβαρ ρι αν
 ριορα πο δε αν οοηυρ. ιρ ροητ κοηπε ζαεθιλζε οε'η
 τ-Salve Regina ε. Σζηιοθ με ριορ, κοη ιυατ Δζυρ
 εualαρ, ε, ο η-α βεul ρειν, ηιορ μο να κειτρε βλιαθηα
 ρικεαθ ο ροιη. ηι'λ ροαλ ζαεθελζε ραν αιτ ριη ανοιρ.

ζο mβεανηιζτεακ ουιτ-se.

ζο mβεανηιζτεακ ουιτ-ρε
 α θαηηριοζαν να ζλοηηε,
 τυαρ αρ mβεατα
 Δζυρ αρ ηοοτεαρ,

Here is a little prayer from the same person, which is to be said on your making your bed.

I MAKE THIS BED.

I make this bed

In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

In the name of the night we were conceived,

In the name of the night we were born,

In the name of the day we were baptized,

In the name of each night, each day, each . . . (?)

Each angel that is in the heavens.

"What art thou saying mother?"

"Another little prayer agra."

"Good is thy prayer to be said, O mother."

Any one who shall say this prayer three times on going to sleep, sure his own soul would be in the heavens again for ever,

And forgiveness to be had

From the bright King of the Graces.

Here is another poem that I heard from a poor woman in the parish of Breedogue, Co. Roscommon. I had been wet out shooting, and was drying myself in a house, when a poor woman came in who was looking for alms, and she repeated this piece at the door. It is a kind of Gaelic version of the *Salve Regina*. I wrote it down when I heard it from her own mouth, more than twenty-four years ago. Irish has completely disappeared out of that district since then.

SALVE REGINA.

Salutation to thee

O Queen of Glory,

Presage of our life

And our hope.

1ṛ oṛc-ṛa ʒuṛṛimio
 Δ εἰανν ἰοῦδαῖα Διῶε, [= Δόαιμ ?]
 ʒo uṛí tṛ cuṛimio
 Δṛ n-oṛna 'ʒuṛ Δṛ mbṛón,
 Δʒ ueunaṁ tuṛṛe
 'San nʒleann na nṛeóṛ ṛo.
 Δ ṛtóṛi ṁilṛ,
 ʔeuc oṛṛiainn ʒo tṛócaṛeac
 le ṛúilṛ ueaʒ-tṛócaṛe,
 'S tṛá ḃeṛṛeaf Δṛ nṛeʒ-oṛḃṛeac
 Cṛíoénuṛʒte Δṛ an tṛaʒal ṛo
 Taṛṛi Δʒuṛ tṛiṛbeán uṛinn
 Toṛaṁ uo ḃṛoinne ἰoṛa.
 Δ ṁóṛi-tṛócaṛeac,
 ṁóṛi-éṛeacṛeac,
 ṁóṛi-éṛáḃṛeac.
 Δ ṁáṛʒuean ṁuṛṛe,
 Δ ṁáṛaiṛ ḃeannaṛʒte
 ṁiṛ uṛilṛ uḃe.
 ʒo nṛeanfá ṛiṁṛac ṛinn
 Δṛ uaiṛ Δṛ mbáṛ
 ʒeallamain Cṛioṛc
 Δṛ uṛiʒeafina u'ṛáʒail ! amén.

ʔuṛiṛeaf le ueṛeannaiʒe cṛoṛ eile ue'n ṛioṛa ṛo
 uo ḃi ṛʒṛiobṛa Δṛ oileán ann ṛan tʒionnain le
 Seáʒain O Matʒamṁna éiʒin, Δṛi Δṛ laḃaiṛ mé éeana,
 timṛioṛl ceṛṛe ṛiṛo ḃliabán ó ṛoin :—

ʒo mbeannuṛʒtear uṛit.

ʒo mbeannuṛʒtear uṛit, Δ ḃainṛíoʒan, Δ ṁáṛaiṛ na tṛócaṛe
 Δṛ mbeacṛa, Δṛ millṛeacṛ Δʒuṛ Δṛ nuṛéṛuṛ. ʒo mbeannuṛʒtear
 uṛit. Oṛc-ṛa ʒlaṛṛamaoio na uṛibṛteóṛiṛḃ ʔeo ctann eaḃḃa.
 Cṛʒao cuṛimio Δṛ n-oṛna, Δṛ n-oṛlan Δʒuṛ Δṛ nʒolṛaiṛc ann
 ṛan nʒleann ṛo na nṛeóṛ. Δṛ an áḃḃan ṛin, Δṛ n-aḃḃocóṛo ṛó-
 ʒṛáṛtaṁail, iompuiʒ oṛṛiainn uo ṛúile tṛócaṛeacṛa, Δʒuṛ taṛi éiṛ
 Δṛ nuṛibṛṛe ann ṛo ḃeṛt : ʒṛiṛé tṛiṛbeán uṛinn toṛaṁ ḃeannuṛ-
 ʒte uo ḃṛoinne ἰoṛa, Δ ṁáṛʒuean éeanṛa . . . ? ṁilṛ
 ṁuṛṛe, ʒuṛṛ oṛṛiainn Δ naomṁ-ṁáṛaiṛ uḃe.

ἰonnuṛ ʒo mbṛiṁ ṛinn ʒeallamṁnacṛ Cṛioṛc u'ṛáʒail.

It is to thee we pray,
 O Ivory (?) descendant of Adam?
 To thee we send
 Our groans and our sorrow,
 Making weariness
 In this valley of tears.

O sweet treasure,
 Look upon us mercifully
 With eyes of good-mercy,
 And when our good works shall be
 Ended on this world
 Come and show to us
 The fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
 O greatly merciful,
 Greatly effectual,
 Greatly-pious.

O Virgin Mary,
 O blessed mother
 Of the dear Son of God,
 Mayest thou make us worthy
 At the hour of our death
 To obtain the promise
 Of Christ our Lord. Amen.

I lately got another version of this piece which was written on an island in the Shannon by one John O'Mahony, of whom I have already spoken, about eighty years ago.

SALVE REGINA.

(Another Version).

Salutations to thee O Queen, O Mother of Mercy, our life, our sweetness, and our hope. Salutations to thee! To thee we call, [we] these banished ones of the clans of Eve. To thee we send our sighs and our groans and our cryings in this valley of tears. For that reason, O our very-gracious advocate, turn upon us thy merciful eyes, and after our banishment here being at an end, show us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O mild sweet . . . Virgin Mary. Pray for us O Holy Mother of God, so that we may be worthy to get the promises of Christ.

Δὲ πο παῖδι le γὰρ δι noul ἀρτεὰς ἰ ρείπεαλ
 νό ἰ ὀτεαμπολλ. ἔυαιρεαρ ἰ ὁ μ' ἐαλαῖο ὕνα νί
 ἔαιρεαλλαις το ἐυαλαῖο ἰ n-ἀραινν ἐ :—

ΠΑΙΔΙΝ ΔΗ ΤΣΕΙΡΕΙΛ.

βεαννυῖσμ ουιτ, ἀ ἔεαμπολλ ὀέ,
 ἀγυρ ὄο mβεαννυῖσὶ τὺ ρέιν ὀαμ,
 μαρ ἔύιλ ἀ'ρ ὄο mβεῖτ ἀν ὀά ἀβρεαλ ὀέας
 ἀς ὄυῖοε οῖμ ρέιν ἀνοῖ.
 ἱρλιῖσμ δι μο ὄλῖν ὀεαρ ὀό'n ἀιρο-μῖς,
 ἀγυρ δι μο ὄλῖν ἐλί ὀο'n σπιομασ ναοῖ,
 μαρ ἔύιλ ὄο ὀτόγραινν
 ἀ mβεῖτ ῖόῖαμ ἀ'ρ μο ὀῖαις
 ὁ λεαc na ὀριαν,
 ἀγυρ ἀμεν na ὀῖαις.

Δὲ πο ἀνοῖρ ceann eile ὁ ὀονοαε ὀορκαῖγε. ἔυαιρ
 νορμα ὀορτυic ἐ ὁ ὀοννεαὸ ὕα ριαιν γ ἐυῖρ ρί ἰ
 ὄελὸ ἐ 'ραν n-ἱυρλεαδαν " ναοῖ ράορμῖς," ἀγυρ ἐυς
 ρί ceas ὀαμ ἀ ἀτ-ἐλὸβυαλαὸ ἀνν πο :—

ΠΑΙΔΙΝ ΔΗ Τ-ΣΕΙΡΕΙΛ.

Οῖοῖ ὀορκαῖγεαδ.]

ὑῖλμῖσμ ουιτ-ρε, ἀ ἱορὰ ὀρίορτ,
 ὑῖλμῖσμ ουιτ, ἀ ἱῖαιῖοεαν ὄλὸρμῖαμ,
 ὑῖλμῖσμ ουιτ-ρε, ἀ εαγλαῖρ ὀέ,
 ὑῖλμῖσμ ουιτ, ἀ ρείπεῖλ na ἔριονόιτε.
 ἱμ' ἐοῖοε τὰ ἀν τ-οῖc,
 ἱμ' ὀεul ἀγυρ ἱμ' ἐλορ,
 ἔριῖρ το ἐυῖμ ὀ'ά ἐορς,
 ἀν τ-ἀταῖρ, ἀν μαc ἀγυρ ἀν σπιομασ ναοῖ.
 ὀρονναῖμ m'ἀναμ ουιτ, ἀ ἱορὰ ὀρίορτ,
 νί ἱαριρμῖαὸ mῑ οῖτ ἐ
 ὀοῖοε na ὄο ὀρὰc.
 ἐυῖμ m' ἀτῑνγε ἐυατ-ρὰ, ἀ ἱῖυῖρε,
 m'ἀναμ το ὀρεῖτ δι το ὀεαρ-λάῖν,
 δι ὑῖλῖρ το ἐῖγε ρέιν.

Here is a prayer to be said on entering a chapel or church
I got it from my friend, Miss O'Farrelly, who heard it in
Aran.

THE CHAPEL PRAYER.

I salute thee O Church of God,
And mayest thou thyself salute me.
Hoping that the Twelve Apostles might be
Praying for myself to-day.
I lower [myself] on my right knee to the High King,
And on my left knee to the Holy Spirit,
Hoping that I might raise
All who are before me and behind me
From the flag of the pains,
And Amen after it.

Here now is another from the county Cork. Miss
Borthwick got it from Donnchadh O'Ryan, and printed it
in *St. Patrick's*, and allowed me to reprint it here.

THE CHAPEL PRAYER.

[A Cork Version].

I bow to thee, O Jesus Christ,
I bow to thee, O glorious Virgin,
I bow to thee, O Church of God,
I bow to thee, O Chapel of the Trinity.
In my heart ill things are massed,
Through mouth and ears ill things have passed.
Three I send to chain them fast,
The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

I bestow thee my soul, O Jesus Christ,
I shall not ask it of Thee
For ever or for ever.
I put my petition to thee, O Mary,
To take my soul on thy right hand,
On the floor of thine own house.

Doimniúim tuise, a Uia móir na n-uile cúmácht,
 [An t-olc do muneas]
 Ó lá mo bairte go dtí lá mo éiríamh,
 Trí [tré] maóire mo fúl,
 Trí éileir mo éileir,
 Trí máirtíocht mo déil,
 Trí rnuasáintíocht mo éiríocht,
 Trí glac mo láimh,
 Trí éiríocht mo rian,
 Trí n-a n-éiríocht a' n-áiríocht [na n-éiríocht],
 Trí n-áiríocht gléillir 7 n-áiríocht cóimlíonair,
 Trí n-áiríocht méadair de óilíocht 7 óilíocht na n-éiríocht,
 Iarraidh-re an eiríocht [eiríocht] oir a n-éiríocht,
 I n-áiríocht nílir íora éiríocht,
 Áiríocht n-áiríocht í n-áiríocht n-áiríocht,
 Áiríocht n-áiríocht n-áiríocht le h-áiríocht áiríocht.
 I n-áiríocht an áiríocht áiríocht an áiríocht áiríocht
 na n-áiríocht. Amén.

Duairte an Doctúir Concúir Maguire, ar Clár
 Cloinne Múir, liom, gur éalair ré rean-dean as
 ríocht, ar éiríocht an t-éiríocht, na éiríocht, má
 cuimniúim oiríocht 7 éiríocht:—

an éiríocht éiríocht.

beannaíocht leat, a n-áiríocht,

beannaíocht leat, a éiríocht,

go éiríocht níl m'anam

go éiríocht mé áiríocht [áiríocht].

As ro stann eile de'n t-éiríocht céadna ar Condaé na
 Gaillimhe. Níl cuimniúim eiríocht éiríocht é:—

an n-éiríocht céadna.

beannaíocht leat, a éiríocht,

áiríocht beannaíocht de 'n áiríocht éiríocht,

n-áiríocht éiríocht uairíocht* éiríocht

go éiríocht éiríocht éiríocht.

*.i. linn-ne.

I acknowledge to Thee, O great God of all powers
 [The evil I have done].
 From the day of my baptism till the day of my wake,
 Through the sight of my eyes,
 Through the hearing of my ears,
 Through the sayings of my mouth,
 Through the thoughts of my heart,
 Through the touch of my hands,
 Through the course of my way,
 Through all I said and did not,
 Through all I promised and fulfilled not,
 Through all the laws and holy commandments I broke.
 I ask even now absolution of Thee,
 In the sweet name of Jesus Christ,
 For fear I [may] have never asked it as was right,
 And that I might not live to ask it again,
 In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

My friend, Dr. Conor Maguire of Claremorris, told me that he heard an old woman say these words as she was leaving the chapel. They ran thus, if I remember them rightly.

ON LEAVING THE CHAPEL.

Farewell, O Mary ;
 O Christ, farewell,
 And keep my soul
 'Till I come again.¹

Here is another verse of the same kind from the county Galway. I forget whom I heard it from.

THE SAME.

Farewell to thee, O House of God,
 May not thy blessings wither,
 And may God's grace not part from us
 Till we again come hither.²

¹ *Literally.*—A blessing with thee, O Mary | a blessing with thee
 O Christ | my soul may ye keep | till I come again.

² *Literally.*—A blessing with thee, O house of God | and the blessing
 of God round about us | may the graces of God not part from us |
 until we return to His church.

Ag ro píora do fuair mé óm' éaraido ūna ní
fáirceallais, do fuair é ó duine i n-luir-meádon, ó
buaicéill de mhuintir Coinneannainn,

τὰ το σῦλε.

τὰ το ῥύλε [Δ5] οὔναὸ 'ῖ το βéal Δ5 οῖγáιτε
Δ5υρ τ' ιnnεinn Δ5 iméacét le fána,
τὰ το ḡéΔ5α 'ῖuαῖαὸ 'ῖ το éμoιðe v'á ῖῖαααὸ,
Δ5υρ v'ia leir an anam an lá rin.

[Δ] m'iceáil naom'ta, ḡlaooðaim an τ-ainm oir,
Δ5υρ naom' eóin baipve láirir,
'S ḡac uile naom' eile v'á b'pail ann rna plaitir
le m'anam boét do fáðáilte.

tiucpaíð an m'áigvean * 'ῖ Δ ḡéΔ5α [Δ5] ῖḡaῖaὸ
Δ5 iarpaið na h-aiῖῖḡe ir ῖeáirir v'úinn,
Δ'ῖ ḡo b'puiḡῖim'io ῖáῖaὸ i ḡeúirte na b'plaitear
le congnañ ó m'uirte m'áῖair.

Ag ro cóip eile de'n dán céarda, ó 'Dóire Colum-
cille, do fuair mé óm' éaraido Norma Dorcuic :—

cóip eile.

Δ m'icil naom'ta, ḡlaooðaim aῖ τ'ainm,
'S aῖ naom' eóin baipῖe ḡῖáðmair,
Δῖ naom' uile an v'om'ain cum caðair v'om' anam
Δaimῖir na caῖa na[é] [v]ῖáimḡ.

nuairi bérð an béal 'á oṽnao 'ῖ an ῖῖáil 'á b'pípeaὸ
'S an meaðar Δ5 iméacét cum páin uaim,
An coirte 'á ḡlaooðao† 'ῖ an ῖeáirma caῖῖte
Δ5υρ v'ia le n-áῖ n-anam an lá v'io!

* "An m'áigvean ḡlómair," vubairῖe ῖeῖpean.
† Cf. "Dán mic an m'uirῖeῖir," line 31.

¹ Literally.—Your eyes are shutting, your mouth is opening | and
your mind is going astray | your limbs are growing cold and your
heart a-rending | and God be with the soul that day.

O holy Michael, I call thy name to thee | and the strong St. John

Here is a piece which I got from my friend, Miss O'Farrelly, who got it from some one in Inismeadhon, I think from one of the Concannons.

WHEN YOUR EYES.

When your eyes shall be closing, your mouth be opening,
And your senses be slipping away,
When your heart shall grow cold and your limbs be old,
God comfort your soul that day.

O holy Michael, to thee I'm calling,
And John the Baptist—to him I pray—
And to every saint that is high in heaven,
To save my soul that day.

The Virgin shall come, and her white arms spreading,
"Repent of your sins," herself shall say,
In the court of heaven, your only comfort
Must come from her that day.¹

Here is another copy of this same poem, which came from Derry of Columcille, and which I got from my friend Miss Borthwick.

WHEN YOUR EYES.

[A Derry Version]

O holy Michael, I call upon thy name,
And upon the loving St. John the Baptist,
Upon all the saints of the world to aid my soul,
In the time of the battle that has not [yet] come.

When the mouth shall be closing and the eye breaking,
And the feeling going astray from me,
The jury being called and the term up,
And God be with our soul that day.

the Baptist | and every other saint of all who are in the heavens | to
save my poor soul.

The Virgin shall come and her arms a-spreading | seeking for us
the best repentance | and sure we shall find comfort in the court of the
heavens | with help from Mary Mother.

I r cinnte na c' b'ruil ann ro a c' p'iora beas de d'án
 p'iora d'áthail do b'í ar b'eal na n'daoine ó Árainn go
 Doire, agus b'éirí ar fuo na h-Éireann, don uair
 amháin, ció na c' b'ruairear fuam é féin ná a com-
 p'ioraíó i n-don lámh-r'ghr'ibinn ná i n-don leabair.
 Fuair Mac Siolla m'icil cur de'n d'án céadna i
 n-uíóir ó D'ear, i n-Álainn.

As ro p'airíín beas eile do cuair i gConrad
 m'uis Eó agus i n-áiteadair eile, le ráó ar n-éiríge
 ar mairín:—

éirísim suas.

Éirísim fuar le Dia,
 go n-éiríró Dia liom.
 Lám Dé ann mo t'ímcioll,
 as fuíóe 'r as fuíóe
 's as éiríge d'am.

As ro p'ann eile le ráó ar n'oul ann do
 leabair:—

ceit're coirnéill.

Ceit're coirnéill ar mo leabair,
 Ceit're aingle o'ra r'garra;
 má b'rág' mé b'ár go uí mairín
 go mbuó i b'laitear b'éirígear mo leabair.*

Nó mar cuair mé é ó ūna ní f'airceallais, do
 cuair i n-Álainn é:—

cóip eile.

Ceit're p'orta ar mo leaba,
 Ceit're aingil ar mo r'garra, (?)
 matú, marcur, lúc a'r seágan,
 agus Dia mo cúmrad arís go lá.

* *Aliter*: "m'anam."

¹ *Literally*.—Four corners on my bed | four angels spread on
 them | If I die until morning | that it may be in heaven my bed
 shall be.

Undoubtedly there is here only a small piece of a spiritual poem which was at one time in the mouths of the people, from Aran to Derry, and, perhaps, throughout all Ireland, although I have never found it or its kindred pieces in any manuscript or in any book. Mr. Carmichael found a portion of the same poem in South Uist of Scotland.

Here is another little prayer that I heard in the county Mayo and in other places, to be said on rising in the morning.

I RISE UP.

I rise up with God,
May God rise up with me,
God's hand round about me,
Sitting and lying,
And rising of me.

And here is another rann to say on going to your bed.

FOUR CORNERS.

Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round it spread.
If I die within the night
God receive me into light.¹

Here is how I heard it from Miss O'Farrelly who heard it in Aran.

FOUR POSTS.

Four posts around my bed,
Four angels have it spread,
Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Keep me, O God, till the day shall dawn.²

² *Literally.*—Four posts on my bed | four angels on my spreading (?) | Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John | And God keep me again till day |.

I have heard an English verse very like this. It ran thus if I remember right :—"Four corners to my bed | four angels round it spread | Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John | bless the bed that I lie on."

Aḡ ro p̃iopa beaḡ 'do fuaireap i l̃áim-r̃ḡr̃ib̃inn eile ann mo feilb̃, r̃ḡr̃iob̃ta aḡ 'duine de muinnt̃ir ḡormáin. Tá puo cormúil leir inr an rean-uéant̃ar airteac̃ rin, "An Teanga B̃it-nuaḃ."

DIA h-DOINE.

DIA h-Doine 'do p̃eacaiḡ áḃam̃,
 DIA h-Doine 'do cuiread̃ ar p̃árr̃et̃ar amaḃ é,
 DIA h-Doine 'do h-iaḃad̃ neam̃ 7 porḡlad̃ ip̃mionn.
 DIA h-Doine 'do m̃ar̃b̃ Cáin Abel.
 DIA h-Doine 'do cuiread̃ an uile t̃ar an uóman.
 DIA h-Doine 'do cuiread̃ clanna ip̃rael t̃re'n m̃uir Ruaid̃.
 DIA h-Doine 'do ceuraḃ Cr̃iort̃.
 DIA h-Doine 'do rinnead̃ uir̃ 7 or̃aiḡne,
 Aḡur ḡad̃ l̃uir m̃ín [ain-m̃ín ?] i uḡalam̃.
 DIA h-Doine 'do cuiread̃ Step̃án cum báir̃.
 DIA h-Doine 'do m̃ar̃b̃ heḡoḡ na leinb̃ i n-uim̃ir 4020.
 DIA h-Doine 'do c̃roḃad̃ p̃eadoar̃ aḡur pol̃.
 DIA h-Doine 'do baínead̃ a ceann u' eóin baírte,
 Aḡur DIA h-Doine t̃uḡad̃ toiraḃ uo'n talam̃.

Tá rean-p̃ad̃ aca, 'do c̃ualaid̃ mé i ḡConḡad̃ na ḡaillime, "T̃ur Doine nó deiread̃ Sáḡair̃in ip̃ olc iad̃."

Tá r̃ḡéal ann i uḡaoib̃ "Buille luat̃ an luam̃, 7 buille deir̃id̃ an t-Saḡair̃in," aḡur 'do p̃éir̃ mar̃ deir̃ an r̃ḡéal, ní b̃ionn iat̃ ná áḃ ar ceac̃tar̃ aca. Mo leun, nár̃ r̃ḡr̃iob̃ mé p̃iort̃ an r̃ḡéal rin nuair̃ c̃ualar̃ é, bliad̃anta ó p̃oin, óir̃ b' airteac̃ é.

Fuair̃ mé an nóta ro, leanaḡ, ar rean-r̃ḡr̃ib̃inn an-aoḡta, 'do fuair̃ mé ar iapaḃt̃ óm' c̃apaid̃ p̃áor̃aig̃ O Dómñaill ó Baile Uí Fiaḃc̃áin i n-iaḡtar̃ Conḡad̃ m̃uige eó. Tá an nóta ro aḡ t̃rad̃t̃ ar laéḡant̃aib̃ mi-áḃam̃la na bliad̃na, 7 aḡ p̃ad̃ ḡur mi-áḃam̃ail

Here is a little piece which I got in another manuscript in my possession, written by one of the O'Gormans. There is something like it in that very curious old composition "The Ever-New Tongue,"

ON FRIDAY.

On Friday Adam sinned,
 On Friday he was sent out of Paradise.
 On Friday heaven was closed and hell opened.
 On Friday Cain killed Abel.
 On Friday the flood was sent upon the world.
 On Friday the children of Israel were sent through the Red Sea.
 On Friday Christ was crucified.
 On Friday briars and thorns were made,
 And every smooth [*perhaps a mistake for unsmooth*] herb in ground.
 On Friday Stephen was put to death.
 On Friday Herod killed the children to the number of 4020.
 On Friday Peter and Paul were crucified.
 On Friday his head was taken off John the Baptist.
 And on Friday fruit was given to the ground.¹

They have also a story about the "early stroke" [of work] on Monday and the last stroke on Saturday," and according to the story there is no luck in either of them. I wish I had written down this story when I heard it years ago, for it was very curious. I got the following note from an ancient manuscript which I got the loan of from my friend Mr. Patrick O'Donnell from Baile Ui Fhiadhchain [Newport] in the west of the county Mayo. This note speaks of the unlucky days of the year, and says that an unlucky day is the first Monday in April, the second Monday in August, and the last Monday in December. Here is the

¹ Note.—I do not understand this; perhaps it means "was taken from the earth."

an lá é an céad Luan i n-Aibreán, an dara Luan i mi
Lúghnara 7 an Luan déiseannac i mi Noúlas. As ro
an nóta go díreac mar ríobad é inran sean
leabhar:—

“Táir trí laite toirmeairgte do réir na n-óc-
tuiread san mbliadain, .7. an céad Luan do mí
Apuill, .7. an lá do ruad Cain 7 do marb a
dearbádaí Abel: an dara Luan do mí Aduir .7.
an lá do ríobad Soom i rí Somorah, asur an trear
Luan .7. an Luan déiseannac do mí December. .7. an
lá do ruad Iudair, an tí do brait ar tigeanna
Crioit.”

As ro dán do fuair mé ó pádrais O Dóinnail ó
Baile-úí-fiaócháin i sCondae Mhuig Eó, atá na Gaed-
ilgteoirí breáí clirte róglamta. Tá an dán coit-
cionn ann rin.

MOLAD GLÓIR AGUS ONÓIR.

molaó glóir agus onóir

beirim go deó dúit, a fíor-íric Dé,
Daor do deannuis tú an glóir,
le d'fuit uapail onórais féin.

Trí bliadna asur an deic fá trí:

Do fíudal tú an raozal [dúinn] go boct
as teasars 'r as rógluim an éine daonna
's as múnaó na ríge dúinn le dul ar neamh.

naé beas a fmuáinimio ar írára [íric] Dé

á' r gur céarad é ar ár son,

as véanaí ríotcháin ar fearis Dé

Do'n éine daonna i bpeacáó dárait.

¹ Literally.—Praise, glory, and honour, | I give for ever to Thee, O
true Son of God | Dear hast thou purchased the glory | With Thine
own noble, honourable blood,

note exactly as it was written in the old book. "There are three forbidden days, according to the doctors, in the year, the first Monday of the month of April, namely, the day on which Cain was born and killed his brother Abel; the second Monday of the month of August, namely, the day that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed; and the third Monday is the last Monday of the month of December, the day that Judas was born, the man who betrayed our Lord Christ."

They have a proverb which I heard in the county Galway,
 "The beginning of Friday and the end of Saturday are bad."

Here is a poem that I got from Patrick O'Donnell, of Baile-Ui-Fhiadhcháin, or Newport, in the county Mayo, who is a fine, clever, well-read Iresian. The poem is common in that locality.

GLORY AND HONOUR.

Glory and honour and lasting praise,
 Through endless days to the Son of God,
 Thou hast bought Thy glory dear enow
 With sweat of brow and fume of blood.¹

Through toilsome years thrice ten and three,
 Each day to Thee was the poor man's day,
 Teaching and learning all his needs,
 On the road that leads the heavenly way.

Is it not little we think about the grace of the Son of God,
 And how he was tortured for our sake,
 Making peace against the anger of God
 For the human race in the sin of Adam?

Three years and ten three times over | Didst Thou walk the world
 for us in poverty | Instructing and learning the human race | And
 teaching the way for us to go to heaven.

naé mairis vámh-ṛa táinig ar an t-aoṣal
 aṣur breiteamhar 'Dé go bfuil ré mómáinn,
 'S a liaṣta fearis aṣur cuireamhar ar 'Dia,
 le n-ár gcroíde 7 le n-ár mbéal.

nuair tiuṣar an báir o' ár ḡlaoiró
 naé gearr an t-aoṣal do bheir ré fúinn,
 go marbódair ré ár gcora aṣur ár láma
 aṣur fáṣfair ár gcnáma gan don lúe.

bhuiró ré an t-amarc 'n ár óá rúil
 ár ḡluara go n'óúndair mar élar,
 'S ann rin éairear an t-anam ḡluaraé
 aṣur uil an uair rin i látar 'Dé,
 'S ann rin laraṛ an fearis i n-éadan míc 'Dé
 nuair feicfear ré an peacaé breáṣaé
 aṣ teacṣ or a cómair.

tiuṣairó rriomao na láime cléite
 aṣur labródaíó ré gan don fáiteoir,
 "mórán do rinne ré vámh-ṛa ar an t-aoṣal,
 inṛ ṣaé nio 'ar cuir ré roime.
 O ḡlaoiró cura air.
 Anoir, a míc 'Dé, iṛ vámh-ṛa réin fearṛa iṛ cóir é."

'S ann rin a ḡlaotóar mac 'Dé
 ar ainḡeal ḡlégeal na láime veire,
 "Inniṛ anoir vámh-ṛa ṣaé nio
 'Óá nveairnaíó an éolann ariam do'n anam
 nuair do bí ré ar an t-aoṣal."

[An t-Ainḡeal].

"Labairéaó ré urruigṣte béil ar a ḡlúndáib,
 teiréaó ré go h-airrionn an 'Dómnaiṣ
 aṣ éirṛeacṣ leir an naoim-íotóbaire ar an alṛóir.
 Beiréaó ré véirce uair i n-ainm 'Dé
 aṣur éuṣaó lóiruin na h-oiróce do fear an leacṣ-érim,

Is it not alas for me who came into the world !
 For sure the anger of God is before us,
 And all the anger that we have made God angry with ;
 With our heart and with our mouth !

When the Death shall come our hearts to cleave
 He shall not leave us time to speak,
 He shall swamp our life with floods of groans
 And leave our bones as water weak.

He shall break the sight in our two eyes,
 Our ears, sure he shall close them as a board,
 And then the soul will have to move,
 And to go at that hour into the presence of God.
 It is then the anger shall burn in the face of the Son of God,
 When He shall see the lying sinner
 Coming before Him.

The Spirit of the Left Hand shall come
 And shall speak without any fear,
 " Much " [shall he say] " he has done for me in the world,
 In everything which he set before himself,
 Since thou calledst him.
 Now, O Son of God, it is to me myself from henceforth he belongs
 of right."

It is then the Son of God shall call
 Upon the shining angel of the Right Hand,
 " Tell me now each thing
 Which the body has ever done for the soul
 When it was on the world.

[THE ANGEL].

" It used to speak mouth prayers on its knees,
 It used to go to Sunday Mass,
 Listening to the holy offering on the altar,
 It used to give forth alms in the name of God,
 And it used to give night-lodgings to the man who was ill-
 used [or badly off].

O! a tígearna 7 a ríor-mic Dé,
Ó ir tura féin a bfuil agao an bheir
ná leis an t-anam go h-írrionn i tuaió
agur é dá fhuaróil iní na teintidh."

Ir ann rin b'éidear an t-anam ar an rzála
agur é dá m'eadócan i n-aghaid a p'eacaidh,
'S ann rin b'éarfar mac Dé b'heiteammar píneannach
gan don éagóir:

"Cibé faoitear ré ar an t'raoḡal
má 'ré f'laitear Dé no írrionn [bíodh aige]."

Ag ro d'án áluinn d' oirde noḡlas do fuair mé
ar láim r'ghibinn do rinnead i n-áit éigin i leat Cuinn
timéioil dá céad bliadán ó foir; do fuair mé i ar
iafaet d'm éaraid an t'ácaet, láim leir an eamain.
Ní faoid mé i n-don r'ghibinn eile é, agur ar eagla
go mbeir ré caillte tá ré com mair d'am a cup ríor
ann ro.

DÁN 'OIRDE NOḢLAS.

Dia do beata a naoirde naoirín
'S an mainféar ció tá [tu] boet,
m'eadómac faidhí ar dá tú,
'S glóimmar ro' d'án féin anocht.

A naoirde b'is ar dá móir,
A leinb* óis ar dá rean,
[S]an mainféar níor éirí a lán [p]
Ció nac b'fuigead áit ar neamh.

* ní'l i "leinb" áet don t'riolla amáin; b'éiríur gur
"leinbín" do bí ann ar uáir.

† "nír éur lán." ms.

¹ Or "the north-side of hell."

² *Literally* —Hail [literally, "God thy life"] O holy babe | In the

O Lord and O true Son of God,
 Since it is Thou Thyself who hast the judgment,
 Let not the soul go to hell in the North,¹
 And it being shovelled into the fires."

Then the soul shall be in the scales,
 And it being weighed against its sin,
 And then the Son of God shall give righteous judgment,
 Without any injustice:
 "Whatsoever he earned on the world
 Whether it be the heaven of God or hell [let him have it]."

Here is a curious poem to Christmas night, which I got out of a MS. which was made in some place in Leath Chuinn, about two hundred years ago. I was lent it by my friend, Mr. Blake, near Navan. I never saw it in any other MS., and for fear it might be lost it is as well for me to put it down here.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Hail to thee thou holy Babe
 In the manger now so poor,
 Yet so rich Thou art I ween,
 High within the highest door.²

Little babe who art so great,
 Child so young who art so old,
 In the manger small his room
 Whom not heaven itself could hold.³

manger though Thou art poor | Jubilant rich Thou art | And glorious
 in Thine own *dún* to-night.

³ O little babe who art great | O young child who art old | Who in
 the manger did not put its fill | Although he might not find place
 in heaven.

Dúibh gan [aon] máthair ariamh
 Gan áthair ar n-óig anocht,
 Is 'Dúid ariamh atá tú
 'S do dhúine ar túr anocht.

Ní fine h-áthair 'nád rídh,
 Óige an máthair, a mhic Dé,
 Is fine 'r is óige an mac,
 Is fine 'r is óige í 'nád é.

As ro rann beag eile do fuairear ó pádrais
 O Dómnail ó Baile-úí-íadúcháin, i n-iarthar Connae
 mhúis eó.

Ó dun na croíche.

Ó dun na croíche féadaim ruar
 A íora ár dtígearna claoch anuar.
 Anmhuigim † creidimh Dé go ríon
 Le grádh croíche ár le dóchar ríon.

As ro ábhrán beag binn i n-onóir do Naomh pádrais
 do fuair mé ó'n bPádrais O Dómnail céadna. Ní
 cuimnígam sup cualar don rann eile ariamh i n-onóir
 pádrais amearg na n-aoine ádt an ceann ro, ruo
 fuair ionghantar oim.

*Do shuí an "is" ríolla de dháim, in ran line, ní fuair ré
 ann ar dtúir, is óig.

†Deir ríad "anmhuigim" i gConnae mhúis eó.

¹For Thee, without mother ever | Without Father surely to-night |
 God ever art Thou | And Man for the first time to-night.

Motherless, with mother here,
 Fatherless, a tiny span,
 Ever God in heaven's height,
 First to-night becoming man.¹

Father—not more old than thou ?
 Mother—younger, can it be !
 Older, younger is the Son,
 Younger, older, she than he.²

Here is another small verse which I got from Patrick O'Donnell, of Baile-an-Fhiadhcháin, or Newport, in the west of the county Mayo.

FROM THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

From the foot of the Cross I look up to Thee,
 O Jesus Lord bow down to me.
 For I stand in the faith of my God to-day,
 Put love in my heart and hope always.³

Here is another melodious little song in honour of St. Patrick, which I got from the same Patrick O'Donnell. I do not remember that I ever heard any other verses in honour of St. Patrick amongst the people except this one—a thing which surprises me.

¹ Not older Thy Father than thou | Younger Thy mother, O Son of God | Older and younger is the son | Older and younger she than He.

² *Literally.*—From the foot of the Cross I look up | O Jesus our Lord, bow down | I acknowledge truly the religion of God | With love of heart and with lasting hope.

DO NAOMH PÁDRAIG.

Δ ΠΑΤΡΙΑΙΣ ΑΤΑ Ι ΒΡΑΜΗΤΑΡ
 MHC ΔΕ ΣΑΝ ΛΟΕΤ,
 'ΘΕΙΗ ΠΛΑΙΝΤΕ ΛΕ ΔΟ ΣΗΑΡΟΑ
 ΔΟ'Ν ΤΕ ΘΙΟΡ ΒΟΕΤ,
 ΕΑΙΝΙΣ ΜΕ ΑΝΝ ΔΟ ΛΑΤΑΙΗ-ΡΕ
 Δ'Ρ ΜΕ ΛΑΣ ΣΑΝ ΛΥΕ,
 ΤΑΘΔΑΙΗ ΑΗΥΡ ΔΑΜ Ι ΒΡΑΜΗΤΑΡ
 'Η ΑΙΤ Δ ΒΡΕΙΟΡΟ ΜΕ ΕΑ.

ΔΕΕ ΜΑ ΤΑ ΔΑΝΤΑ Ι Ν-ΟΝΘΙΡ Ν. ΠΑΤΡΙΑΙΣ ΣΑΝΝ, ΤΑ
 ΡΣΕΔΙΤΑ Δ'Α ΕΑΟΙΒ ΙΟΜΑΔΑΜΑΙΛ ΣΟ ΛΕΘΡ. CUIHPPO ΜΕ
 ΡΙΟΡ ΡΣΕΙΛΙΝ ΣΕΑΡΗ ΑΝΝ ΡΟ, Δ ΒΡΥΙΛ ΤΡΑΕΕ ΑΡ
 ΠΑΤΡΙΑΙΣ ΑΝΝ, ΘΙΡ CUIPEANN ΡΕ Ι ΣΕΑΙΛ ΔΟΥΝΝ ΣΥΡ
 ΕΥΡ ΠΑΤΡΙΑΙΣ ΑΝ ΟΙΡΕΑΘ ΡΙΝ ΡΥΙΜΕ Ι Ν-ΙΝΝΡΙΝΤ ΝΑ
 ΡΙΡΥΝΝΕ ΣΥΡ ΡΑΣ ΡΕ ΔΕ ΒΥΑΙΘ ΔΣ ΛΕΙC ΑΡ ΑΡ ΕΡΟΜ ΡΕ
 Δ ΣΙΛΝΑ, ΝΑΕ ΒΡΕΑΔΟΡΑΘ ΔΥΙΝΕ ΒΡΕΑΣ ΙΝΝΡΙΝΤ ΟΡ Δ
 CΙΟΝΝ. ΔΟ ΕΥΡ ΝΑ ΡΕΑΝ-ΣΑΕΘΙΛ ΡΥΙΜ ΑΝ-ΜΘΡ ΙΝ ΡΑΝ
 ΒΡΙΡΥΝΝΕ. ΝΥΑΙΡ Δ'ΙΑΡΗ ΠΑΤΡΙΑΙΣ ΑΡ ΟΙΡΙΝ ΑΝΝ ΡΝΑ
 ΡΕΑΝ-ΔΑΝΤΑΙΒ CΙΟΝΝΑΡ ΔΟ ΡΥΝΝΕ ΡΙΟΝΝ ΔΣΥΡ ΑΝ ΡΙΑΝΝ
 Δ ΜΘΡ-ΣΝΙΟΜΑΡΕΤΑ, Δ'ΡΕΑΔΣΑΙΡ ΟΙΡΙΝ Ε.

ΡΙΡΥΝΝΕ ΝΑ ΡΕΙΝΝΕ.

ΝΙ ΕΑΝΑΜΑΟΙΡ, ΑΝ ΡΙΑΝΝ, ΣΟ,
 ΔΣΥΡ ΒΡΕΑΣ ΛΕΟ ΝΙΟΡ ΕΑΙΕΝΙΣ ΜΙΑΜ,
 ΛΕ ΡΙΡΥΝΝΕ Δ'Ρ ΛΕ ΝΕΑΡΕ ΑΡ ΛΑΜ
 ΔΟ ΕΙΣΙΜΙΡ ΡΛΑΝ ΑΡ ΣΑΕ ΣΙΛΑΘ.*

* *Aliter* Ι ΛΑΜ-ΡΣΗΘΙΝΝ ΕΙΛΕ:—

ΝΙ ΕΑΝΑΜΑΟΙΡ-ΝΕ ΑΝ ΡΙΑΝΝ ΣΟ,
 ΒΡΕΑΣ ΜΙΑΜ ΝΙΟΡ ΡΑΜΛΥΙΣΕΑΘ ΛΕΟ,
 ΔΕΕ ΑΡ ΡΙΡΥΝΝΕ 'Ρ ΑΡ ΝΕΑΡΕ ΑΡ ΛΑΜ
 ΔΟ ΕΙΣΙΜΙΡ ΡΛΑΝ ΑΡ ΣΑΕ ΣΙΛΕΟ.

TO SAINT PATRICK.

O Patrick in the Paradise
 Of God on high,
 Who lookest on the poor man
 With a gracious eye.
 See me come before thee
 Who am weak and bare,
 O help me into Paradise
 To find thee there.¹

But if poems in honour of Saint Patrick seem rare, stories about him are numerous enough. I shall set down one short one here in which mention is made of Patrick, for it gives us to understand that Patrick set so much store by the telling of truth that he left it as a virtue in the flag on which he bowed his knees that nobody should be able to tell a lie above it. The ancient Gaels set very great store by truth. When Patrick asked Oisín in the ancient poems how Finn and the Fenians performed their great deeds, Oisín answered him.

THE TRUTH OF THE FENIANS.

Our word we Fenians never broke,
 No lie we spoke since we were born,
 By TRUTH it was and strength of hand
 We saved our land and selves from scorn.²

¹ *Literally*.—O Patrick who art in the Paradise | Of the Son of God without fault | Who givest help with thy grace | Unto him who is poor | I have come into thy presence | And I weak without activity | Give me a dwelling in Paradise | Where I shall see thee.

² *Literally*.—We the Fenians used never to utter a lie | And a falsehood never pleased them | By truth and by the strength of our hands | We used to come safe out of every danger.

níor fuid cléipeac i gcill
 Cú binn mar éanair na raim,
 'Do b' fírinne 'ná rinn-ne an fíann
 Fí nár lagair i ngliaó gar.

níor geinead don neac ariam,
 A páirais éoin ir binne glór,
 'Do b'fírinne na fionn na bpiann,
 fear ear dáim do bhonnad ór.

Ní'an éail ar muinntir na h-Éireann in'oiú go bfuil
 ríad tugta go rpeirialta do'n fírinne, aet do bí ríad
 tugta go móir bí rad ó; agus an tuine atá réir le
 milleán do éur opra anoir, buó éoir do a cumnuigad
 gur fulaing ríad beag-naé dá éad bliadan pá a
 leitéir rin 'de 'Uigéib pianamla, agus o' págrad
 rpioras na b'péige plannuigte agus leatnuigte 'na
 mearg, dá mbuó aingle péin do bí ionnta.

Fuar mé an rgeal ro ó p'póinriar O Concubair i
 mb'l'ácluin, agus níor átruis mé aet cúpla focal
 ann. Ir fiú an rgeal do pábail, ar an ádbair eile reo;
 go otugann pé cuntar dúinn do péir mar bí an rgeal
 amearg na n'aoine, ar bun-ádbair Cnoipe Conga.

clóc na fírinne no ceannuirde na seaet mála.

Bí fear ann, na céadta agus na céadta bliadan ó
 foim, dar b' ainm do páirín O Ciarrbáin, agus do bí
 pé 'na éomnuigé i ngar do Conga i n-lar-Connaéctair.
 B'airtead an fear páirín, níor éreir pé i n'Dia ná
 i n-aon nio d'á éair. Ir minic do faoil an ragar
 páirín do éabairt cum airpinn, aet ní raib don

A cleric who in church has stood
 (However good his psalms afar)
 More true than we, is yet to seek,
 True, but not weak in ways of war.

There never came, nor yet shall come,
 Patrick not dumb in chant and prayer,
 A man with truth upon his tongue,
 Like Finn—his gold did poets share.

The people of Ireland have not the character at the present day of being particularly given up to truth, but they were once greatly given to it, long ago ; and any person who is ready to blame them now, ought to remember that they suffered for almost two hundred years under such Penal Laws as would have left the spirit of the lie planted and broadened in their midst, though it had been very angels that were in them.

I got this story from Francis O'Connor in Athlone, and I have only changed a couple of words in it. The story is worth saving for this other reason too, that it gives us an account—as the story ran among the people—of the origin of the Cross of Cong.

THE STONE OF TRUTH OR THE MERCHANT OF THE SEVEN BAGS.

THERE was a man in it, hundreds and hundreds of years ago, whose name was Páidin² O Ciarbháin [Keerwaun, or Kerwin] and he was living close to Cong in West Connacht.

¹There never sat cleric in church | Though it is melodious how they
 chant the psalms | Who was more true than we the Fenians | Men
 who never weakened in harsh conflict.

There was never anyone begotten | O gentle Patrick, of most
 melodious voice | Who was more true than Finn of the Fenians |
 A man who on poets used to bestow gold.

² Pronounced "Paud-yeen," a diminutive of Patrick.

máit 'ód ann, mar nac nglacrao páirín cómhairle
ragairt no earbois. Céiré ré go maib an tuine mar
an beirídeac, agus céiré ré nuair gheobao an tuine
bár nac mbeir don focail eile o'á taoib.

Cait páirín oróc-beata. Bíod ré as tul ó teac
go teac ran lá, agus as goir ran oirde.

Anoir, nuair bí Naom páiríais i n-lar-Connactaib
as iarriao Cíorodaidé do déanam de na págánais,
cuaid ré don lá amáin ar a glúnaib ar leic mhóir
cloide le uirnaiste do ráo, agus nuair o'éiríe ré
o'fás ré lonn a oá glúin in ran gcloic, agus o'fás
ré bríe mhóir inr an gcloic céatona, óir tuine ar bit
do laibedrao or cionn na cloide rin, b' éiríe do an
fírinne glan o' innreacé, níor féao ré bréas inn-
reacé, agus ar an áobair rin eus na daoine Cloc na
fírinne mar ainm ar an leic rin.

Bíod faicéir mhóir ar páirín i gcómhairle poim an
gcloic rin, agus ir minic cuir ré poime i do goir.
Don oirde amáin, nuair fuair ré faill, o'áiríais ré
an cloc ar a oruim, eus ré leir í, agus cait ré i ríor
i ngleann móir ioir oá énoc, reacé míle ó'n áit i
mbíod rí: agus fáoil an bíteamnac go maib leir, acé
bí an cloc ar air in a rean-áit féin, an oirde rin,
a-gan-fíor oó!

Oirde eile 'na oiais rin, goir ré géao an tragarit
paráirte, agus mar bí amíur as na daoineib air,
tubairt ríao go oiríorao ríao é go Cloc na fírinne.
Bí páirín as gáiríde in a inntinn féin, óir bí fíor
aige go maib an cloc goirte aige, agus buró mhóir an
t-iongnao do bí air nuair connairc ré an cloc
poime, in a h-áit féin. Nuair cuireao é or cionn na

Páidin was a strange man ; he did not believe in God or in anything about Him. It's often the priest thought to bring him to Mass, but it was no use for him, for Páidin would not take the advice of priest or bishop. He believed that man was like the beast, and he believed that when man died there was no more about him.

Páidin lived an evil life ; he used to be going from house to house by day, and stealing in the night.

Now, at the time that St. Patrick was in West Connacht seeking to make Christians of the Pagans, he went down one day upon his knees on a great flag of stone to utter prayers, and he left after him a great virtue in the same stone, for anybody who might speak above that stone, it was necessary for him to tell the clear truth, he could not tell a lie, and for that reason the people gave the name to that flag of the Stone of Truth.

Páidin used always to have a great fear of this stone, and it's often he intended to steal it. One night when he found an opportunity he hoisted the stone on his back, took it away with him, and threw it down into a great valley between two hills seven miles from the place where it used to be, and the rogue thought that he was all right ; but the stone was back in its old place that same night without his knowing.

Another night after that he stole the geese of the parish priest, and as the people doubted him, they said that they would bring him to the Stone of Truth. Páidin was laughing in his own mind, for he knew that he had the stone stolen ; but great was the surprise that was on him when he saw the stone before him in its own place. When he was put above the stone he was obliged to tell that he had

cloíde b'éigín 'dó innreádt sup goíto ré na géarda, agus fuair ré bualaó móir ó'n t-*pasant*. Rinne ré pún daingionn, ann rin, 'dá b'ásgaó ré faill ar an gcloíde arís go gcuirfeadh ré i i n-áit naé otiucpaó rí ar air ar.

Cápla oirde 'na diais rin fuair ré faill arís, agus goíto ré an cloíde an dapa h-uair. Caid ré ríor i bpoll móir doimhin í, agus o' imtis ré a-baile, ag déanam lutzáire leir féin. Ádt ní deaóaró ré ceatpama míle ó'n áit, sup éualaró ré topan móir ag teádt 'na diais. O'feuc ré caob fíar dé, agus connaire ré oream de daoineó beaga, agus iad gléarta i n-éadaé com geal leir an t-*neáda*. Táinis an oiréad rin faicéir an páiróin nár féad ré coircéim do fíubal, go dtáinis na daoine beaga ruar leir, agus iad ag ioméar Cloíde na fípinne leó. Labair duine aca leir agus dubairt:—"A páiróin malluigíte, beir an cloíde ro ar air cum na h-áite a bfuair tú í, no iocfaid tú ar go cruaid."

"Deairpaó, agus fáilte," ar reiréan.

Cuiréadar an cloíde ar a dhruim, agus o' fílleadar ar air ar an mbótar do tángadar. Ádt mar do bí an diaabal ag cur catuigíte ar páiróin o' imtis ré agus caid ré an cloíde irteáé i bpoll buó doimhne 'nā an céad poll, poll do pinne na daoine le toul i bpolac ann nuair beir an cogadó ag teádt.

O'fan an cloíde annran bpoll rin níor mó 'nā reádt mbliadna, agus ní faib fíor ag duine ar bit cia an áit a faib rí ádt ag páiróin amáin.

1 gceann na h-aimpíre rin bí páiróin ag toul le caoib na cille nuair o'feuc ré ruar ar éioir do bí

stolen the geese, and he got a great beating from the priest. He made a firm resolution then that if he got an opportunity at the stone again, he would put it in a place that it would never come out of.

A couple of nights after that he got his opportunity again, and stole the stone a second time. He threw it down into a great deep hole, and he went home rejoicing in himself. But he did not go a quarter of a mile from the place until he heard a great noise coming after him. He looked behind him and he saw a lot of little people, and they dressed in clothes as white as the snow. There came such fear over Páidin that he was not able to walk one step, until the little people came up with him, and they carrying the Stone of Truth with them. A man of them spoke to him and said: "O accursed Páidin, carry this stone back to the place where you got it, or you shall pay dearly for it."

"I will and welcome," said Páidin.

They put the stone upon his back and they returned the road on which they had come. But as the devil was putting temptation upon Páidin, he went and threw the stone into a hole that was deeper than the first hole, a hole which the people made to go hiding in when the war would be coming. The stone remained in that hole for more than seven years, and no one knew where it was but Páidin only.

At the end of that time Páidin was going by the side of the churchyard, when he looked up at a cross that was standing there, and he fell into a faint. When he came to himself, there was a man before him and he clothed as white

'na fearaí ann sin, agus tuit ré i laige. Nuair táinig ré cuige féin bí fear in a látair agus é gleurta dóm geal leir an trneadta. Labair ré le páirín agus dúbairt ré, "a páirín malluighe, tá tú cionntaó in rna reáct bpeacaió maibta, agus muna ngníó tú aitéighe iacaió tú go h-irpionn. Ir aingeal ó Óia mire, agus cuiprió mé breiteamnar aitéighe ort: cuiprió mé reáct málaio ort agus caitérió tú iao d' iomcari bliadain agus ríce. Tar éir an ama rin teirig i látair cpoire móire béirdear i mbaile Conga agus abair tri h-uair "M'anam do Óia agus do Muipe." Cait beata diazanta [diaða] go dtí rin, agus iacaió tú go flaitear. Teirig cum do íazairt anoir, má tá tú úmal le mo cómairle do glacáó."

"Tá mé úmal," arsa páirín, "aéct béir na daoine ag déanaí maizaió fúm."

"Ná bac leir an maizáó, ní máirpió ré i bpaó," ar ran t-aingeal.

Tar éir an cómpáio reó táinig triom-cóulaó ar páirín, agus nuair dúbairt ré bí reáct málaio air, agus bí an t-aingeal imtíghe. Bí dá mála ar a éaioí deir, dá mála ar a éaioí clé, agus bí tri cinn eile ar a óruim, agus bí riao greamuighe dóm cruaió rin air sup íaioil ré sup ag fáir air do bí riao. Bí riao ar dáct a cpoicinn féin, agus bí cpoicionn orra. An lá ar n-a márac nuair cuaió páirín amearg na ndaoine cuir ré iongantur orra, agus tug riao "Ceannuio na Seáct Mála" air, agus do lean an t-ainm rin do go bfuair ré báir.

Torair páirín ar beata nuaió anoir. Cuaió ré

as the snow. He spoke to him and said: "O accursed Páidin, you are guilty of the seven deadly sins, and unless you do penance you shall go to hell. I am an angel from God, and I will put a penance on you. I will put seven bags upon you and you must carry them for one and twenty years. After that time go before the great cross that shall be in the town of Cong, and say three times, 'My soul to God and Mary,' spend a pious life until then, and you will go to heaven. Go to the priest now, if you are obedient (and ready) to receive my counsel."

"I am obedient," said Páidin, "but the people will be making a mock of me."

"Never mind the mock, it won't last long," said the angel.

After this conversation a deep sleep fell upon Páidin, and when he awoke there were seven bags upon him, and the angel was gone away. There were two bags on his right side, two bags on his left side, and three others on his back, and they were stuck so hard upon him that he thought that it was growing on him they were. They were the colour of his own skin, and there was skin on them. Next day when Páidin went among the people he put wonder on them, and they called him the Merchant of the Seven Bags, and that name stuck to him until he died.

Páidin began a new life now. He went to the priest, and he showed him the seven bags that were on him, and he told him the reason that they were put on him. The priest gave him good advice, and a great coat to cover the seven

cum an trasaírt agus tairbeán ré dó na reáct málairí do bí air, agus o'innir ré dó an fáct ar cuipead, air, iad. Tug an ragaírt deag-dómaíle dó agus tug ré dó cóta-mór le folad do cup ar na reáct málairí; agus do bíod páirín 'na díairí rin as dul ó teac go teac agus ó baile go baile, as iarrairí deirce, agus ní bíod Dómnac no lá raoiné naé mbíod ré as an airíonn, agus bíod páilte poime inr gac uile áit.

Timcíoll reáct mbliadna 'na díairí rin bí páirín as dul le taoib an puill ar éairé ré Cloc na fírinne ann. Táinig ré go bpuac an puill, éairí ríor ar a dá glúin, agus o'iarí ré ar Óia an éloc do cup ruar éuige. Nuair bí érioc ar a páirín, éonnaíre ré an éloc as teáct aníor, agus na ceorta de éolumaib bána timcíoll uirí. Bí an éloc as éiríge agus as ríor-éiríge go dtáinig rí i látair páirín ar an talam, agus ann rin o'iméig na colum ar air aní. Lá ar n-a márac éairí ré cum an trasaírt agus o'innir dó gac nír i taoib Cloice na fírinne, agus an éairí a dtáinig rí aníor ar an bpoll. "Racair mé leat," ar an ragaírt, "go bfeiciré mé an t-iongantap móir ro." Éairí an ragaírt leir go dtí an poll agus éonnaíre ré Cloc na fírinne. Agus éonnaíre ré ruo eile do cup iongantap móir air—na mílte agus na mílte colum as eiril timcíoll béil an puill, as dul ríor ann agus as teáct aníor ar. Tug an ragaírt Poll na gColum ar an áit, agus tá an t-ainm rin uirí go dtí an lá iníu. Tugad an éloc éannuigíte ar teac go Conga, agus níor éraoa gur cuipead ruar éirí móir or a cionn; agus

bags with ; and after that Páidin used to be going from house to house and from village to village asking alms, and there used never be a Sunday or holiday that he would not be at Mass, and there used to be a welcome before him in every place.

About seven years after that Páidin was going by the side of the hole into which he had thrown the Stone of Truth. He came to the brink of the hole, went down on his two knees and asked God to send him up the stone. When his prayer was ended he saw the stone coming up, and hundreds of white doves round about it. The stone was rising and ever rising until it came into Páidin's presence on the ground, and then the doves went back again. The next day he went to the priest and told him everything about the Stone of Truth, and the way it came up out of the hole. "I will go with you," said the priest, "until I see this great wonder." The priest went with him to the hole and he saw the Stone of Truth. And he saw another thing which put great wonder on him ; thousands and thousands of doves flying round about the mouth of the hole, going down into it and coming up again. The priest called the place *Poll na gColum* or the Doves' Hole, and that name is on it until the present day.¹ The blessed stone was brought into Cong, and it was not long until a grand cross was erected over it, and from that day to this, people come from every place to look at the Doves' Hole,

¹ Pronounced "Pull na gullum." For another derivation of this name, see the story of Paudyeen O'Kelly and the Weasel, in my "Beside the Fire," p. 88, and note, p. 189.

ó'n lá rin go dtí an lá inoiú tagann daoine ar gac uile áit le breachnuagáid ar póil na gColum, agus éireo na rean-daoine sup aingle naoim páorais do bí ann rna columaib rin.

Bí Cloic na fírinne le bliadantaib na diaib rin i gConga, agus ip cinnte go nbeannaid rí maic mhór, óir congbaig rí go leor daoine ó coirleadá do déanamh. Aic govead i pa deoig, agus m'l cuntaip uirri ó roin.

Mairi pároin go raib ré ceitne picio bliadán o' doir, agus o' iomcár ré a cuio aicpige go cráibtead. Nuair bí an bliadán agus ríce do tug an t-aingeal do críochnuighe, agus é ag iomcár na reat málá ar reat na h-aimeiríe rin, táimis teactaire cuige, i n-aicling, le ráb leir go raib a beata ar an traogal ro críochnuighe, agus go scaitfead ré dul an lá ar n-a márac i látaip Cpoire Conga, agus é féin do taibairt ruar do Dia agus do Múiré. Ar mairin go moic cuaid ré cuig an ragaip, agus o'innip do an ruagrad do ruair ré inr an oirde. Deir daoine nár éireo an ragaip é, aic ar caoi ar bit dubairt ré le pároin déanamh mar dubairt an teactaire leir.

O'imicig pároin agus o'fás ré a beannaic ag a coimarrannaid agus ag a daoimib muinntireadá, agus nuair bí an clog ag bualaó an do-deag agus na daoine ag ráb fáilte an aingil, táimis pároin i látaip na cpoire agus dubairt trí h-uairé "M'anam do Dia agus do Múiré," agus an an mball cuic ré marb.

Bí an cpoir rin i mbairle Conga le bliadantaib. Cuaid earbog de fíoinnead Dubtaig cum na Róma agus ruair ré píora de'n fíoir-cpoir agus cuir ré

and the old people believed that they were St. Patrick's angels who were in those doves.

The Stone of Truth was for years after that in Cong, and it is certain that it did great good, for it kept many people from committing crimes. But it was stolen at last, and there is no account of it from that out.

Páidin lived until he was four score years of age, and bore his share of penance piously. When the one and twenty years that the angel gave him were finished, and he carrying the seven bags throughout that time, there came a messenger in a dream to say to him that his life in this world was finished, and that he must go the next day before the Cross of Cong and give himself up to God and Mary. Early in the morning he went to the priest and told him the summons he had got in the night. People say that the priest did not believe him, but at all events he told Páidin to do as the messenger had bidden him.

Páidin departed, and left his blessing with his neighbours and relations, and when the clock was striking twelve, and the people saying the Angelical Salutation, Páidin came before the cross and said three times, "My soul to God and to Mary," and on the spot he fell dead.

That cross was in the town of Cong for years. A bishop, one of the O'Duffys, went to Rome, and he got a bit of the true Cross and put it into the Cross of Cong.¹ It was there

¹ The Cross of Cong, now in the National Museum in Dublin, is of the most exquisite workmanship. It is about thirty inches high, covered with an elaborate Celtic ornamentation, and inscriptions in Irish along its sides. It was originally made for the Church of Tuam, to the order of Turloch O'Connor, King of Connacht. The Archbishop of Tuam at that time was, as the story says, really an O'Duffy. The artist was an O'Ifechan.

irteac i gCroir Conga é. Bí ré ann rin go dtáinig na Saill agus sup leagadair go talam é. Tá Croir Conga i n-Éirinn fóir, agus tá tuarim as na daoine go mbéir sí áirdeighe ruar i mbaile Conga arís le congnam Dé.

Do fuair mé i leabair beas eile, ragníobta leir an Seágan O Mártáir na céana air ar labhair mé ceana, ar oileán ann ran tSionnainn, timcíoll ceitire picíro bliadán ó foir, fóir liofáin no oirge i n-onóir do'n mártáir máir, a bfuil blar fóir-áeóealac ar cuir de, óir tá cuir deí bearruigeac agus cuir deí bpríor, agus ní cinnte sup airtriuigáó é,—an bearruigeac ar móó ar bit. Ní facaíó mé ruar don cóir eile de, 7 beirim ann ro é le n-a fáóáil. Toruigeann an píora ro le páir, agus ó am go h-am tagann arteac na bmaíra aít-ráirde arís agus arís eile,

“O a baintuigeir na veónaig teac le cabair

Cum mé o' fóiréoraint ar mo námaíro.

Síóir do'n áeair don mác agus don spioraó naomh.”

Agus an ruarinn ;

O a tigeir na éir le m' uirnaige,

Agus go maíó m'orna i o' láeair,

molamaíro an tigeir na,

buiréac le Dia.

Agus an ruar fóiruirde tpe érócaire de

Go bfuigíó anam na bpríean.

Agus ann rin tagann na focla “o a naomh má. a máeair ar tTigeir. 1. C., 7c.” Ir iao ro na céu-focla de'n uirnaige atá ragníobta i dtúr na h-oirge mar leand:—

O a naomh-máir, a máeair ar tTigeir na fóra Críor, a baintuigan na bpláitear, a baintuigeir na an voimain uile na(é) tpeigeir agus na(é) tarcuirigeir don neac, feuc oim go

until the foreigners came and threw it to the ground. The Cross of Cong is still in Ireland, and the people have an idea that it will yet be raised up in the town of Cong with the help of God.

I found in another little book of mine written by the same John O'Mahon of whom I spoke before, on an island in the Shannon, about eighty years ago, a sort of litany or office in honour of the Virgin Mary, on part of which there is a truly Gaelic *blas*, for some of it is in verse and some of it in prose, and it is not certain that the verse, at all events, is a translation. I have never seen another copy of it, so give it here to save it. This piece begins with a prayer, and from time to time these words come in, repeated again and again :—

O Queen, vouchsafe to come with help
To truly protect me from my enemy.
Glory to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

and the versicle—

O Lord, listen to my prayer,
And may my sigh go before thee,
We praise the Lord,
Thanks be to God.
And the eternal slumber, through the mercy of God,
May the soul of the righteous obtain.

And then come the words, "O holy Mary, Mother of Our Lord Jesus Christ," etc. Here are the first words of the prayer that are written at the commencement of the Office, as follows :—

O holy Mary, O Mother of Our Lord Jesus Christ, O Queen of the heavens, O Queen of all the world, who forsakest not and despisest not any one, mercifully look upon me with eye of compassion, and gain for me from thy beloved Son pardon for all my sins . . . through

ερόσαιμεαδ le rúil tmuaisméile ašur paotmaiz ōam ó o' mac
máirnead pároun i n-íomlán mo péacairde* . . . tpe
xiárta ašur ερόσαιμε ár o' tigearna íora Cíofort vo eus tupa
a máizvean ó o' bhoinn, an té máirnead ašur maizluisear
mar don leir an ádair ašur leir an spiorao naoim, don Dia
amán, i oibionóio mó naoiméa, le paogal na paogal. Amen.

Ann rin tagann na pinníní, ašur píce líne ve
íofort bēapruigeadta aš toružad

páilte mómao a óiz éiallta

a teag duine vo Dia an t-ápo-tigearna,

áct ní éurim ann ro íao mar ní ro íoilleir íao. Tar
éir rin tagann na pinníní, ašur tar éir na pinnín
an éuro eile ve'n líoan mar leannar:—

Go mbeannuigear ōuit a airc an peadta,

a ádair míožta šolaim míc Dáibí,

a boža bairte íoillepead na bplaitear,

a éor an tiorpona vo rciúmaiz maoire,

a lomha miorbuillead živeon éróta,

a ílat bláetmar aaron cómaetaiž,

a míl éúdaréa šamprom mórtá,

ašur a beag-šeomha an tšlānuigetóma,

buo nio oimeamnac go paóálfao

mac go íoir-uapal,†

ó'n ulc‡ o'páz clann éada,

paoi buairneam.

An máizvean mó naoiméa,

vo tož ré mar máetair,

ionnur nac mbairpead

aicio an péacair,

ná tpuaillead go bpat ói,

Cóinnuige[ann] [ré] ann ran bplaitior ip aoire,

ašur ip é mo íioetán míožta

* leannann ann ro na bmaetma "ionur go bpuizimri noč vo
molač inir go íoimomórac le žean diaimovac vo žadail naoiméa
na ōiaiz ro mar žualšur an žlóime íoirmuize," áct ní léir
ōam cao ip éiall ōóib.

† "vo ní oimoiðnead go paáailac mac co íoiruapal," ms.

‡ ní léir an pocal ro.

the grace and mercy of Our Lord Jesus Christ, whom thou hast brought, O Virgin, from thy womb, He who liveth and ruleth together with the Father and Holy Spirit, one God, in a Trinity very holy, for ever and ever. Amen.

Then come the versicles and twenty lines of a sort of versification, beginning

Welcome to thee, O prudent Virgin,
O human house (?) for God the High Lord ;

but I do not give these verses here, as they are not very clear. After that came the versicles, and after the versicles the rest of the Litany as follows :—

Ark of the Law, we hail thee there,¹
And Solomon's, son of David's chair,
And the bow baptismal in Heaven's pure air.
O tower who once did Moses guide,
Marvellous fleece by Gideon's side,
Blossoming-rod of Aaron's pride,
Honeycomb sweet which Samson tried,
Room where the Saviour did once abide.

It were meet she should save
A Son so noble
From the children of Eve,
Their sin-stain and trouble.
The most Holy Virgin
He chose as His mother,
That no spot or stain
Of sin might remain
Her brightness to smother.

¹ *Literally.*—Hail to thee, O Ark of the law | O royal throne of Solomon, son of David | O shining baptismal bow of the heavens | O tower of the tabernacle (?) which guided Moses | O miraculous fleece of valiant Gideon | O blossoming rod of powerful Aaron | And O little-chamber of the Saviour | It was a fitting thing that she should save | [Her] Son truly noble | From the evil that left the children of Eve | under trouble | the maiden very holy | He chose as mother | In order that the disease of sin or corruption might not touch her for ever | He dwelleth in the highest heaven | And He is my royal peace | a Pillar of the Clouds.

πιολάρι na r̥gamlla.
 Δ δαιντιζέαρνα ζο mbuð veónač leat,
 Teac̥t le cab̥ai̥r,
 Cum mé v'f̥io̥r-čoraint ar mo námao.*

ζο mbeannuiz̥tear ðuit
 Δ m̥ḁ́tai̥r ḁzur Δ m̥ai̥z̥vean,
 Δ t̥eampuil̥l na t̥monó̥ve,
 Ir tu luat̥z̥ḁ́me† na n-aing̥eal,
 Δ p̥ál̥ai̥r na f̥io̥r-ó̥iz̥eac̥t',
 Δ čompó̥r̥vo na v̥oð̥b̥rónač,
 Δ č̥rainn̥ ž̥m̥ḁ́rḁm̥ail na v̥oi̥z̥ve,
 Δ ž̥ḁ́r̥v̥oin an t̥ról̥ai̥r,
 An ó̥ir-č̥ir̥te na m̥ai̥z̥vean,
 Ir i̥t̥ir na talḁm̥ r̥ḁz̥ar̥tḁm̥ail (sie) tu
 'O f̥aor̥ ioml̥án i n-é̥r̥eac̥t‡
 Δ'r ó̥ p̥eac̥að an t̥rin̥r̥ir,
 Ž̥ur̥ r̥aor̥að tu ζο haon̥va
 Δ ž̥eata na ð̥rl̥ai̥tear,
 Δ č̥at̥ai̥r na t̥monó̥ve,
 Δ p̥é̥ar̥la ó̥ir̥v̥e̥ir̥c na m̥ai̥z̥vean
 l̥án v̥o'n uile ž̥m̥ḁ́ra ž̥an t̥eó̥ra
 m̥ar an l̥ile m̥ear̥z̥ na v̥or̥m̥ai̥z̥eann§
 Ar an m̥eod̥an rin, rin mo ž̥m̥áð̥ am̥ear̥z̥ m̥ž̥ean ḁ́d̥ai̥m̥:
 O Δ naom̥ m̥h̥u̥ir̥e, Δ m̥ḁ́tai̥r ḁ́r v̥ti̥z̥eār̥na i̥ora č̥r̥io̥r̥t.

Δ δαιντιζέαρνα ζο mbuð veónač leat
 Teac̥t le cab̥ai̥r
 Cum mé v'f̥io̥r-čoraint ar mo námao, 7c.

ζο mbeannuiz̥tear ðuit
 Δ č̥at̥ai̥r na č̥oim̥ir̥ce,
 Δ t̥u̥ir̥ 'Ó̥ái̥ð̥i || an m̥i̥ž̥
 Čoranta ζο č̥om̥ḁ́č̥tač̥,
 le ar̥m an ḁ́ir̥v̥o-m̥i̥ž̥,

* Tazann na m̥ainn̥ín̥ið̥ 7 an p̥ai̥v̥oir̥ ann̥ ro.

† "Luat̥z̥ḁ́me," MS.

‡ "Ḁ́t̥aor̥i̥ ioml̥án an č̥om̥ḁ́č̥tač̥," MS. v'é̥ir̥v̥ir̥ "ḁ́t̥ai̥r ioml̥án
1 naom̥ḁ́č̥t̥."

§ "na v̥or̥m̥ai̥z̥eann̥," MS.

She dwelleth to-day in the heavens above,
For me a royal place of love,

A Pillar of cloud.

O Queen, mayest thou consent
To come with help
To truly protect me from mine enemy.

[*Versicle and prayer as before.*]

Hail to thee,
O Mother and Maiden,
O Church of the Trinity,
Thou art the rejoicing of the angels,
O Palace of the true Virginity,
O comfort of the sorrowful,
O gracious tree of patience,
O garden of pleasure,
O golden-treasury of the virgins,
Thou art the soil of the priestly ground,
Who hast saved all effectually,
And from the sin of the ancestor (original sin),
Sure thou wast saved completely (!)
O gate of the heavens,
O chair of the Trinity,
O noble pearl of the maidens,
Full of every grace without limits,
Like the lily amongst the thorns,
In that respect, that is my love amongst the daughters of Adam,
O holy Mary, Mother of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

[*Versicle and prayer as before.*]

O Queen, mayest thou deign
To come with help
And truly protect me from my enemy.

Hail to thee,
Throne of protection,
Tower of King David,
Protected powerfully
By the weapons of the High King

|| "Ὁσίτ," MS., λαβαίητεςαη Ὁσίθι μαη "Ὁσίτ" no "Ὁσίτε" 50
mimic.

Ann 'oo gādāil naoimēa,
 'Oo bī an ēarēanaēc ar iōra,
 Aḡur [oo h-irliḡeāō] lucipei an uaii
 ʒo bḡuairi rē tḡiōt maḡla.
 Ir tu iuoir neam-ēlaoiōte
 'Oo pinne mōm-ḡnīōm le n-a h-aḡm,
 no aibiraiḡ, mēi maḡ rḡmīōbēaḡ,*
 le n-a bḡuairi oeaḡmīḡ mīr a ēara (?)
 ioirēp mac Raēēil
 'Oo līon ēḡipt le beaēa,
 A'r ʒo oetḡ muiie ó na bḡomn
 An tē ēuill uūinn na flaitir.
 Ir mo āluinn† ēu ʒo hiomlān, o mo ḡmāu,
 Aḡur pḡota oē pēacaō an tḡinḡiri
 nī maib mīam iōnat.

ʒo mbeannuiḡēaḡ uōit
 a ḡmianāin ḡlōmīuii,
 Ir iōnat iompuiōeap an ḡmian tair air
 'Oeic ʒcēim o'ā cūmra,
 Aḡur ʒur paoi 'oo bḡoinn
 'Oo ēuipḡiḡ mac 'Oé 'n āi meapḡ.
 ionnur ʒo n-ēipeōēaō an cine oaoḡna
 ʒo flaitēap ó ipḡionn na bḡian.
 Cīō ʒur mōm ē ēai na h-aingil‡
 ʒur mīḡaō ē i rēābla pōlām§ ʒan biaō
 buō mīnic an ḡmian rō
 [Aḡ] pōilḡmīḡaō ar mīuiie.
 nīō 'oo pinne a ʒādāil naoimēa,
 maḡ ḡluinne|| na mairne.
 Ir tu an lile mo āluinn amearḡ na noḡmāiḡean¶

* "Tḡe maḡ rḡmīeap," ms.

† "aa." ms.

‡ haii na ēaingil, ms.

§ ollam ms.

¶ 'Oo rḡmīoraō amac an pocal rō aḡur rḡmīob lām eile ann
 a āit "ḡlonean."

In thy holy conception,
 The friendship was on Jesus,
 And Lucifer [was humbled] in the hour
 That he found through thee reproach.
 Thou art the unconquered Judith
 Who performed the great feat with her weapon,
 Or Abishag, as is written,
 By whom a good king found his activity (?)
 Joseph, son of Rachel,
 Who filled Israel with food,
 And sure Mary has brought forth from her womb
 Him who earned the heavens for us.
 It is very beautiful entirely thou art, O my love,
 And one spot of ancestral sin
 There was in thee never.

[*Versicle and prayer as before.*]

Hail unto thee,
 O glorious *grianan* [sunny-house].
 It is in thee the sun turneth backwards
 Ten degrees of its course.¹

And sure beneath thy womb
 The Son of God descended into our midst,
 So that the human race might rise
 To heaven from hell of the pains.
 Although He is great beyond the angels
 And though He was born in an empty stable without food,
 Often was this sun
 Shining upon Mary,
 A thing which made her holy conception
 Like the clearness of the morning.
 Thou art the most beautiful lily amongst the thorns,

Ἡ ἡγία ἡ μήτηρ τοῦ κυρίου ἡμῶν ἡ ἡγία ἡ μήτηρ τοῦ κυρίου ἡμῶν
 ἡ ἡγία ἡ μήτηρ τοῦ κυρίου ἡμῶν.

¹ Cf. verse 7 of the poem above, "πάντες ἡ μάταις," "Welcome,
 O Mother."

na παιτρεαδα niñe zo vterōto piao pómav-
 pa ann ran vorévavur,
 ip tu an naé žlan eólav
 vo'n. té biof di peáčan.
 ip tu an poillpeán 'ran lóčan.
 ann ran bplaitear vo éui mé
 solur píoñuivē di bun,
 asur v'foluiz mé an voñan uile
 mañ éo bpaonach.

O A naom-mñuie, 7c.

O [A] baintigeamna zo mbuō veónac leu' m'ac di vtižeamna
 iopa cñiof tñé t' impiōe-pe veit píočánta linn, pinn vo
 éongbáil di ptáio na ngrárf[A] asur [A] peamz v' iompóo
 uainn.

O [A] baintigeamna zo mbuō veónac leat teačt le cabair
 cum mé v'fioñ-coraivt di mo námaio.

zo mbeannuiztear vuit
 a m'aisvean nó feunmāñ,
 a veaž-čáil na žeanmnuizeačt',
 a baimiožan na tñócañie
 atá cñónuizte le meultaid.
 ip žloine tu 'ná na h-ainžil
 as amāñic di vo m'ac žlóñmāñ,
 av fūivē di a veap-láim.
 ip tu tožā na h-oižmeačt,*
 a m'ácañ na ngrárfā,
 a vóčcañ na bpeacač,
 a meultóiz poillpeač na vóčna,
 av foñur di an noñuivz le baržav.
 veónaiž žeata na bplaitear
 vo veit ořžavite pómāinn-ne.
 ionnur, leip an žcuaiačt beannuizte,
 zo pealvóčamaoñ vo m'ac m'imeač,
 i ruaimneap na žlóime.
 ip ola naomēta t'ainn asainn a mñuie,
 ip móñ an žean atá as vo feimviriž vuit.
 A naom-mñuie, 7c., 7c.

* "Točēta an oimžeačt," ms.

The serpents sure they go before thee
 In the darkness.
 Thou art the clear moon of guidance
 To him who is astray,
 Thou art the torch and the lamp.

In the heavens have I set
 An eternal light,
 And I have covered the entire world
 Like a dripping mist.

O Holy Mary, etc.

O Queen, may thy Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ, consent, through
 thy request, to be at peace with us, to keep us in the state of grace,
 and to turn away His anger from us.

O Queen, mayest thou consent to come with help to truly protect
 me from my enemy.

[*Versicle and prayer as before.*]

Hail to thee,
 O maiden very prosperous,
 O good-fame of chastity,
 O queen of mercy,
 Who art crowned with stars,
 Thou art purer than the angels,
 Looking on thy glorious Son
 Sitting on His right hand,
 Thou art the choice of the inheritance (?)
 O Mother of the graces,
 O hope of the sinners,
 O little shining star of the ocean,
 Refuge (?) of those being destroyed.
 Consent that the gate of the heavens
 May be opened before us,
 So that with the blessed company
 We might inherit thy beloved Son
 In the quiet of glory.
 Thy name to us, O Mary, is an holy oil.
 Great is the love thy servants have for thee.

O Holy Mary, etc.

Ḑronnamaoio zo h-úmaíl ouit
 Δ μαίξοεαν πό·εμάιβεαδ
 na tráta canonua ro
 'Duḥnamai le gráto ouit.

Sciúmaíz rin[n] oileiunz
 zo utagamaoio le Crioirta,
 Δ' r ai uairi ári mbáir
 Δ θαινιοζαν na ngrár
 Suiró oimainn i látairi iora.

'Sí reó an bmairpe
 naδ * fuamap inneti mañ
 smál peacairó an trinnriji,
 ná coiri† peacairó an gnioñ'.

An tan vo zineatō tu
 i mbroinn vo míteari ó máioin,
 'Do bí tu zan ppoia
 na rmoíl ari bié peacairó,
 Suiró cum an átairi fíorhuiróe ari ári ron.‡

O! (Δ) 'Día noc 'uóllmuiz § ionao cómnuizte uoo' mñac, tpe
 zadbáil || neam-émuailizte na maíξoine beannuizte, tpe moiñ-
 feicrint ¶ báir Δ h-aon mñic zup fábáil tú i ó ppoia ari bié
 peacairó, zo mbuó ueónad leat tpe n-Δ h-impióe-pe ** ari an móó
 zcéadna rinne vo fáomaó ó peacairóib, ionnur zo realḑamaoir
 tú péin, tpe ári uTígeairna iora Crioirt vo mñac, vo máirpear Δzur
 vo maizaluirgear mari aon leat, Δzur leir an Spioiaio naomñ, an
 aon 'Día amáin, i uTiuonóio mo naomta, le raozal na raozal.
 Amen.

* "na fuamap mañ nt," ms.

† ní léiri an focaí ro, i r cornúil le "coiri" é.

‡ Tá líne eile annro áct ní léiri óam i: "ion utuz tú amad
 ó vo ḑroinn."

§ "uóllaiiz," ms.

|| "zoi," ms.

¶ "seo tpe meimeizrint báir ahaon mñic," ms. Δzur focaí eile
 naδ léiri óam rgríóðta of cionn an "tpe."

** "himpírin," ms.

We humbly present thee
 O Maiden most holy
 These prayers and devotions
 With service most lowly.¹

Steer us poor pilgrims
 To Christ on our way,
 And when Death shall face us,
 O Queen of the graces,
 To Him for us pray.

For this is the branch
 In whom never was known
 One sin-spot ancestral
 Or crime of His own.

For Thou wast conceived
 In the womb of Thy mother,
 Sinless and stainless
 As never another.

Pray to the eternal Father for us.

O God, who didst prepare a resting place for Thy Son through the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, through the foreseeing of the death of her only Son, so that Thou didst save her from any spot of sin, that it may please thee, through her petition, in like manner to save us from sins, so that we may possess Thyself; through Our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who liveth and reigneth along with Thee and with the Holy Spirit, one God only, in a very holy Trinity, for ever and ever.

.

¹*Literally.*—We bestow on thee humbly | O maiden very pious—These canonical services [“hours” or “times”] | Which we have spoken with love for thee. Steer us pilgrims | That we may come with Christ | And at the hour of our death | O Queen of the Graces | Pray for us in the presence of Jesus | This one is the branch | In which was never found | A blot of the sin of the elder [original sin] | Or the crime of the sin of the deed [actual sin] | When thou wast begotten | In the womb of thy Mother from morning | Thou wast without spot | Or any stain of sin.

As ro oirca anagair na ndaoine maite do fuair mé
 óm' éapairt Una ní Ógáin i gCondae Rorc-Laioigire,
 nó Condae na Dainmíogha, do fuair é ó 'Dóinnall
 O Potairca i gConamara.

ORCA ANAGAIR NA NDAOINE MAITE.

A mhic Dé an gcluin tú an gleó éugainn
 So móir ran ngleann?
 Cluinim, a mháistir. ná bíod eagra oir.
 So rabálaró an t-áitir beannaiḡte rinn,
 So mbuó uán daingionn, an uán a bfuilimid ann.
 So mbuó-pluaḡ uall an pluaḡ ro éugainn.
 O a íora Críoste, a mhaḡvean ḡlóimhir,
 A éiríear ár n-óear aḡur ár n-óioḡbáil
 So rḡairó tú do doḡall beannuiḡte éarḡainn. Amen.

As ro pairir beaḡ eile do fuairíear óm' éapairt an
 t-áitir O Flanaḡáin atá ran ḡcoláirte i Sligeac.
 Fuair reiríean ó beal rean-inná é:

TEÁCTAIRE Ó 'DIA.

Teáctaire ó 'Dia móimam,
 Ainḡeal Dé or mo éionn,
 Oia Críoste ar mo éoir,
 Dia móimam aḡur liom.

Muiríe máitir ['Dé]
 [Muiríe] aḡur a mac,
 So n-óéanaró ríao * mo leaḡ
 Éuar aḡur tall.

náir leigiró ríob m'anam uaim i brian, 7 nuair béríúear ré méiró
 le cuairteḡaró an t-raoḡail, so t-ḡuḡaró tḡú [é a 'Dé] ar ro
 óear-láim féin so bhráé. Amen.

* "Síḡ" a vudáirte reiríean.

¹ Literally.—A messenger from God before me | An angel of God

Here is a charm against the good people or fairies that I got from my friend, Miss Young, in the County of Port-Leix, or Queen's County, who got it from Daniel O'Faherty of Connemara :—

CHARM AGAINST THE GOOD PEOPLE.

O Son of God ! dost thou hear this confused noise [coming] towards us
Loudly in the glen ?

I hear, O Mother. Let there be no fear on you.

May the Blessed Father save us.

May it be a firm fortress, the fortress in which we are.

May they be a blind host, this host that is coming towards us.

O Jesus Christ, O glorious Virgin,

Who seest our harm and our hurt,

Mayest thou spread thy blessed cowl across us. Amen.

Here is another little prayer that I got from my friend, Father O'Flanagan of the college in Sligo. He got it from the mouth of some old woman.

A MESSENGER FROM GOD.

A messenger from God before me,

An angel of God above my head,

The oil of Christ upon my body,

And God before me where I am led. ¹

May Mary, Mother of God,

And her Son in endless bliss,

Do with me what is best

On that side and on this. ²

That ye may not let my soul from me into pain, and when it shall be done with the visiting of the world, mayest thou take it, O God, upon Thine own right hand for ever. Amen.

above my head | The oil of Christ upon my body | God before me and with me.

² Mary, Mother of God | Mary and her Son | May they do what-is-best | Over and beyond.

Δε πο ceatpama eile do fuair an t-Atair O plan-
 agáin ó'n iñnaoi céanna :

ó Δ τιγεαíνα do pianadó.

ó! Δ τιγεαíνα do pianadó γ ο'φύλαíης an páir
 do o' ptiallaó le h-iaíann ó mullaó go páil,
 Δ τιγεαíνα fuair na tairngiúe in do éoir a'p do láim *
 Δ τιγεαíνα † ip Δε íaríaió do éoiríce táim.

Δε πο γiota beas eile áct ní éuimnígim cía an áit
 Δ bfuairéar é :

sláinte.

sláinte an tsáirí-íir
 do leat Δ ζέας
 ár éíann na páiré
 Δε pábáil an éine naonna,
 Δsur pláinte na mná mánla
 do ruγ Δ mac gan céile,
 Δsur pláinte naoim páorais
 do beannuis éire.

Δε πο íann beas eile, áct éiríom sur í γCúige
 ulaó fuairéar é :

ná h-atharc.

ná h-atharc go minic ár do búiús
 Δsur ná véan ríró ár do bíat,
 síúbal go h-íiríííííííííí í róo
 Δsur beannuis pá óó do'n ouine boét. ‡

óí caint ár solaim írpan líoóáin do tug mé fuar;
 Δsur írpan oán "páilte, Δ mátair" do tug mé
 íoimé reo, tugtar "Δ cátaoir solaim an ruγ," ár an
 maíγoim Muiré. Éulaíó mé níor mó 'ná aon rγéal

* "Δ τιγεαíνα í íoíaió ím fuair tíaríar(?) na éríóm uíle
 ár do láim" buðairé ré.

† "Δ τιγεαíνα γ Δ τιγεαíνα," buðairé ré.

‡ laðairéar "boét" í γCúige ulaó éoir, beas-naé mar
 'laetl"

Here is another stanza that Father O'Flanagan got from the same woman :—

O LORD, WHO DIDST SUFFER.

O Lord, who didst suffer Thy tortures for me,
Torn with iron from the head to the knee,
Whose feet and whose hands were nailed to the tree,
Help, Lord ! I come seeking protection of Thee.¹

Here is another little piece, but I do not remember where I got it.

THE HEALTH.

The health of the Excelling-Man
Who stretched wide His limbs
Upon the tree of the passion,
Saving the human race.
And the health of the gentle woman
Who bore her Son without a consort,
And the health of St. Patrick,
Who blessed Ireland.

Here is another little *raun*, but I think it was in Uister I got it.

LOOK NOT.

Look not with pride at thy polished shoe,
Be not proud, too, of thy cloak so nice,
In humility walk the road afoot,
And always salute the poor man twice.²

Solomon was mentioned in the Litany above ; and in the poem which I gave before, the " Welcome, Mother," the Virgin Mary is called, " O chair of Solomon the King." I have heard more than one story about this Solomon ; but I think

¹ *Literally*.—O Lord, who wast pained and didst suffer the passion | Rent with iron from top to heel | O Lord, who didst get the nails in Thy foot and Thy hand | O Lord, it is seeking Thy protection I am.

² *Literally*—Do not look often on thy shoe | And do not not make [conceive] pride out of thy mantle | Walk very humbly on the road | And salute twice the poor man.

amháin ar an Solaimh ro, aét meapaim gur i tsaorú
daoine eile do h-innreab iad ar tóir, agus gur
leasab ar Solaimh cuio aca náir bain leir ó ceapc.
Ar cuma ar bit, as ro rgeul do rgrúob mé focal ar
focal ó innrint mheáil ilic Ruairúis ó iapcari Contae
ilhuig-Eó oét mbliabna ó foim. Níor cuipcar focal
leir 7 ní bainim focal de. Ir píor go bfuil blas an
domáin-foiri ar an rgeul ro, 7 ní'l mé 'ráb nac ó'n
oirpíor táinig ré.

SEANAČAS AR SOLAIMH.

Nuair bí mácar Solaimh* tinn, cuipcar Solaimh fear
ar an mbaile a raib ré ann, o'a fairc 'c uile oiré'.
Agur 'c uile fear do bíob o'a fairc, caicreab ré
tigéadé foim éirige na gréine ar maidin le rgeul
cuig Solaimh cao é an caoi a raib a mácar. Agur an
ceao fear a deapcar go raib a mácar marb bí a
cloigionn† le baint de, 7 a éroab ar pleig bí or
cionn an doirir móir. Agur téiréab ríab, fear ar
fear, sac don oiré ar a túin. Agur cúig púnta an
luac raotar a o'rágab‡ ríab sac don oiré. Bí go
maic agur ní raib go dona go tóáinig ré ar túin
mic baintreabáige dul as fairc mácar Solaimh. Agur
an oiré bí ré as dul o'a fairc bí rí an-las claoiré
7 tugca ruar do'n báir.

Nuair táinig cuntar as mac na baintreabáige le
dul as fairc mácar Solaimh táinig laige agur allur
an báir air, 7 corais a mácar o'a caoineab mar nac
raib aici aét é. Agur as tigéadé a-baile do ó'n

* Labair ré an t-ainm seo mar "Solá."

† "Clairionn," dubairc ré.

‡ = do geiréab ríab.

it likely that it was about other people these stories were first told, and that some were left on, or ascribed to, Solomon, that did not of right belong to him. At all events, here is a story which I wrote down eight years ago, word for word, from the telling of Michael Mac Rury, or Rogers, of the County Mayo, near Killalla. I have not added a word to it, nor do I take a word from it. Undoubtedly there is a flavour of the Eastern world about this story, and I do not say that it may not have come from there.

STORY OF SOLOMON.

When Solomon's mother was sick, Solomon used to send a man from the village in which he was to watch her every night; and every man who used to be watching her had to come before sunrise next morning with word to Solomon of how his mother was, and the first man who would say that his mother was dead, his head was to be whipt off him, and hung upon a spear that was above the Great Door. And they used to go, man after man, each night in their turn, and five pounds was the reward for their work, which they used to get each night. It was well, and it was not ill, until it came to the turn of a widow's son to go to watch the mother of Solomon; and the night that he was going to watch her, she was very weak and overcome, and given up for death.

When the account came to the widow's son to go and watch Solomon's mother, there came the weakness and the sweat of death upon him, and his mother began to keene for him, because she had no one but him. And as he was

obair laé do bí aige, an triathóna rin, bí ré ag caoinead' go buaiúeartha, agus capaó leat-páit [leat-amadán] ahi, 7 d'fíafpuiú ré de mac na baintreabhaige cao é an t-ádhair bí ré 'caoinead', 7 d'innir mac na baintreabhaige dó mar tá mire d'áinnreacót daoið-re.

"Cia an luac-raothair geobar tu?" ar ran leat-páit, le mac na baintreabhaige.

"Cúis púnta," ar reirean leir.

"M'anam do 'Dia na ngráirta," ar ran leat-páit, "má tugann tú na cúis púnta d'ann-ra, go faicid' mire i d'áit anocht."

"Déapaird mé cúis púnta agus aguirín duit," arsa mac na baintreabhaige, "má téirdeann tu ann."

D'fíor an rgeul. Cuaird an leat-páit [ag] faipe mátar Solamh an oirde rin. Agus bí sí inran n-eaglaó deirid' nuair cuaird ré arteaó inran reompa; agus bí ré d'á faipe go dti léir* uair an dó-déas ran oirde. Agus máoiúis† ré toian ag an doirur móir agus d'éiríú ré ar a coraib, agus fíúbal ré go dti an doirur móir. Agus bí fear ag an doirur móir agus é [ag] faipe arteaó ar fuinneóis do bí ar an doirur móir. Agus buó é an fear do bí ann fearb'póganta-cuirp do bí ag Solamh, agus bí an-éionn ag Solamh ar an bfeair ro, agus cuirleat ré an fear ro 'ad uile oirde le rgeul do tabhairt faoi láimh [=or írioll] cuige ag máó——an fear do bí ag tabhairt aipe d'á mátar an faib ré ag deunam a gnaóais [gnóó] ceairt. Agus ní faib don fear de ná rin do bí 'faipe a mátar ar fead bliathna éom tóir-braireac leir an leat-páit bí d'á faipe an oirde rin. Níor máoiúis don fear an fear do bí ag an doirur móir, don oirde, aót é.

going home from the day's work that he had, that evening, he was weeping and troubled; and there met him a half-fool, and he asked the widow's son for what cause was he weeping, and the widow's son told him as I am telling it to you.

"What is the reward that you will get?" said the half-fool to the widow's son.

"Five pounds," says he to him.

"My soul to God of the graces," says the half-fool, "but I'll go in your place to night, if you give me the five pounds."

"I'll give you five pounds, and something over," says the widow's son, "if you go there."

True was the story. The half-fool went to watch Solomon's mother that night, and she was in the last agony when he went into the room, and he was watching her until after the hour of twelve at night; and he heard a noise at the big door, and he rose up on his feet and walked to the big door; and there was a man at the big door, and he watching in, on a window that was in the big door. And the man who was in it was a body-servant of Solomon; and Solomon had a great regard for this man, and he used to send this man every night to bring him word privately—to tell him if the man who was taking care of his mother was doing his business right. Now there was none of the men who were watching his mother for a year so keenly-watchful as the half-fool who was watching her that night. No man of them heard the man who was at the big door any night except him.

* = "ἡ εἶρ," "ταῖς εἶρ." † = ἡ μοῖρα ἡ. ἐυαλαρισ.

D'fórgail an leat-páit an doimur móir ann sin, agus bí sean-claídeamh* croícta or cionn an doimur mhóir. Agus nuair bí an doimur móir fórgailte faoil an fearb-fóganta-cuirp do tigeaórt arteac, agus tairmings an leat-páit an claídeamh agus éit ré an ceann de. D'fás ré ann sin é, 7 éuaib ré arteac ran reompa-coraíta, 'n áit a faib mátair Solamh, 7 ní faib ré i bpaí arctig go bfuair mátair Solamh báp.

Bí Solamh as éirige an mí-fuaimhneac faoi n-a fearb-fóganta, cao é an fáit naó faib ré tigeaórt éirige le rgeul, mar tigeaó ré gac uile oirde eile. Ác cē-ba-rin-de [ar cuma ar bit] níor fás Solamh an teac go maíon, 7 ní deaóar ré o'a éileamh. Ác ní táinig ré. Agus nuair táinig an lá ní faib mac na baintreabáige as Solamh poim éirige na gpiéne mar bí na fir eile. Ní deaóar Solamh faoi cōmhuíde, ác é dóláim as faie [= as ríor-faie] amac tifo an bpuinneóig, agus, ar deieaó fíar, cōnnaic ré mac na baintreabáige—mar faoil ré gur b' é bí ann—as tigeaórt éirig an gacáir. Agus nuair táinig ré arteac éirig Solamh beannuig ríao o'a éile. Agus, ar' an leat-páit—ir é bí ann—le Solamh, “Tá mé 's iarrair do páiróin oir, a iug 'r a pmonna.”

“Cia fáit deir tú sin?” arfa Solamh.

“Éit mé an haca de do fearb-fóganta-cuirp inóe,” ar' an leat-páit.

“Tá do páiróin fásailte [fáigte] asao,” arfa Solamh.

“Ác, a iug do b'feairi de na iugtib,” ar ran leat-páit, “bí an cloigionn leir an haca.” Agus mar bí

* Labairteair “claídeamh” mar “claíde” i gConnacáir.

The half-fool opened the big door then, and there was an old sword hung up over the big door. When the big door was opened the body-servant thought to come in, but the half-fool drew the sword, and threw the head off him. He left him there and went to the sleeping-room where Solomon's mother was, and he was not long in it until Solomon's mother died.

Solomon was getting very uneasy about his servant, as to what was the reason that he was not coming to him with tidings, as he used to come every other night. But, howsoever, Solomon did not leave the house till morning, and he did not go to look for him. [He waited], but he did not come. And when the day came, the widow's son was not with Solomon before the rising of the sun, as the other men had been. Solomon did not go to rest, but he ever looking out through the window, and at long last he saw the widow's son—for he thought it was he was in it—coming to the palace. And when he came in to Solomon they saluted one another. And, says the half-fool—it was he was in it—to Solomon, "I am asking pardon of you, O king and prince."

"Why say you that?" said Solomon.

"I knocked the hat off your body-servant yesterday," said the half-fool.

"You have your pardon got," said Solomon.

"But, O thou best king of the kings," said the half-fool, "the head was with the hat." And as Solomon was after giving him his pardon, he could not go back of his word.

Solamh táir éir an páirtúin tabairt do, níor féad ré
toul ar air-fochal.

“Úrúil don rgeal eile nuad leat?” arfa Solamh leir.

“Tá,” ar reirlean.

“Airrúg [= airtir] é,” arfa Solamh.

“Tá roillre Dé ar an talamh,” ar reirlean.

“Tá an grian ‘na ruidhe,” arfa Solamh.

“Tá,” ar ran leat-páit.

“Na clocha bí i n-uachtar inbhe,” ar reirlean, “tá ríad
toul i n-íochtair anoir.”

“Tá an céadct ag treabhad marí rin,” arfa Solamh.

“Tá,” ar reirlean, “agur an céad tēad ar oilead
tupa ann, tá ré ar láir.”

“Tá mo máctair marb marí rin,” arfa Solamh.

“Tá,” ar ran leat-páit.

“Béir do céann agam ar an trleig,” arfa Solamh.

“Ní béir, a rúg mácánta uapail,” ar ran leat-páit,

“tá féin an céad-fear adubairt é.”

“Ar m’onóir,” arfa Solamh, “ir mé.”

Féicir rí anoir, comh críona agur bí Solamh, go
bpuair an leat-páit an buair air le críonaict. Bíonn
ad ar amadán.

Tá rean-fochal ann, i nGaeveilg, a veir, “bíonn
uair na h-actuinge ann.” In ran rgeul rin ar “Éirige
Cuinn faoi na Gabair,” rgeul do cuir mé i gcló im’
Sgeulrde Gaevealac, do tug bean-an-tige a mat-
laict do’n té rin do blappa do an céad gheim de’n
féoil; “Go tadtair e,” ar ríre. Duó i féin o’it an
céad gheim oí, 7 do tadtad i féin, óir, a-dubairt an
rgeulrde, “bíonn uair na h-actuinge ann.” Do

"Have you any other tidings with you?" said Solomon.

"I have," said he.

"Tell them," said Solomon.

"God's brightness is on the earth," said he.

"The sun is risen," said Solomon.

"It is," said the half-fool.

"The stones that were above yesterday," said he, "they are going below now."

"The plough is ploughing, then," said Solomon.

"It is," said he, "and the first house in which you were reared, it is overthrown."

"Then my mother is dead," said Solomon.

"She is," said the half-fool.

"I shall have your head on the spear," said Solomon.

"You shall not, O honest noble king," said the half-fool, "you yourself were the first man who said it."

"By my honour," said Solomon, "it was I."

Ye see now, that, as wise as Solomon was, the half-fool got the victory over him in wisdom. "There be's luck on a fool."¹

There is an old word in Irish which says, "There be's in it the time of the petition." In that story "The Outrising of Conn amongst the Goats"—a story which I printed in my *Sgeuluidhe Gaedhealach*—the woman of the house gave her curse to that person who should eat the first mouthful of the meat—"May he be choked," said she. It was herself who ate the first mouthful of it, and she herself was choked; for, as the story-teller said, "the hour of the

¹ *A common Irish proverb.*

féir mar éalairé mé, bíonn móimio amháin in rna ceitíre uairibí pícead—móimio na h-actéuinge—7 gúiré ar bit, beannact nó mallact, má veirtear é go tóiractad, agus go tóiréad ar an móimio rin, cóimhiontar é. Ir róir gúiré, mallact; ir tóiré-gúiré i. Ní eus mé go tóiréad péo rompla ar bit oíra rin. Act ir píú cuiré beas tóiréad do éur ríor, agus—go méadairé Dia an máir 7 go lagúiré S é an t-olc—ní ar tóiré-rín adá mé ó'a déanam, act amháin le rompla do fáidil ar gac uile róir. Ní veit an leabair ro iomlán san ceann nó do adá do veit ann. Níl na mallacta iomadairé. Nuair éumann tuine uirúige óó féin, as gúiré Dé 7 Muiré, bíonn pí foileamhac do na míliré daoine eile; act ní mar rin do'n mállact, ní baineann píre act do'n tuine do éap í, 7 do'n tuine raol a rgaoiltear í. Baineann an uirúige leir an gcoitíontact, ní baineann an mállact act leir an bpearrain rpeirialta. Ní éalairé mé amháin mallact i bpoirín dain, ar beal na ndaoine, mallact as gabáil na tíre, mar déarad, 7 í píeré le n-a rgaioilead ra námaré ar bit. Ní méaraim go bfuil a leiréiré ann. Act as ró rompla no tó, mar do éap daoine mallact, tóiré féin, nuair tóiré ríad a n-eargáiré do élaíre.

Bí dall boct as iarrairé déirce i gConradé na Gallíne, 7 éainis ré go doirur tíge móir 7 tóiré ré veoc. Bean Gallóad do bí i mbean-an-tíge, 7 ó nár

¹ I read somewhere in Irish, I forget where, of an old woman who determined to pray steadily for twenty-four hours on end that her grand-child who was in the cradle might become King of Ireland, hoping that she must hit the moment when her petition would be

petition be's in it." According to what I have heard about this, there is one moment—the moment of the petition—in every twenty-four hours, and any prayer, either blessing or curse, that is fervently uttered precisely at that moment is accomplished.¹ A curse is a sort of prayer also; it is an evil prayer. I have not up to this given any example of these; but it is worth while to put down a few of them, and—"may God increase the good, and diminish the evil"²—it is out of no bad intention I am doing it, but only to preserve a specimen of every kind. This book would not be complete without one or two of them being in it. Curses are not numerous. When a person frames a prayer for himself, praying to God and Mary, his prayer is suitable for thousands of other people; but it is not so with the curse. It only appertains to the person who shaped it, and the person against whom it is loosed. The prayer suits the public; the curse concerns only the special person. I never heard any rhymed curse in the mouths of the people—a curse going the country, so to speak, and it ready to be launched at any enemy. I do not think there is such a thing. But here is an example or two of how people composed their own curses for themselves, when they sought to overthrow their opponents.

There was a poor blind man seeking alms in the County Galway, and he came to the door of a big house, and asked for a drink. The woman of the house was an English [or

granted. When it was near the end of the time a drop of soot fell from above on the child's face. She wiped it off with an imprecation on the soot, when the whole roof went off in a blaze of fire.

² A common Irish saving clause.

tuig rí é t'iarra rí de'n tpearbbróḡanta ceurto do
bí an dall 'iarrair. Dubairt an pearbbróḡanta go
raib ré aḡ iarrair t'ige. "Water is good enough for
the blind beggar," ar ríre. Do tuig an dall an purto
a-dubairt rí, aḡur t'fpeaḡair ré.

mallact an dall.

im ná raib ar do bainne,
clúim ná raib ar do laḡain,
siubal ná raib aḡ do leanb,
aḡur peannaó ar do bó.
'sḡo mbuó mó 'r go mbuó leirne an lapaḡ
a béar aḡ uil t'ie t'anam
ná sléirte conamaḡa,
aḡur iao do beir dá noḡaó.

aḡ ro ceatmaḡa ar abhán do pinne tuine éigin
i ḡconraé muiḡ-eó i n-aḡair "rúipeirí" éigin do
bíot aḡ iarrair na daoine t'iomróó leó. Cúlair
mé é óm' ḡairto doctúirí concúbair maḡuirí i ḡcláir
clóinne muiḡir.

go h-irpionn má téirí, a míc-aom, ná deapmao sam
bíot leat an préacheir, ó 'ré féirpear na boils go teann,
béir séamaḡ aḡur a póiréa t'á noibirt go 'meiricá 'nonn
béir mac aom t'á tóirah aḡur na bróinte a' meit or a' éionn.

aḡ ro cuir do mallact do ḡḡaol Raipteri pa
séaḡan a búirca, róir pile, námaio do péin, do bíot
aḡ cur 'na aḡair. ḡḡiríó mé ríor é ó tuine dar
b'ainm mártain Ruat O ḡiollapnáct aḡ muine-mleaóa
i ḡconraé na ḡaillime. Ní raib don béarla aige.

¹ *Literally.*—Butter may there not be on your milk, down may
there not be on your ducks, power-of-walking may there not be for

English-speaking ?] woman, and since she did not understand him, she asked the servant what was the blind man asking for. The servant told her that he was asking for a drink. "*Water is good enough for the blind beggar,*" said she. The blind man understood the thing she said, and answered :—

A BLIND MAN'S CURSE.

Your milk may no butter crown,
On your ducks may there come no down,
May your child never walk the ground,
 Be your cows where the flayer flays.
May more hot be the flames that shall roll
One day through your wicked soul
Than the mountains of Connemara
And they to be in one blaze.¹

Here is a stanza out of a song which some one in the County Mayo made against certain "soupers" who were trying to turn the people with them. I heard it from my friend, Dr. Conor Maguire of Claremorris :—

To hell if you go, MacAdam, do not forget Sam,
Let you have the preacher with you, since it is he will powerfully blow
the bellows.

James and his race shall be banished across to America,
MacAdam shall be being-waked, and the mill-stones grinding above
his head.

Here is a part of a curse that Raftery once loosed at Shaun a Burca, a sort of poet, and an enemy of his own, who used to be opposing him. I wrote it down from a man called Martain Ruadh O Gillarna (Forde !) near Monivea in the County Galway. He had no English. The curse

your child, and a flaying upon your cow. And may greater and may broader be the flame that shall be going through your soul than the mountains of Connemara and they all to be burning.

Tugann an mallaéit ainmneada an oirio rin o' aicéitib
 uúinn i nGaébeilg sup riú i do fáibáil. Ní meapaim
 sup dá riúib ar fad do bí Raipteri aét sup róit comór-
 tair ag pannuigeaét do bí ioir é féin 7 an fear eile.

mallaeit raipteri.

na cora go scaillib tú ó na glúnaib,
 raóar na rúl 7 lúé na lám,
 loibhe iób go uicéit anuar oit
 aéma, ruab, 7 earbúit bpiéga.

riabhar creatac, fail, ar doct-fuail oit,
 sin go luac, 7 galan an báir,
 do shuag go uicéit ve o' mala shuama,
 a'p ná ruab don éluar oit, aét a'páin a n-áit.

Sháin aghur veacair, bacáil* a'p truaill oit,
 rié 7 ruais, 7 ruac ag do óám,
 Sgaiteac ionganf aghur galan rúl oit
 aghur ruior ná rúg ná ruab in do énáim.

beaprao oiprac, aghur lomao luainf oit,
 néir téit tú i n-uais ná i gcónias cláir,
 aét an gaot ag réveao go géar ó tuait oit,
 a'p éúinne ruar, 'p tú do éuaille fáil.

* Tuáirp tuine eile "bail aghur truaill oit." Veip mo éara
 Doctuir Mac Coirveala liom sup ionnan "bail" aghur "a back-
 ward thrust with the elbow or the arm given in contempt or disre-
 spect."

† Labair pé an focal ro mar "Sgapaó-ógan," aét
 veip muinntir na tíre rin "ceagail," "ionga," "teaga," 7c, i
 leabair "ceangail," "ionga," "teangsa."

‡ Ip mi-áóamail é do shuag do baint víot Dia luain.

§ = cómpia.

¹ My friend, Dr. Costello, of Tuam, who explained all these diseases
 to me, says that this means a certain strumous disease of the glands
 of the neck. Earbúit round Tuam is used for any scrofulous
 disease.

gives us the names of so many diseases in Irish that it is worth while to save it. I do not believe that Raftery was wholly in earnest, but that it was a sort of rivalry in versification between him and the other man :—

RAFTERY'S CURSE.

The feet may you lose from the knees down,
The sight of the eyes and the movement of the hands,
The leprosy of Job may it come down upon you,
Farey, erysipelas, and king's evil in the neck.¹

A shaking ague,² hiccough, and gravel on you,
May that come quick, and the disease of death,
May your hair fall off from your sullen forehead,
And may there be no ear on you, but only the place of them.

Disgust and hardhip, lameness³ and corruption on you,
Running and rout and hatred [for you] amongst your kin,
Whitlow under the nails, and disease of the eyes upon you,
And neither marrow nor sap may there be in your bones.

A shaving with gashes,⁴ and a Monday hair-cutting⁵ on you,
May you never go into a grave or into a coffin of board,
But the wind blowing cuttingly from the north upon you,
In a cold corner, and you [stuck as] a wattle of a hedge.

² Not an uncommon disease in Raftery's day, says Dr. Costello; the harvestmen who went to England frequently got ague in the Fen districts. The Fens were called by them na pionna.

³ According to another reciter, for "lameness" was substituted a word meaning a contemptuous thrust of the elbow, given in disrespect.

⁴ *Literally*.—"A gapped shaving" such as a man would give himself with a shaving hand from drink or other causes.

⁵ It was considered unlucky to cut hair on a Monday. *Lomaó* means a shearing, but here a hair-cutting.

niorcóio cléide agus fiolún fuar oir,
 Criotán, múcaó, agus reile ríadán,
 Domblar oirgúin agus ním trío, fuaitte,
 Go mbuó í deó do fuain í ar uair do báir.

Briáithe Balla 7 Buin na Cruaice,
 na Coille Ruaidé, 7 Baile-an-Cláir,
 Δ noiombuaid* uile [go léir] anuas oir,
 Agus bheir ó'n t-ruag oir muir bfuil tú rátaó.

Δc ní cuimnigim go bfuair mé ná go gcuairt
 mé don mallac, as teac amac don fear ar cúl
 an éiríde-riú, le mallac do fuair an t-Δc
 O Duinnín i Láim-rigibinn le Mac Uí Bhoín, i gCairleán
 Cnua. Cuir ré i gcló í, i n-irpleadán na Gaedilge,
 gan airtriuag, Δc beirim ann ro air é. Ir tóig
 nac ró-fada ó ceapó í, ó tá caint inni ar "peeler."
 Ní corúil gur pine í 'ná trí píctó bliadán no deic
 mbliadán agus trí píctó. Δc file fíor-ealaóanta
 do bi in ran bfuair do pinne é. Tabair fá deara
 don clirte 7 fígeann ré ainmneada Δ tréir námao
 trío-Δ-céile, Bhuadar Smiot 7 Glinn, Glinn Bhuadar
 7 Smiot, Smiot Glinn 7 Bhuadar, agus don t-Δc-
 taó agus agnann ré Dia fá gac ainm t'Δ t-
 Gaedil Dó, An Mac, Rí na n-Aingeal, Rí na Síle,
 Rí an Dóinnaiú, Mac na h-Óige, gc. Ir páganta
 7 fíor-páganta an gíota ro ó túr go beiréad, i
 n-aimbóedín na n-ainm peo.

* Labairtear mar "iomú" é. † = muná.

¹ "An internal boil on the chest," says Dr. Costello, "ceapic arcail is always applied to an abscess in the armpit."

² fiolún, Dr. Costello tells me, means "a necrotic periostitis in any place, but usually on the shin bone. It is a disease which begins with a painful swelling, and when it bursts it continues to discharge matter for years, until finally pieces of the bone are discharged and

A chest-boil¹ and a cold "felon"² on you,
 A wheezing,³ a smothering, and a seile-siadhain,⁴
 Dragons' gall and poison mixed through it,
 May that be your sleeping draught at the hour of your death.

The friars of Balla, of the foot of the Reek,
 Of the Coill Ruadh, and of Baile an Chlair,
 Their curse altogether be upon you,
 And judgment from the public if you are not satisfied.

But I do not remember that I have seen or heard any curse coming as bitter, out of the cockles⁵ of the inner heart, as a curse which Father Dinneen found in a manuscript belonging to Mr. O'Byrne, of Castleknock. He printed it without a translation in *Irisleabhar na Gaedheilge*, but I give it here again. It is apparently not very long since it was composed, since there is talk in it of a "peeler." It is not likely that it is more than sixty or seventy years old. But a true poetic artist was the man who made it. Observe how cleverly he intertwines the names of his three enemies Bruadar, Smith and Glinn, Glinn, Bruadar and Smith, Smith, Glinn and Bruadar, and how fervently he appeals to God under each name the Gaels have given the Deity, The Son, The King of the Angels, The King of Brightness, the Son of the Virgin, The King of Sunday, etc. Pagan, and truly pagan is this piece from beginning to end in spite of these names :—

healing takes place slowly after years of suffering. The orifice is called *voorur*."

³ In asthma, says, Dr. Costello, there is both *cmioctán*, which is noisy, and *múcaó*, which is dyspnoea.

⁴ This is the Irish name for a falling of the uvula, called *ceangla beag* in Irish.

⁵ "The cockles of the heart" is a common expression amongst most English speakers in Ireland. It is really Irish from the word *coéal*,

bruaḃar smiot a's ḡlin.

[mallaḃt.]

bḡuaḃar, smiot a'r ḡlin,

amén a nḡic,—an tḡuúḡ—

náma cian ḡo maḃar pé* leacairḃ,

ḡo maḡirḃ, laḡ, fuar 'ran úir.

Amén!

bḡuaḃar, smiot, a'r ḡlin,

ḡo fánaḃ, rḡngil, fuarḡ

amén, a Ríḡ na n-aingéal,

a'r ḡo tḡéit-laḡ tḡuicḡil tḡuaḡ.

Amén!

bḡuaḃar, smiot a'r ḡlin,

fá ḡlar,† aḡ lic na bḡian,

Cúir caoi aḡur ríle deḡir

ḡo maḡirḃ ḡaḃ ló aḡ an tḡuair.

Amén!

ḡallaḃ aḡ smiot ḡo ḡuḡo,

laḡuḡaḃ aḡ ḡeuḡairḃ bḡuaḃar,

amén, a Ríḡ na ḡile,

a'r ḡlin aḡ earḃairḃ luair.

Amén!

smiot i ḡcarḃairḃ rian,

bḡuaḃarḡ ḡan rian ḡan ríat,

amén! a Ríḡ na nḡúil,

a'r ḡlin ḡan lút i meacḃ.

Amén!

* = "fá," no "faoi." i ḡConḡaḃé Ciarḡairḃe ḡo rḡnneaḃ an láim-rḡrḡibinn. "náma" = "nám ab." † "ḡlar." ms.

¹ i.e. Probably "Broder (in Connacht always translated "Broderick") and Smith and Glynn," in English.

² Literally.—Broder, Smith and Glynn, Amen, O Son! the three, may it not be long till they are under flags, dead, feeble, cold in the clay. Amen.

Broder, Smith and Glynn, straying, single, cold, Amen, O King of the Angels, and weakly-feeble, consumptive, pitiable. Amen,

BRUADAR AND SMITH AND GLINN.

A CURSE.

Bruadar and Smith and Glinn,¹

Amen, dear God, I pray,

May they lie low in waves of woe,

And tortures slow each day !²

Amen !

Bruadar and Smith and Glinn

Helpless and cold, I pray,

Amen ! I pray, O King,

To see them pine away.

Amen !

Bruadar and Smith and Glinn

May flails of sorrow flay !

Cause for lamenting, snares and cures

Be theirs by night and day !

Amen !

Blindness come down on Smith,

Palsy on Bruadar come,

Amen, O King of Brightness ! Smite

Glenn in his members numb,

Amen !

Smith in the pangs of pain,

Stumbling on Bruadar's path,

King of the Elements, Oh, Amen !

Let loose on Glenn Thy Wrath.

Amen !

Broder, Smith and Glynn, locked in upon the flag of pains, cause of lamenting and shedding of tears, may the three have every day, Amen.

Blinding on Smith soon, weakening on the limbs of Broder, Amen, O King of the Brightness, and Glynn in want of movement. Amen.

Smith in a prison of pain, Broder without a path, without prosperity, Amen, O King of the Elements, and Glynn without power-to-move, decaying. Amen.

Ծրարայր զօ զքօս քան սաշ,
 Շլին զօ քսար 'նա զիարծ,
 Վեն, և Քիշ ան Օմնայիշ,
 Ըր Տմօտ քա իւծիւն ան Օւծաւ.
 Վեն!

Օւծ-ճիւղ ար Ծրարայր ճաւոն,
 քան ար մսին քեմե ար Շլին,
 Վեն, և Քիշ նա Քեան[Վ]*
 ան Օւծաւ և զ քսար ար Տմօտ.
 Վեն!

Շլին և Ծրարայր քեաւ,
 քան ար քեանքան Ծրարայր,
 Վեն! և Քիշ նա Ծրարայր,
 Ըր Տմօտ և քեաւ նա զքսար.
 Վեն!

Շլին քա ճար զան քօւ,
 Տմօտ զօ քօւ քա ծրար,
 Վեն! և Քիշ նա Քեան,
 Ըր Ծրարայր զօ քսան և զքօւ.
 Վեն!

Տմօտ զան քեաւ ար և իւծ,
 Ծրարայր զան քսան զքօւ,
 Վեն! և Քիշ նա Ծրարայր,
 Ըր Շլին զան քիւշ 'նա իւծ.
 Վեն!

Ծրարայր զան քիւշ 'նա իւծ,
 Շլին քա ճար և զքօւ,
 Վեն! և Քիշ ան քօւ;
 Ըր Տմօտ և զքօւ քսար.
 Վեն!

* "mann" ms.

Broder shortly in the tomb, Glynn cold in the clay, Amen, O King of the Sunday, and Smith beneath the devil's chains. Amen.

Sorrowfulness on crooked Broder, pain upon top of pain on Glynn, Amen, O King of the Stars; the devil helping Smith. Amen.

Glynn in a shaking fever, a cancer on Broder's tongue, Amen, O King of the Heavens. And Smith amongst the hardships. Amen.

For Bruadar gape the grave,
 Up-shovel for Smith the mould,
 Amen, O King of the Sunday ! Leave
 Glinn in the devil's hold.

Amen !

Terrors on Bruadar rain,
 And pain upon pain on Glinn,
 Amen, O King of the Stars ! And Smith
 May the devil be linking him.

Amen !

Glinn in a shaking ague,
 Cancer on Bruadar's tongue,
 Amen, O King of the Heavens ! and Smith
 For ever stricken dumb.

Amen !

Thirst but no drink for Glinn,
 Smith in a cloud of grief,
 Amen ! O King of the Saints ; and rout
 Bruadar without relief.

Amen !

Smith without child or heir,
 And Bruadar bare of store,
 Amen, O King of the Friday ! Tear
 For Glinn his black heart's core.

Amen

Bruadar with nerveless limbs,
 Hemp strangling Glinn's last breath,
 Amen, O King of the World's Light !
 And Smith in grips with death.

Amen !

Glynn in thirst without a drink, Smith tight-bound under grief.
 Amen, O King of the Saints, and Broder feebly decaying.

Smith without a person of his posterity [surviving], Broder without
 a root, without store [or without capital or profits], Amen, O King
 of the Friday, and Glynn without power in his voice. Amen.

Broder without power in his limbs, Glynn strangling in hemp,
 Amen, O King of the light, and Smith in the ruckle of death. Amen

Տլին ջօ քսար 'նա րտաւս,
 Տմօտ ջօ շրճատճ շրիսիւ,
 Ճմեն! ճ Քիշ յա ծքճար,
 Ճ'ր ծքստտար ջօ ծճճտ 'նա շրիսիւ.
 Ճմեն!

Տմօտ 'նա շրիստար թօււ,
 ծքստտար ճշ Լօծտ 'նա ջօււ,
 Ճմեն! ճ Քիշ յա յ-օրօ,
 Ճ'ր Տլին 'նա ծօ-քօ ճի ծիււ.
 Ճմեն!

Շրճտ-քստար ջան յօւււ ճի Տմօտ,
 Տլին քճ շօրի* ճ շրճտ,
 Ճմեն! ճ Քիշ ճն Լսան,
 Ճ'ր ծքստտար քան սիշ ջօ Լօծտ.
 Ճմեն!

Մօ մալլատ ջօ ծսան ծօ Տլին,
 մալլատ Ճ'ր մճտ ճի ծքստտար,
 Ճմեն! ճ Քիշ յա ծքլատճար,
 ճշար Տմօտ: ջճարճար շրիսիւ Լճ.
 Ճմեն!

Մի-ճօ ճի ճն ծքիւր, 'նա շճտիւ,
 մարլտ, մի-քճտ, Ճ'ր մճտիւ,
 յիւր քճշտա ծճար,
 Ճմեն! ճ Քիշ յա յքիւր յքաւ.
 Ճմեն!

Լիւրճար Ճ'ր Լճտ ջօ ի-օբան
 ի յճիւ ճն շրիսիւ ծօծար,
 ծքստտար Տմօտ Ճ'ր Տլին,
 ջան քճտ ջան քիտ ջան Լիւ.
 Ճմեն!

* ծ'էօրի "քճ շօրիսիւ ճ շրճտ."

Glynn cold, in a hard-stiffening, Smith shaking carcase-like (?) Amen, O King of the miracles, and Broder a very pity. Ameu.

Smith a sieve of holes, Broder rotting in his stomach, Amen, O King of the Orders, and Glynn, a buck-show, gone mad. Amen.

A destructive rout without delay on Smith, Glynn prepared for his hanging, Amen, O King of the Monday, and Broder rotten in the grave. Amen.

Glinn stiffening for the tomb,
 Smith wasting to decay,
 Amen, O King of the Thunder's gloom,
 And Bruadar sick alway.
 Amen !

Smith like a sieve of holes,
 Bruadar with throat decay,
 Amen, O King of the Orders ! Glinn
 A buck-slow every day.
 Amen !

Hell-hounds to hunt for Smith,
 Glinn led to hang on high,
 Amen, O King of the Judgment Day !
 And Bruadar rotting by.
 Amen !

Curses on Glinn, I cry,
 My curse on Bruadar be,
 Amen, O King of the Heaven's high !
 Let Smith in bondage be.
 Amen !

Showers of want and blame,
 Reproach, and shame of face,
 Smite them all three, and smite again,
 Amen, O King of Grace !
 Amen !

Melt, may the three, away,
 Bruadar and Smith and Glinn,
 Fall in a swift and sure decay
 And lose, but never win.
 Amen !

My curse lastingly to Glynn, cursing and withering on Broder.
 Amen, O King of the Heavens, and Smith in a prison, pitiable and weak. Amen.

Ill-luck upon the three in showers, reproach, misfortune and bodily hurt, and worldly shame assured, Amen, O King of the bright graces. Amen.

Utter destruction and melting-away suddenly, be for the three I have spoken of. For Broder and Smith and Glynn, without luck, without power-to-run, without power-to-move. Amen.

Smíem níne tmiot-ra, a Smíot!

a'r náir iméigib mo súit le gaoit,
fuil do éiríob fé bliadain ó 'nóiu
go maib 'na ríut le o' éaduib.

Amén!

San tíg san áit do Smíot!

fán fada ar bhuadair!
an Diabail ar beag-láimh glin
gac mairtin ag ceangail ruar ve.

Amén!

Olc a'r áir-ghoin ór gac áirio

go bfeicead-ra i nódail an tmiad,
a'r rin fé bliadain ó inoiú,
i gcarcair óuib san rian.

Amén!

briead a'r brúgaid ar glin!

fuil a'r inéinn le bhuadair claon!
amén, a íora! éir le m' súit.
a'r Smíot gac lá go féis.

Amén!

Seairánaim glin a'r bhuadair,

a'r Smíot, go cruaid le dia,
barad a'r beairiad ar an uiríur,
a'r mo mallaict go olúit 'na noiad.

Amén!

Gac n-aon do éur ionnainn lám,

ar beairna a n-aimhír uóib!
Cneac-pualtar anuar ó neamh
go ucuaid ríuor 'na mearg don-lá.

Amén

A venomous stitch [go] through thee Smith, and may my voice not go with [i.e. be swept away by] the wind. The blood of thy heart before a year from to-day, may it be in a stream by thy side. Amen.

Without house, without place, for Smith, a long wandering in Broder, the devil on the right hand of Glynn, every morning getting clung up to him. Amen.

Evil and slaughter-wounds from every quarter of the compass may I see for the three, and that before a year from to-day, in a black prison without power. Amen.

May pangs pass through thee Smith,
 (Let the wind not take my prayer),
 May I see before the year is out
 Thy heart's blood flowing there.

Amen !

Leave Smith no place nor land,
 Let Bruadar wander wide,
 May the Devil stand at Glinn's right hand,
 And Glinn to him be tied.

Amen !

All ill from every airt
 Come down upon tho three,
 And blast them ere the year be out
 In rout and misery.

Amen !

Glenn let misfortune bruise,
 Bruadar lose blood and brains,
 Amen, O Jesus ! hear my voice,
 Let Smith be bent in chains.

Amen !

I accuse both Glenn and Bruadar,
 And Smith I accuse to God,
 May a breach and a gap be upon the three,
 And the Lord's avenging rod.

Amen !

Each one of the wicked three
 Who raised against me their hand,
 May fire from heaven come down and slay
 This day their perjured band,

Amen !

Breaking and bruising on Glenn, blood and brains [running] down
 crooked Broder. Amen, O Jesus, listen to my voice, and Smith
 every day too-weak-to-move.

I complain of Glenn and Broder and of Smith hardily to God : de-
 struction and a breach be on the three, and my curse close behind
 them. Amen.

Each one who put a hand into [i.e., against] us, into the gap of
 their misfortune with them, may a spoiling-rout down from heaven
 bring destruction into their midst in one day. Amen.

San fliocht or cionn a mbáir,
 Cé b' pbann a dtáirg 'ran trlóg,
 Sac eargaine i sailm na bpáir
 So bpeiceao 'na nódal ar róg. Amén!

San cluar, san cpoiceann a bplaer,
 San éirteact, san maóar, san glór,
 Sul a mbéir an bliadóin reo aris,
 Agus amén! a mhic na h-óige. Amén!

• • • • •
 ní veirtead do'n víoghar, trick of the loop,
 níh sac a noubair, maille le cáé,
 So dtuitir ar an "bpeeler" ciar,
 A'f amén! a óia, sac lá. Amén!

Bí dá fúige eile go coitcheanta aca i gConnacetaib
 le mallact do cup ar uine, tar abán do déanam
 ari. Do bain fúige aca ro leir an gCpiorcuigeact
 agus an trlige eile leir an bpásántact. Is é "An
 Turur Tuatal" (nó "tuaral" mar labairtear é i
 gConnacetaib) do éinir ó'n gCpiorcuigeact, agus
 "Mallact na hInneóine" do bain leir an bpásán-
 tact. Is amlaíó déantar an "Turur Tuatal," uine
 do dúl go dtí an réiréal agus turur na cpoice do
 déanam i n-agaíó a cúil, is é rin an turur do torugad
 as an bpictiúr veirtead, agus a cpiochnugad as an
 gceao-pictiúr, agus é as aghair an Diabail ar fead
 an ama rin, as iarrmaíó ari, víogháil no troc-pac
 éigin do cup ar a námaíó. Dubairt mo cara Doctúir

Without posterity [to keen] above their death, though sudden was
 their fame in the past [i.e., they suddenly came into public notoriety],
 every curse in the psalms of the prophets, may I see beside them with
 delight.

May none of their race survive,
 May God destroy them all,
 Each curse of the psalms in the holy books
 Of the prophets upon them fall.

Amen !

Blight skull, and ear, and skin,
 And hearing, and voice, and sight,
 Amen ! before the year be out,
 Blight, Son of the Virgin, blight.

Amen !

May my curses hot and red
 And all I have said this day,
 Strike the Black Peeler too,
 Amen, dear God, I pray !

Amen

There were two other common ways in Connacht for cursing a person besides making a rhyme on him. One of these belongs to Christianity, the other to Paganism. The "Reversed Journey" it is that had a Christian origin, and the "Curse of the Anvil" belonged to Paganism. This is the way in which the "Reversed Journey" is carried out, —a person to go to the chapel and him to make the journey, *i.e.*, the Stations of the Cross, backwards ; that is to begin the "journey" at the last picture and to finish with the first picture, and he invoking the Devil all that time and asking him to send some misfortune or bad luck upon his

Without an ear, without the skin of their skulls, without hearing, without sight, without voice, before this year is finished [may they be] and Amen, O Son of the Virgin. Amen.

Trick-of-the-loop is not the end of the . . . ? The venom of all that I have said along with each, may it fall upon the black peeler and amen, O God, each day. Amen.

Concubair Magsuibhir liom an lá ceana "nac faib ré áct acar* beas ó foim ó cuair sean-bean cuig pag-airt agus dubairt ri leir go ndearnao a leicéir reo o' eugcoir uirri, agus, ar ríre, ríacao cum an team-poill go ndéanao "turur tuafal" do. Míniú an pagairt oi go mbuó mór an peacaó mallaét de'n tróirt rin do déanaí, agus bí obair mór aige ríul fuair ré géilleao uairi nac ndéanfao rí é."

Ann ran dán rin do leasao ar Naomh Pádraig a tustair "Lúineac Pádraig" nó an "faeo fiaoa," air, címió Pádraig as glaotha ar "neart Dé, cúmaicta Dé, ciall Dé, poirc Dé, cluar Dé, briaicair Dé, lámh Dé, ríat Dé," 7c., o'á corraí fém ar "brieti ban ocur SOBAHO agus oíua," ír é rin an oícaib ban, gaba, agus oíua. Nuair fuair daoine (nac faib aca áct an úma no an píríar foime rin) eólar ar an iarrann ar tóir, do cuir ré iongantur oíra, nó náir ionghao, 7 éirio ríao go faib bhuí o'feicrionnac ann. Ír oíúg sur éirio ríao 'na oíuig rin go faib cuir de'n bhuí iongantair go agus de'n buair do bí inran iarrann, inran ngaba o' oibhuí an t-iarrann, agus do máir an éirioeáir go ó aimir Pádraig go oí an lá inoí. Mar rin de, má 'r mian le duine mallaét do cuir ar duine eile téirdeann ré go oí an gaba agus iarrann ré ar an ngaba "an inneóin do éarao" ar a námao, i moét go oíuicfao leasao agus gac uile fóirt mi-ao air. Do éairgeócaó ré airtioo do'n gaba ar pon rin do déanaí, agus oá mbuó oíocfeair do bí inran ngaba do glacfao ré an t-airtioo agus cuirfao ré (deir Concubair Magsuibhir liom)

* = tamall.

enemy. My friend, Dr. Conor Maguire, told me the other day "that it was only a little while ago an old woman went to a priest, and told him that such and such an injustice had been done her, 'and,' says she, 'I'll go to the church till I make a "Reversed Journey" for him.' The priest explained to her that it was a great sin to make a curse of that kind, but he had great work before he got her to submit [and promise] that she would not do it."

In that poem that was ascribed to St. Patrick, which is called "Patrick's Lorica" or the "Faed Fiada," we find Patrick calling on "the Might of God, the power of God, the wisdom of God, the eye of God, the ear of God, the word of God, the hand of God, the shield of God," etc., to protect him against the "spells of women and of SMITHS and of Druids." When people, who had only bronze or brass before, first got to know of iron, they naturally enough marvelled at it, and believed there was an invisible virtue in it. Probably they afterwards got to believe that some of this wonderful power and virtue that was in the iron was also in the smith who worked the iron, and this belief has lasted from the time of Patrick down to our own day. Accordingly if a person desires to put a curse upon another person he goes to the smith and asks him "to turn the anvil" on his enemy, so that a melting and every kind of misfortune may come upon him. He would offer money to the smith for doing that, and if the smith was a bad man he would accept the money "and he would put," says Conor Maguire, "'the *cor chip*,' that is the horn of the anvil, facing backwards,¹ and he would request the devil to do his utmost

¹ Literally "westwards."

“aḡair̃ r̃iari ar an ḡcor̃ c̃ir̃,” ir é rin ar aḡair̃ic na h-inneóine, aḡur “c̃uir̃p̃eas̃ ré imp̃r̃e ar an Diab̃al a d̃it̃c̃ioll oile aḡur mi-áḡ do c̃ur̃ ar an tuine eile.” Ní r̃iaib̃ don m̃allaḡt eile ann c̃om̃ dona leir̃ an mallaḡt ro, do r̃eiri b̃ar̃iañla na nḡaoine, no mar̃ veiri Conc̃ub̃ari Maḡuir̃ir̃ “ní beir̃ luac̃ leir̃-p̃ing̃ine aḡas̃ r̃aoi c̃eann b̃liaḡna d̃á m̃beir̃ don m̃air̃ leir̃ an nḡaba, aḡur ní beir̃ don lá de’n áḡ oir̃ ar̃ir̃ ḡo ḡc̃uir̃p̃eas̃ an ḡaba an inneóin c̃ar̃it̃ d̃uit̃ ar̃ir̃, ir é rin c̃ar̃as̃-c̃ar̃it̃-c̃im̃c̃ioll do b̃aint̃ air̃ci ar̃ r̃as̃, aḡur a r̃as̃ ‘c̃r̃or̃aim mo m̃allaḡt ḡ m̃air̃im do . . . ḡac̃ a nḡear̃iair̃ ré ar̃ . . .’” Veiri na ḡaoine ḡur̃ ab é an m̃allaḡt ro an ḡaba, an m̃allaḡt buḡ m̃ear̃a ar̃ bir̃, ḡo r̃iaib̃ ré c̃om̃ millteac̃ rin “ḡur̃ anaim̃ aḡur ḡur̃ r̃i-anaim̃ do rinneas̃ é.”

Nuair̃ rinne na ḡaoine ur̃nuir̃ḡe anag̃air̃ na nḡaoine m̃air̃, no na r̃ir̃eḡḡ, aḡ r̃as̃ :

“A m̃ic̃ D̃e an ḡcluin tu an ḡleḡ c̃uḡainn ḡo m̃oir̃ ran nḡleann!”

Aḡur ar̃ir̃ :

“ḡo m̃buḡ d̃ún d̃aing̃ionn an d̃ún a b̃ruilmir̃ ann, ḡo m̃buḡ r̃luas̃ d̃all an r̃luas̃ ro c̃uḡainn,”

do c̃r̃eir̃eas̃ar̃ ḡo d̃ear̃b̃eḡa ḡo r̃iaib̃ r̃luas̃ do-f̃air̃c̃r̃ionnac̃ ’na d̃im̃c̃ioll, r̃eir̃ le n-a nḡor̃cuḡas̃ d̃á leir̃p̃r̃e d̃óir̃. Aḡ ro c̃unt̃ar̃ beaḡ ar̃ c̃uair̃t̃ ó n-a leir̃eir̃o rin de r̃luas̃ do r̃ḡr̃iḡ m̃e r̃ior̃ tim̃c̃ioll c̃uir̃ b̃liaḡna ó f̃oiñ ó beal m̃air̃c̃aiñ Uí Ūraoñáiñ anaice le Cill-ḡor̃áiñ t̃r̃í m̃ile ó C̃oilte-mac̃ i ḡConḡae t̃l̃uir̃g̃-eḡ. Aḡ ro a c̃unt̃ar̃ r̃eiñ ḡo d̃ir̃eas̃ mar̃ do lab̃air̃ ré é, ḡ buḡ r̃ear̃ é ñár̃ innir̃ r̃uam̃ r̃uo nac̃ r̃iaib̃ r̃ior̃. R̃ar̃ar̃! R̃uair̃ ré b̃ár̃ ó f̃oiñ.

for putting evil and ill-luck upon the other man." There was no curse so noxious as this, in the opinion of the people, or as Conor Maguire puts it, " You wouldn't have a ha'porth at the end of the year, if there was any good at all in the smith, and there wouldn't be one day's luck on you until the smith would put the anvil round again for you, that is, would take a complete turn right round out of it, and say, " I cross my curse, and I forgive —— for all he did to ——." The people say that this " Smith's curse " was the worst curse at all, and that it was so venomous " that it was seldom and very seldom it was done."

When the people composed prayers against the Good People or Fairies, saying :—

O Son of God, hearest thou this confused noise
Coming towards us loudly in the glen.

and again

May it be a strong fortress the fortress in which we are,
May it be a blind host this host that is coming to us,

they believed firmly that there was an invisible host around them ready to hurt them if it were allowed. Here is a brief account of a visit from such a host, which I wrote down about five years ago from the mouth of Martin Brennan, near Killeaden, three miles from Coilltemach (Kiltimagh !) in the county Mayo. Here is his own account exactly as he spoke it, and he was a man who never told a thing that was not true. Alas ! he has died since.

SGÉILÍN AR NA DAOINIB MAITE.

Bí mé roimh d'á bliathain agus trí bliathna déag do doir an t-am rin. Cuairt mé mar cumlódaí [com-luadair] cuig mo deirbhíur. Ní raib don duine aici mar cumlódaí 'ran oirde.

Cuairt muid a doblaó timcíoll a d'ó-déag a cíos ran oirde.

D'airis muid mar beic rionnán mór gaoite ag tigeaí or cionn an tige, agus mar beic páirte ós ag daoinead taob-amuis.

Táinig ré,—an tuaim [*i.e.*, fuaim]—gur cuir ré arteaí an dá d'oir, gur buail ré ar a céile iad.

Saoil muid gur airis muid na roitige bainne d'á n'óirteaí agus na raib ceo na fuisiú ran teaí na raib bhirte.

D'airis mé an toir an ag tigeaí aníor 'un na teinead, go dtáinig ré le h-air mo leaptá agus cáill mé mo meabair ann rin, agus nuair fuair mé i air d'airis mé mo deirbhíur a ráb éirise agus an folur a lapaí. Nuair lar muid an folur fuair muid na raib don pur déanta, ceo na fuisiú."

* * * * *

Ag ro d'áirín beag binn do fuair mé óm' áiríar Concubair Maguiriú ó'n tClár. Cuairt peirean é ó duine anaice leir an mbaile mór rin.

an bás.

nuair d'airis mé ar mairin

an ceatamháb lá de'n máir ro,

bí mé lútmair aigeanta

ag amair ar an áirnéir,

A STORY OF THE GOOD PEOPLE.

"I was between twelve and thirteen years of age at that time. I went for company to my sister. She had nobody for company in the night.

We went to sleep about twelve o'clock at night.

We heard, as it were, a great whirlblast of wind coming above the house, and as it were a young child crying outside.

It came—the noise—so that it drove in the two doors [one on each side of the house] so that it smashed them against one another.

We thought that we heard the vessels of milk being poured out, so that there wasn't a single thing in the house that wasn't broken.

I heard the noise coming down to the fire until it came beside my bed, and I lost my feeling [consciousness] then. When I got it again I heard my sister saying to get up and kindle the light. When we kindled the light we found that there was nothing [no harm] done, not the fog of a flesh-worm."¹

* * * * *

Here is a melodious little song that I got from my friend Dr. Conor Maguire, of Claremorris. He heard it from some one near that town.

THE DEATH.

When I rose up in the morning
On the fourth day of this March,
I was active and spirited
Looking at the stock ;

¹ Literally "the fog of a fleshworm," *i.e.*, the fog raised by the breath of a fleshworm. I heard a witty priest translate this idiom the other day by "the sneeze of a microbe," *i.e.*, the smallest thing possible. The phrase is very common all over Connacht. Some translate it, "a fog or a fleshworm," as if the na were ná.

Δε σὺλ ἀμαρὲ ἀν θελαρὲ σὰμ
 Cía capfairé aét an bár liom,
 Bí mé σὺλ α' blaðar leir,
 Fíor* ašam so fáið ré lárσir.
 "Glúair ort, a šeášain, ašur bí liom."

Μαίρεαδ! α ἡμίαμε, τὰ μέ 'ρσαμαρὲ λεατ,
 mo míle šráð so veó tú,
 Ír maíð vo cúirpinn φαταρὲ σὺιτ,
 níor fearr vo ðainpinn móin σὺιτ.
 Óeannóðainn [an] bó ðainne σὺιτ,
 ašur véarφαinn σὺιτ an τ-αβρίαν,
 nuair luirpinn fíor ar leabuirὲ λεατ
 Ír clírτε ðainpinn pós σíot.
 α ἡμίαμε, ná leir leir mé so fóill.

Τὰ δοιμνιc βεαδ 'να φεαν-σὺινε,
 Ír βεαδ an ἡμαίτ níor mó é,
 ní'l maíð amuig ná i mbailc ann,
 ar maíσin nó τράcηνόνα.
 Τά'n ðean 'r na páirτεíτε pšriopta aige
 Δε ιαριμαρὲ α θείτ σ'ά τόγáιλ,
 'S an lá nað mbéíð ταðac aige
 Ír corruigšτεαð an cóμαριφα é.
 ταðair λεατ é, ašur fás mé so fóill.

Ír τριυαδ nað ðruil an τ-αβρίαν pó ar φασ ašainn,
 aét ní fáið aige aét na τrí fainn reo.

Δε po παίσιν ατά an-óopmúil leir an ταρα "Opca
 mílne" vo τuš mé ποίμε reó. Fuar mo óara
 Concubair Mašuiróir i ó fean-φear τar ab ainm Mac
 Uí Éašarτaig anaice le Clár-Cloinne-míuir. Níor
 σuðairτ Mac Uí Éašarτaig mar σuðairτ an φear eile
 šur fíit ar cuamba é, aét vo cúir ré leir an bpaíσin

* D'éoir "bí'r ašam."

As I was going out the way
 Who should meet me but the Death,
 I was going to flatter him
 Because I knew that he was strong,
"Hurry on, Shaun, and be with me."

O then, Maurya, I am parting from you,
 My thousand loves for ever you are,
 It was well I used to plant potatoes for you,
 And better still I used to cut the turf ;
 I used to buy you the milch cows,
 And I would repeat for you the song,
 When I used to lie down upon a couch beside you
 It is cleverly I would take from you a kiss,
O Maurya, do not let me with him yet.

Little Dominic is an old man ;
 He is little good any more,
 There's no use in him, abroad or at home
 Either morning or evening.
 He has the wife and the children perished
 Trying to be supporting him,
 And the day that he is without tobacco
 He is the contrary neighbour.
Take him with you and leave me yet.

It is a pity we have not the entire of this song, but he had only three verses of it.

Here is a prayer that is very like the second "Ortha Mhuire," or "Mary's Prayer," that I gave before. My friend, Conor Maguire, got it from an old man named Hegarty near Claremorris. Hegarty did not say—as the other did—that it was found upon a tomb, but he added to

na briaclra ro, amail aghur d'á mbuio éirio de'n páirtir
féin iad :

"Seo páirtir an-beannuighe. Duine ar bith a d'éiríodh é seo 'é
uile lá geobair ré oiríad fáil ar ó'ia 'r go bfeicfidh ré málaí
d'é or a éinne rui má éiríleat é."

Tar éir an roimh-má ro do torais Mac Uí Éadair-
tais an páirtir leir na briaclraí seo, naé mbaineann
léi ó éadair, mar fáilim, aét le páirtir eile :

"A éiríodh na n-ó-mílir, íora Cnóir, a don míc d'é, aétir d'é (sio)
na n-aingeal, don míc na maigheine glóimair' cuiríodh leir an
bpeadac boét, raor rinn ar gac éiríodh-éir d'á bfuilim in a
lálaí."

Tar éir rin, tug ré an "Oríad cum na Maigheine,"
aét fuair mé a b'ad níor fearr i i leabair áluinn
láimh-réiríodh do bí ag Seóirre Mac Giolla an
Clóis, i gClár-Cloinne-Muirir, aghur do tug Doctúir
Maigheir go han-éineálta d'ám-ra ó roin. Do
réiríodh an leabair ro le h-éomono ó Concuair
éigin ran mbliadain 1740. Cuirim ríor an páirtir go
d'íreac mar do réiríodh reiríodh é, aghur ó naé n-á-
ruigim don nio inran lictuigad nó oiríad aghur ponc
féin, éiríodh an léigheoir éom maí aghur éom beaét
aghur atá an leabair.

ORRÉA DO CHUM NA MAIGHEINE MUIRE.

A maigheine glóimair a málaí d'é, a bean* or cionn gaca
céime ; atá ionnolra† ionn gac molaó d'á méad, uéan eadair-
gheir ar mo fon-ra cum d'áom-mic gheiríodh féin. A bean
onóiríac, ar eirí málaí rui na n-aingeal aghur na n-aingeal,‡
fuiríodh oram aghur raor mé ó gac éiríodh-éir aghur olc.

* "Beannuighe inr gac céim."—Mac Uí Éadair.

† "Diongbálta do gac molaó."—M. Uí É.

‡ "Na n-éirí-aingeal."—Mac Uí Éiríodh-tais.

the prayer these words, as though they were part of the prayer itself :—

This is a very blessed prayer : Anyone who shall say this every day, he shall obtain that much favour from God, that he shall see the Mother of God over against him before he dies.¹

After that preface Hegarty began the prayer with these words, words that do not, as I think, belong to it by right, but to another prayer.

O very-sweet Lord, Jesus Christ, One Son of God, O Father, God of the Angels, O One-Son of the Glorious Virgin, help ye the poor sinner, save us out of every hardship in whose presence we are.

After that he gave the "Prayer to the Virgin," but I got it a great deal better in a beautiful manuscript book that Seóirse Giolla-an-Chloig, or Bell, had in Claremorris, and which Dr. Maguire has since very kindly given to me. This book was written by one Edmond O'Connor in the year 1740.² I put down here the prayer exactly as he wrote it, and since I am changing nothing in the orthography, not even a dot, the reader will see how excellent and exact the book is.

A PRAYER TO THE VIRGIN MARY.

O glorious Virgin, Mother of God, Woman above all rank, praiseworthy in all praising no matter how great, make intercession on my behalf to thine own beloved Only-Son. O honourable Woman, thou art the mother of the King of the Angels and of the Archangels relieve me and save me from every hardship and evil.

¹ This promise is attached to more than one prayer, See the "Article of the Cregil Crua" given already, where the repeater of the prayer is promised that he shall see the Virgin *three* times.

² This book contains also John Mór O Dubhagain's Poem on the Calendar, the Athanasian Creed and Nicene Creed, the Te Deum, the Song of the Three Children, the Seven Penitential Psalms, the "Psalter of Jesus," the "Litany of the Passion," the Office of the Immaculate Conception, and many other pieces of a like nature, all beautifully and correctly written.

A bláé na ppactiarc, na n-óš, agus na n-aingiol, a dóctúir na glóire a máire na nóš, a pmuaineadó uáctarad na n-aingiol agus na n-arc-aingiol cuimníš oíam, agus suiróim éú san mo tpeisint ann ainmri cuíteagluig mo báir. O a healt na fairge, a dómuir páiréair, a éampall Dé, a pálar íora críoro, a éuan na rláinte, a bláé na nuile éinídeáé, a péarla na huile milreáéa, a bainiošan teaimonaiš na cciontáé, a dóctúir luéa an éieróim, a uéalrad uáctarad n-óis agus na n-aingéal: suirab é do condeairaro mair na h-aingil agus mair na h-arcaingeil ir páraní dóib; da bhríóš san a máéair na tpeóaire cuim ar cuimeirce do lám beannuigte féin, mo dul amad, mo éadé aréad, mo luige m'éirge amair mo fúl, glacaó mo lám, labairt mo deóil, eiréad mo cluar, ionour go tcaiteadóir le o' mac suiróad féin. Amén.

Do cuir Mac Uí Éagairtáig leir an bpaíoir na bpaíra eile reo, s'a críócnugaó, mar toraig pé í, le seallad:

"Tá de luairéadé innti, an té iompríóear [iomróir] í, an té a léigear í, agus an té éirtear léi o'a léigead, raošal fašail ar bár tobann [obann]. Tá leigear innti ar éine, ar uirge, ar fairrige, agus ar earšan [earšanuíde?], a' fúl go breicrimio í tpi h-uairé ful má šeobamuro bair. Mac Dé agus an máigéan oá éabairt uóinn."

Beirim ann ro píora píliúeáéa atá pá mear móir i gcúige Múman agus i gcúige Connaé o dear. An éeao uair amair oá'ri éualair mé é buó é as fear tar b'ainm páóraiš O Bpaonáin do bí as obair do Cúnt De Bapto, as Dúbror ar bpaach na fairrige taoó dear de Cinn-mara i gconóadé na Šailime. Dubairt reiréan liom suir b'é máigirtir rgoile i gconóadé luimniš do punne é. Táiniš rean-šailleadé agus a mac aréach as iarpair lóiréin na h-oiróe ar an máigirtir rgoile, agus éuš pé rin dóib, agus bíoc pé šreann an domáin ar an nriarpóiréad do

O blossom of the patriarchs, of the Virgins and of the angels; O Hope of Glory, O beauty of the Virgins, O Higher Thought of the angels and of the archangels, remember me, and I pray thee not to forsake me in the fearsome time of my death. O star of the sea, O door of Paradise, O temple of God, O Palace of Jesus Christ, O Harbour of health, O blossom of all nations, O pearl of all sweetness, O Queen sheltering the guilty, O Hope of the Faithful, O upper Brightness of the Virgins and of the Angels; verily it is thy conversation with the angels and with the archangels that is for them a delight.

Therefore, O Mother of Mercy, I place in the protection of thy own blessed hands my going out and my coming in, my lying-down and my rising-up, the sight of my eyes, the touch of my hands, the speech of my mouth, the hearing of my ears, so that they may be pleasing to thine own beloved Son. Amen.

Hegarty joined on to the prayer these other words, ending it, as he began it, with a promise :

There is this much reward in it that he who shall carry it [about him, written], that he who reads it, that he who listens to it being read, shall get a life free from sudden death. There is a cure in it for fire, for water, for the sea, and against *eels* [probably a mistake for earcaine *cursing*]; in hopes that we may see her three times before we die. The Son of God and the Virgin grant it to us !

I give here a piece of poetry that is in great esteem in South Connacht and Munster. The first time I ever heard it was from a man of the name of Martin Brennan, who was working for the Count De Bastro at Dubhros, on the brink of the sea, down from Kinvara, in the County Galway. He told me that it was a schoolmaster in the County Limerick who made it. An old hag and her son came in asking a night's lodging of the schoolmaster, and he gave them that; and he picked the fun of the world out of the dispute that started between the pair of them after they had their meal eaten, and he put it in the form of a poem

bí ar fíubál roim an mbeirt nuair bí a mbéile ite
aca, agus cuir pé i bpoim d'áin é. Fear de na
Coilleánais do bí ann ran máigirtir rgoile do péir
an Uraonánais. Do cáil mé, go mi-ádamail, an
méad de'n d'án do rgníob mé ó béal an Uraonánais,
aet fuair mé cóib eile de do pinne Seóirre Siolla-
an-Clóis i gClár Clóinne Múir i gconradé Múig Eó
ran mbliadain 1870. Ir dóig gur ó beul rean tuine
éigin, mar páorais O Uraonáin, do rgníob reirean
ríor é, oir ir foilurac náir tuig pé cur d'á raib pé
'a rgníob.* Fuair ear 'na diaig rin cóip eile de'n
d'án rgníobta le Miceál O Loinnre éigin, Muimneac,†
agus do cuir aet cóib eile de i gcló i n-Iurleabhar
na Gaedeltge pé bliadna ó foim, ó béal Éamuin Uí
Fógluša i gconradé Corcaig. Ní raib ann ran d'án
mar bí pé de meabair as Éamon O Fógluša aet 144
línte, aet tá 220 líne ann ran d'án mar beirim-re
ann ro é. Rinne mé an d'án com ro-tuigreannac
agus do b'éidir liom, ar na trí cóipeannais reó, tar
éir a gcur, go h-aipeach, i gcompráio le céile.
Tugaim ann rna nótaib S., L., agus F., ar cóipeannais
Seóirre Mhic Siolla-an-Clóis, Miceál Uí Loinnre,
agus Éamoin Uí Fógluša, ar leit.

AN SIOTA 'S A MÁTAR.

Do gluar eugam cúpla i roir na h-oróce,
Aet-cuirreac, oúbac, ó fíubál na tíre,
as iarriaró déirce, 'r as éilíom cabaréta,
'S as gairde cum dé ar gac don d'á otabaracó.

* Cuirtead eile gur ó béal tuine do rgníob pé é, go rougann
pé an foim conradéac ar foilaib mar roighe i n-áit roirne, gc.
† Níl ríor asam car b' ar do'n Loinnreac ro. Ceannuis mé

A man of the Collinses, the schoolmaster was, according to Brennan. I lost, unfortunately, all of this poem that I wrote down from his mouth, but I got another copy of it that Seoirse Giolla-an-chloig, or Bell, wrote down in Claremorris, in the County Mayo, in the year 1870. No doubt it was from the mouth of some old person like Brennan he wrote it down, for it is evident he did not understand a portion of what he was writing. I got afterwards another copy of the poem written by one Michael Lynch, a Munsterman, and yet another copy of it was printed in the *Gaelic Journal* six years ago from the dictation of Edmund Foley, in the County Cork. There were only 144 lines in the poem, as Edmund Foley had it by heart, but there are 220 lines in the poem as I give it here. I have out of these three copies made the poem as intelligible as I was able, after carefully comparing them together. I call, in the notes, the copies of Seoirse MacGiolla-an-chloig, Michael Lynch, and Edmund Foley, G., L., and F., respectively.

THE LOUT¹ AND HIS MOTHER

There came to me, *right* as the *night* was falling,
In very poor *plight*, a couple calling,
They were looking for *alms* and help to save them,
And praying their *psalms* for whoever gave them.²

Δ λάμν-ῖσιβινν ὁ ἴαν-ἴαν ἰ ἡονοαέ ὀρκαῖς. Ὁ κυρεαὸ
κόιβ εἰλε ῖαν ἡῖαοῦατ ἰ ἡ ἀμερῖκα τῖμῖοιτ ῖῖε βλῖαῦαν ὁ ἴον,
ἀετῖνῖ μέαρῖαν ἡο ἡαῖβ ἀν τ-ἰομλάν ἀνν.

¹ SIOTA is the word in the written copies, except S. SOTAĆ, however, is the word that I have always heard. It does not appear to be known in North Connacht, but Brennan explained it to me to be the same as STÓCAĆ, or a grown-up lad. I have translated it "lout," but I think it hardly conveys so disparaging a meaning.

² This is something like the metre of the original.

Dean móir éoranta mhuiranta* blácmair,
 'S a mac, 'na ríota ve fomacán nána.
 Bí an cáilleach go sairnamail† bláirnamail‡ bhréagach
 luirneamail§ nántamail páigeanail faobrach.

Bí an ríota|| go rruacac buairdearta bhónac,
 faoi d'oiéceall 'r faoi ghuaim gur buair ré a dóctair,
 Do éadair faoi luatar nuair buair ré a béile,
 Cá maib a buair cum gluaireadé léite.

"Cá bfuil mo ríora ve dó 'r ve éorara,
 Cá bfuil mo lón vo ló 'gur d'oiéce,
 Cá bfuil mo cáil, ció náir liom innirre,
 Adé as ríora le d'áilaid d'r málaid im' éiméil?"

Stadar féin go ciúin 'r ní dúbhar déin-níó,
 Do leagar mo fúile go olúit le béile,
 Mar ir minic ar pán gan fáit fear méighe,
 Do minnear mo gáirre 'r vo fágar fá béile iao.

Bí an uair ní b'féar na parrir ar derop,¶
 Do éorruig rí ruar go buacac bhríogmair,
 Do éocar a ghuas 'r vo cáit uairte a ríora,
 Do éarraig rí anuair a cuir nánta ríogáitair,**
 Agus an-cuio móir nac féaraim cuimniúg' air.

An Cáilleach:

mairir le buair ná luair é ar déin éor,
 Ó v' adair ní bhuairnear buair ná béile,††
 ná uairte ve'n áir do adé náirre fáogáitair,
 As fágarir 'r as bhríegmair dom' éirí 'r dom' éearad.

An Síota:

Súo é an fáit vo éirí 'r vo éear tu,
 Mar bíor a-lán ve mnaib oic-éille,
 As gabail le fear gan ceao gan cómairle,
 A imnear a éear†† gan mear gan pórad.

* bhoranta (g.). † Seocamail. ‡ bláirnamail (g.).

§ plurgac (g.).

|| Sgríobann Mac Giolla-an-Éoir "ruttach," agus ir é
 "Síota" atá ann rna cóipeannaid eile. Dubairt an bhráonánac
 liom gur buacail móir nó "rúacac" é. ¶ Tare ar derop (l.).

A big . . ? . . ? mealy-mouthed (?) woman
 And her son, a lump of a bold lout-of-a-fellow,
 The hag was indecent-spoken, carneying, lying,
 Plausible (?) full-of-poems and prophecies and sharp-edged.

The lout was surly, troubled, grieved,
 Discontented¹ and gloomy until he had eaten his enough.
 He disputed in haste when he had eaten his meal,
 Where was his reward for travelling with her.

Where is my store of cows and sheep,
 Where is my provision by day and night,
 Where is my character—though I am ashamed to tell it,
 But trotting at your heels and bags round about me.

I remained quiet myself and did not say anything,
 I closed my eyes tightly together,
 For it is often a man who-goes-to-settle a quarrel [goes] astray
 without cause.

I had my laugh, and I set them at one another.

The pair were better than Aesops ?
 She stirred herself up ? powerfully,
 She scratched her hair, and flung from her her pipe,
 She drew down all her poems of vengeance,
 And a great many more things that I cannot remember.

THE HAG :

As for reward, do not mention it on any account,
 From your father I never got a reward or a meal,
 Or anything of what-was-honourable, but only worldly shame,
 From priests and friars ruining me and torturing me.

THE LOU :

That is the cause that ruined and tortured you,
 As be's [the way with] a number of silly women,
 Going with a man without leave or counsel,
 Who plays his game without respect, without marriage.

** Do tagair ar tuair cum tuanta ioltuir (L.).

†† Cúgear (L.). ‡‡ Do buairear a ógear (L.).

¹ Literally "under niggardliness."

Cailleach :

1 gcúirparú an éair rin fás tair éir é,*
 ná cluinead a-lán d'á iádú, tú, ar dén-éor.
 'S a liaéda bean ós, póрта ar donra,
 le uúil ran gcleap, gnódeap beap buó élaoine.

Siota :

maíon le claonaó† 'r é buó éoiri úuit,
 as asallam véirce ar éad na mbóirce,
 so veapúda veimín muna bpaiz mé fóirígnit
 so macao vo'n éill le dian-éadócar.

Cailleach :

Seacaim an nio rin éoiríce, a élaóaire,
 ápaiz vo rmuáinte d'r suio an mpaizvean,
 atá aici rtorí so leóir d'r moimnirú,
 'S nioir véapmav rí miam cpoirde na foizve.‡

Siota :

Tá m'foizvo mó fáda, 'r ní veapmí óam mar tá mé,
 ó méabaó mo hata, 'r ó rmacaoó mo éáda,
 tá mo bpoísa caíte 'r ní'l rnaíte ar mo fálaib,
 asur ní'l áet masaoó 'n a n-abmavn tu, a mpaizm.

Cailleach :

a élaóaire mallaižite, ó caiteó mé innrin,
 diaó nioir alcuiz tú maíon ná oiríce,
 ní abmavn tú paíon, d'r veapmavn tú§ íora,
 ir é fáet anacra olcar vo gníoimáita.

Siota :

maire! ní'l don maíon trá 'r mian liom uíreáet,
 nac bpaizaim tú caíte coir cnairce nó cúinne,
 as iádú vo paíreáda suí at vo glúna, ||
 'S nac bpaicim d'á dáim asao áet fataoó san annlann,
 asur feóil dá h-alpaó as bacaiž na uéaiž. ¶

* Ar iapmarú é (S.).

† Cleabhor (S.) ní léim óam ciail na líne reo.

‡ Foizne (L.). § Saíum tú (L.).

|| "Ar cnap vo glúine," vubairt an bpaonánach. "Cnapaižite do éruíca" (L.). ¶ as luét vanaíta 'r vuirce (S.).

HAG :

As for that case, leave it after you,
 Let not on any account many hear you say it,
 And such numbers of young women, married and single,
 With liking for the game who do a turn more crooked.

LOUT :

As for crookedness, it was that was your right,
 Asking for alms on the side of the roads,
 For sure and certain unless I got some relief
 But I shall go to the churchyard with very-despair.

HAG :

Avoid that thing for ever, you coward,
 Change your thoughts and pray to the Virgin,
 She has store enough, and she will distribute it,
 And she never yet forgot the heart of patience.¹

LOUT :

My patience is too long, and it is none the better for me as I am,
 Since my hat was rent and my cape was torn,
 My brogues are worn, and there's not a thread [of a stocking] on
 my heels,
 And there is nothing but mockery in all you say, mother.

HAG :

You cursed villain, since I must tell it,
 You never said a grace for your food, morning or night,
 You never say a prayer, and you blaspheme² Jesus,
 The wickedness of your deeds is the cause of your misery.

LOUT :

Musha ! there's never a morning when I desire to awake,
 That I don't find you thrown beside a bed post or some corner,
 Saying your prayers until your knees swelled,
 And sure I don't see that you have anything on the head of it
 but potatoes without any "kitchen,"
 While the [other] beggars of the country have meat to gobble.

¹ *i.e.* The heart that is patient.² *Literally:* "cut."

Cailleach :

A mhéirliḡ malllaigḡte, malllaḡt mo éiríóe oirḡ,
 'Do liaiḡ ná rḡḡarḡ ní mḡarann tú rḡmíocadó ;
 'S ḡo ḡruil na naomḡ a'ḡ an eḡḡlair ḡḡ rḡḡḡarḡ na nḡaomne,
 ḡurḡ uo na boiḡt ceapadó na flaiḡir maḡ rḡaomḡre.

Siota :

má'ḡ uo na boiḡt ceapadó na flaiḡir maḡ rḡaomḡre,
 'S ḡur áit é ḡruil rḡimḡinge beaḡa 'ḡur uḡḡe ann,
 náḡ éóḡa 'uuit rḡeabaḡ ḡo rḡara uo rḡḡoḡo ann,
 ná beirḡ ḡḡ rḡuḡal baileḡ, loḡḡ eirḡoḡ (?) na h-oiríóe ?*

Cailleach :

A élaḡḡḡe malllaigḡte, malllaḡt mo éleibḡ oirḡ,†
 nó an nḡó é uo mḡarairḡ uam,‡ rḡeabaḡ uo léim ann.
 na naomḡ a'ḡ na h-abroaibḡ 'ḡ an eḡḡlair naomḡḡa,
 ní maḡaio i rḡeibḡ na ḡflaiḡear ḡo n-éḡḡarḡo.

Siota :

má'ḡ áit éomḡ uainḡion rḡn, ḡan ḡeata ḡan céim, é,
 'S naḡ ḡruigḡreadó uaine capadó 'ḡcionn rḡaḡḡḡain' nó lae arḡ,
 arḡ eḡḡla earḡnaḡ nó earḡaio mo beile,§
 'Do b'ḡearḡ liom beirḡ ḡḡ baile ḡḡ rḡeallaḡḡ na uéimḡe.

Cailleach :

'Sé áro-míḡḡaḡt na ḡflaiḡear an rḡarḡantar naomḡḡa,
 Ó naḡ ḡcarann aon neaḡ arḡ éarḡaio ná arḡ éleile,
 ní'l ceó, ní'l rḡeacadó, ní'l ainḡeir arḡ aon ann,
 áḡt ḡlóirḡ ḡḡur áḡar 'ḡ ní rḡaḡa leó a laeḡe.

Siota :

má'ḡ áit éomḡ maibḡ rḡn ḡan obairḡ ḡan ḡnó é,
 'S ḡo ḡraigḡinn-re comḡḡom, a'ḡ coḡlaḡ mo uóḡain,
 'S ḡo ḡruil biaḡ 'ḡur bainne 'ḡur rḡimḡinge mḡóḡ ann,
 'Do maḡainn rḡna flaiḡir ḡo uḡḡeadó an rḡḡḡmaḡ.

* na beirḡ i ḡcuinne carḡa ḡur cḡapadó uo éúncḡ (ḡ.).

† leḡḡadó na ḡmaoi oirḡ (l.). ‡ an ainḡaio uo mḡarairḡ uam.

§ arḡ eḡḡla mo maḡluḡadó maḡ ḡeall arḡ mo beileíóe (ḡ.).

|| "arḡaibḡ" (l). "arḡ rḡaibḡain" (ḡ.).

HAG :

Accursed rebel, the curse of my heart upon you,
 To physician or priest you never think to submit,
 And sure the saints and the church are teaching the people
 That for the poor were the heavens framed, for liberty.

LOUT :

If it was for the poor the heavens were framed, for liberty,
 And, that it is a place where there is plenty of food and drink
 in it,
 Wasn't it better for you to hurry quickly to visit (?) it,
 Than to be travelling townlands seeking food (?) for the night.

HAG :

You cursed villain, the curse of my bosom on you,
 Or is it a thing that you thought for me to skip into it of one
 leap.
 The Saints and the Apostles and the Holy clergy,
 They will not go into the possession of the heavens till they die.

LOUT :

If it is a place so fenced, without a gate or a step,
 And that a person shall not find [himself able] to return at the
 end of a week or a day,
 For fear of want or lack of any meals,
 I would sooner be at home squirting (?) alms.

HAG :

The high kingdom of the heavens is the holy territory,
 Since no one meets [there] his friend or consort,
 There is no fog, there is no sin, there is no ill-plight on anyone
 in it,
 But glory and joy, and they do not think their days long.

LOUT :

If it is a place so good, without work, without business,
 And that I would get fair play and my enough of sleep,
 And that there is food and milk and great plenty in it,
 I would go into the heavens until the harvest would come.

Cailleach :

ní'l gileó ann ná obair, ná coḡaó, ná cóthiac,
 ní'l bhuio, ná toman, ná coḡlaó, ná ḡnó ann,
 ní'l ceó, ní'l peacaó, ní'l larpiaá 'oóḡ' ann,
 áét ceóla aḡ aingil a'r iomḡao ḡlóie.

Siota :

muna ḡruil [in] vo beata rna flaitir áét ceóla,*
 ní ḡraigeaó [an] bolḡ boét ociaé rḡóit ann,
 'ná naoim a'r 'ná h-aingil aḡ ḡreaoaó a ḡcuro ceóla,
 ba ḡinne liom toman an ḡota 'mbeit rḡól ann,
 ná uoin ve bocannaó ḡorma ḡóita,†
 coḡail, a áailiḡ,‡ 'r ná h-abair níor mó liom,
 's nuair iacaair rna flaitir nári áḡaio tú beó ar.

Cailleach :

má'r beó nó maib óam, malláét mo éoióe oit,
 'vo liaiḡ ná raḡair ní mearann tú rḡiocaó,§
 áét móie mallaiḡte, peacaó a'r oaoi-éoi,
 ní iacaio iuaib ḡo páiriáir fear vo ḡníom-ra,
 's ḡo ḡráḡaio vo éoiacaá : n-irhionn rior tú.

Siota :

muna uéio don peacaé ḡo páiriáir éoióe
 áét an té beap beannaḡte, beio rairrige rliḡe ann,
 má'r oaoi a'r má'r oamanta|| an té leanar mo rliḡe-re,
 tá bliáuin a'r ríe ó bí|| irhionn lionta,
 's ní ḡlacraioe [ann] mipe, le h-uieapbuio rliḡe ann.

Cailleach :

an tía bí na h-abroal aḡ teḡarḡ na noiaioite
 'san peactímaó caibioil, 'r é peaoar vo rḡriob é,
 ḡur b'é ouḡair an leaib vo éannuiḡ na míte
 an té féanraó ar éalaib é, naé flaitéar buó óion uó.

* Both l. and ḡ. seem ungrammatical here, the one reading muna ḡruil vo beata . . . áét an róit ran, the other maib ḡruil vo beata . . . áét ceóla.

† This line occurs only in l. I don't know what bocannaó is.

‡ All three make (wrongly, I think) the vocative of cailleach "a áailiḡ," but ḡ. also has a cailleach. § Only in l.

HAG :

There is no quarrelling in it, nor work, nor war, nor fight,
 There is no captivity, nor noise, nor sleep, nor business in it,
 There is no fog, there is no sin, there are no flames burning in it,
 But music with the angels, and much of glory.

LOUT :

If there is nothing in your life in the heavens but music,
 The poor hungry belly would not get much spirit in it ;
 The saints and the angels hammering at their musics,
 I'd sooner be listening to the noise of a pot that there'd be
 a joint in.
 Or a fistful of blue roasted (?)
 Go to sleep, you hag, and say no more to me,
 And when you go to heaven may you never come back alive out it!

HAG :

Whether I am alive or dead, the curse of my heart upon you ;
 To physician or priest you never think to submit,
 But cursed oaths, sin, and wicked crime.
 A man of your deeds shall never go to Paradise ;
 For sure your crimes shall leave you down in hell.

LOUT :

If no sinner ever goes to Paradise
 But [only] he who is blessed, there will be plenty of room in it.
 If condemned and if damned is he who follows my way,
 Then it's a year and twenty since hell was full,
 And I would not be received in it for want of space.

HAG :

When the Apostles were teaching the Druids,
 In the seventh chapter—it is Peter who wrote it—
 Sure it is what the Child said who redeemed the thousands ;
 He who would deny Him on earth that heaven would not be his
 protection.

|| Δὲ μᾶρ ῥαοῖ νό ὠμαντα (Σ.).

¶ ῥά βλῆαῶαῖν ἄγυρ ῥῖττε βεῖς (Λ.).

SIOGA:

níorí pírám * uó p̃easuar laḃairt uanar̃ta ar aén nead̃,
 'S sur̃ p̃earr̃ an c̃airm̃ir̃ uó p̃ear̃am̃ ré p̃éin ann,
 uá mbuó p̃lé uó le c̃ail̃l̃ig̃ san ear̃maó san éasach
 san cóir̃ san coir̃et̃rom aét coir̃laó 'r̃ ḡac̃ aén t̃ig̃,
 míola uá p̃m̃ioac̃aó p̃aoi ḡiobail† na uéir̃ce,
 buó p̃tuac̃ac̃ an uir̃ne é, 'r̃ uó c̃loir̃p̃eas̃ an p̃aoḡal̃ é.

Cailleach:

Sul ar buaileas̃ t̃ura or̃m ir̃ minic uó léig̃ mé
 ar̃ iób a u'p̃ulaiñg̃ an iom̃ar̃cuir̃ó p̃éine,
 uí míola 'r̃ p̃ear̃ba ari, car̃ma, sur̃ loir̃ne,
 asur̃ fuair̃ ré na p̃l̃aiteir̃ ué ḡár̃ma na p̃oiḡue,
 an t̃-ár̃ur̃ b̃reás̃ beannuig̃te meap̃aim naḃ b̃p̃aig̃ir̃-p̃e.

SIOGA:

éir̃t, a c̃ail̃l̃ig̃! leig̃ p̃ear̃ta uó'u ḡleó liom,
 baig̃ uó uéir̃ce, ó ir̃ é buó c̃óir̃ uóir̃t,
 no cuir̃ir̃ó mé p̃út̃-p̃a cúrr̃a p̃all̃ra‡
 mar̃ uó cuir̃i l̃áir̃er̃ t̃uir̃ce§ ran b̃p̃ára,

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Cailleach:

* * * * *

ir̃ nio é b̃p̃uirl̃ p̃úirl̃ a'r̃ uóirl̃ ḡac̃ aenne ann,
 ir̃ meap̃a ḡo móir̃ uó ḡnóḃaio p̃éinead̃,||
 uéir̃t as̃ p̃éanaó C̃m̃ioir̃ta a'r̃ uir̃ig̃e na cl̃éir̃ce.

SIOGA:

éir̃t, a c̃ail̃l̃ig̃ ¶ na bac liom ar̃ aon c̃or̃i,
 an t̃é c̃uair̃p̃eóḃaó u'air̃ig̃ne, 'r̃ meap̃a t̃ú p̃éinead̃,

* níorí ḡáó uó (p. and l.). † p̃ac̃air̃e (l.), pucca (ḡ.)

‡ Thus ḡ. cuir̃p̃eas̃-p̃a aig̃h ar̃ p̃cuir̃ir̃ no naireach (l.)

§ Thus ḡ. l. has p̃unnc (?) p̃. omits.

|| It is curious to find this Munsterism reproduced in ḡiolla-an-cloig̃'s copy, but the rhyme requires a dissyllable. Another Munster form is p̃éinig̃.

¶ "Stop, a cailleach" (ḡ.) I have noticed that this voc. is sometimes but not often used in ḡ.

LOUT :

Peter should have been in no hurry to speak roughly of anyone,
For sure it was short the struggle himself stood !
If he had to be arguing with a hag and he without means or
clothes,

Without right or fair play, but sleeping in every house,
Lice pricking him under the rags of poverty,
He'd be a surly man, and the world would hear him [yelling].

HAG :

Before you were struck on me,¹ it is often I read
Of Job, who suffered excess of pain,
There were lice and sores on him, scab and leprosy,
And he got the heavens on the head of his patience—
The fine blessed dwelling which I'm thinking you will not get !

LOUT :

Listen, you hag ; let be your quarrelling any more ;
Collect your alms, for it's it was your right,
Or I will put a false course (?) under you,
As Luther put . . . (?) in the Pope,

* * * * *

HAG :

* * * * *

It is a thing which everyone's expectation and desire is in,²
But far worse are your own doings,
To be denying Christ and the law of the clergy.

LOUT :

Listen, you hag, and don't mind me at all.
Whoever would search your mind [would find] that you are
worse yourself.

¹ i.e., before I met you to my cost.

² In S, she argues, in two lines which I omit as they are not in the other versions, that her own sinning is only natural. She is an Antinomian, and the poet means to expose her as such.

Christ does not accept blather or flattery from anyone,
 But to do according to the will of the Father who is in heaven.
 And sure I see the priest standing in his vestments,
 And his actions and his teaching are seven acres apart.

HAG :

Never mind the priests, take heed to yourself.
 It is Moses who established them and gave us God's command-
 ments,
 Christ and the Apostles who afterwards appointed them by act,
 Guiding the sinner to make his soul,
 To read us [the services of] Marriage and Baptism and Mass.

LOUT :

As for marriage it is too dear a business,
 Three gold guineas and a crown to the clerk.
 The friends of the couple are loudly called upon,
 To get money a plate is sent steering,
 And unless you pay on the spot you are a brute.
*Till the Bishop is paid*¹ the "Nobis" is not read,
 And, you hag, isn't it a dear business the Ego Vos,
 And sure what everyone says after all the business
 Is, that it is the mamram² pegu (?) which makes the marriage.

HAG :

It (i.e. Marriage) is a statute in the country, and it is a very just
 law,
 And it is a heartless person who does not consent to it (?),
 From the beginning of the world there is law and ordinance
 for it,
 David and Moses were married,
 And it is of water Christ used to make wine at the marriage
 feast,
 And it is seldom he used to be in a disgraceful house.

¹ These words are in English.

² It is hard to say what Latin word the Lout means here.

SIOTA :

ir baot, a éailliḡ, 'r ir leam̃ oo ráirt̃e,
 'S dá mbeiteá-ra marb̃ ar maidin amáinach
 'S go mbéarfaínn cum ragaírt̃ tú, ceangailte i mála,
 ní léiḡfead̃ óuit airmionn gan airmseao láime.
 'S i gcúirfaíde an cártanair ir fearb̃ leir tráct̃ air.

Cailleach :

Gan congnam̃ na ragaírt̃ buó óoilḡ áir raoraó,
 mar ir mó-áir an t-ainm [as] fear̃ ionaid̃ Dé aḡainn,*
 ir niõ é go maíteann ré peacaó a'r daor̃-éoir̃,
 'S ir cinnte gur ceapaó rliḡse beata dá héir̃ oo.

SIOTA :

éirt, a éailliḡ, nó caítreao tú áitioim̃ †
 Cao é an trliḡse beata tug̃ peaoar̃ oo'n pápa,
 áct fearant̃ar rliéide aḡur héim̃ na sútaíḡ ‡
 'S gur riorac̃ an raogal gur b'é buó éionntaíḡe
 an beata go léir̃ beir̃ aḡ phéim̃-rluoct̃ lútar̃.

Cailleach :

ir ouine gan céill tú, 'r ir bréas a súbhair̃,
 nó neac̃ éuirfead̃ § rpéir̃ i mbréir̃ib̃ lútar̃,
 raedair̃ fear̃ ar an gcoill go mbairfir̃ ré rḡíurra
 go mbuairfir̃ a leand̃ aḡ cur̃ rmaect̃ aḡur rtiúir̃ air̃,
 ir ḡair̃io anóiaíḡ an fear̃ḡ oo múcaó
 Gur míle meara leir̃ an leand̃ ná an rḡíurra.
 Ir ḡair̃io an cúirra an cúḡ le cómaíream̃ ||
 Maítear̃ an éoir̃ ir béir̃ an rḡíurra oóíḡte,
 fearant̃ar rliéide 'Gur héim̃ na h-áite
 aḡ eaglar̃ Dé a'r an déarla cailte.

SIOTA :

ná tráct̃ liom, a éailliḡ, ar bata ná ar rḡíurra,
 ir mict̃o ooib̃ beir̃ caítece ó darr̃a go rḡúmpa,
 mar̃ a bráir̃io an t-áir̃ an leand̃ le múnac̃
 'Do beir̃ ré a mallact̃ oo 'r leigeañ cum ríúbaí é.

* "fear̃ ionna nēivēad̃."—ḡ

† ḡ. omits this line, probably not understanding áitioim̃, which is not a Connacht word. ‡ fear̃an ir ḡlebe ir héim̃ coíḡe.—l.

§ doinne.—l. "Cé éuirfeach."—ḡ.

|| Ir ḡair̃io an cómp̃ra an cúḡ le cómp̃raim̃ (ḡ.), which alone gives this line, and l. the next three.

LOUT :

Silly, you hag, and foolish are your sayings;
 Sure if you were dead to-morrow morning
 And I were to bring you to a priest tied up in a bag
 He would not read a Mass for you without hand-money,
 And as for charity,¹ the name of it is bitter to him.

HAG :

Without the help of the priests it were hard to save us,
 For it is very high is the name that God's representative has,
 It is a thing that he forgives sin and evil crime,
 And it is certain that a way of living was planned for him
 accordingly.

LOUT :

Listen, you hag, or I must convict (?) you,
 What is the way of living Peter gave the Pope,
 But mountain territory and the rule of the country,
 And sure the world knows that it is he who was most guilty
 For all the means of life going to the descendants of Luther.

HAG :

You are a person of no sense, and it is a lie you have spoken,
 Or anyone who would have liking for the words of Luther.
 A man will go to the wood till he cut a scourge
 Till he beat his child to put manners and decency on him,
 But it is a short time after quenching his anger
 Till he thinks a thousand times more of the child than of the rod,
 It is a short space of time it takes to count "Five,"
 The fault will be forgiven ere it is counted and the rod burned.
 Mountain territory and the sway of the place
 Be to the Church of God and the English language lost.

LOUT :

Don't talk to me, you hag, of stick or of scourge,
 They ought to be worn out [by this time] from the top to the stump.
 Unless the father gets the child taught
 He gives him his curse and he lets him go.

¹This seems to be the Southern meaning of *capitanar*, literally "friendship."

Cailleach:

an té u'imeitig ó'n ádair le fearg gan méiríteach,
 i gciantaib dannaire a bfuil ó na gaoilteib,
 gan fuil le carad uó i gcaiteam a laéte,*
 nuair éaduis ré a-baile tar éir a téarma,
 uó éus ré a beannaét uó, 'r marb ré laos uó,
 'S an té u'fan ran mbaile níor marb ré gé uó.

Siota:

Uó b' an-fada an fearg é, 'r níor bfuil a méiríteach
 'S buó miteo uó carad uó gcarfad ré ar don éor,
 'S go bfuil ré fuigte dearbda ag gmaoin (?) an téarma†
 naé bfuil oream ar an talamh i' meara ná Papists
 'S an té díol Críosta náir díob féin é?‡

Cailleach:

Cméad tá aca féin le léigead ná innint
 déit an fuo a u'fás Calbin an clampadóir rghioeda, §
 'S go bfuil oét gcéad oét noicé agur oét naóite ||
 uó lirtreacaid cam-réal a'r bheag 'na mbioblaib.
 Cá 'uile an té i' mó uó léig de úgdaire
 connairc naom no fáig de ppreim-flioét lútaim? ¶
 Cá 'uile an té connairc Críost ná maoir na teampoll,
 ná pobal na diaóadta teadé 'na gcampa? **
 ní leanann Críost déit binn an teampoll ††
 'S tá damanta na mílte ar an mbiobla Gallua.

Siota:

Sgurradaoir u' déimann i' fearg uúinn méiríteach
 ag críoc na beata náir damanta ar don neach, ‡
 'S ar pinnead de peacad ag Clann Ádair a'r eba, §§

* S. alone has this also.

† ag Sapanais leabtais (S.).

‡ Uadfad féin é, S., which alone has this line, but I have heard or seen it elsewhere.

§ Camden an clamppreoir (L.). || Oét n-don fuigte (L.).

¶ Uó éaduis naom na fáig oir ppreim-flioét Luther, S., which alone has this line which I have edited as above.

** no abpobal mar don i' an eagluir Gallua (L.).

†† ní baineann uó Críost déit mian an teampall (S.) Neither version is clear to me. f. omits a great deal of the end of the poem.

HAG :

He who went from his father with anger without making-it-up
 Into wild foreign parts, far from his kindred,
 Without hope of ever returning throughout his days,
 When he did come home after his term
 He (the father) gave him his blessing and killed a calf for him,
 And he who remained at home he did not kill him (even) a goose.

LOUT :

It must have been a very long anger, and it must have been
 hard to settle it,
 And it was time for him to return if he were to return at all,
 And sure it is settled and proved by the English-speaking
 rabble (?)
 That there is no people in the world more evil than "Papists,"
 And he who sold Christ was not he one of them himself?

HAG :

What have they themselves to read or to tell,
 Except what Calvin, the disturber, left written,
 And sure there are eight hundreds, eight tens, and eight nines
 Of letters of crooked import and of lies in their bibles.
 Where is he who has most read authors
 Who ever saw a saint or a prophet amongst the root-stock of
 Luther?
 Where is he who ever saw a Christ or a Moses in their church,
 Or the people of godliness coming into their camp?
 Christ only follows the gable of the Church,
 And the thousands are damned through the foreign bible.

LOUT :

Let us leave off disputing, it's best for us to settle it,
 At the end of his life may there be no one damned;
 Sure after all the sin that was committed by the children of
 Adam and Eve

‡‡ San daon-corr mallaiḡta ní damnoiröter don neach (ḡ.)
 §§ Only in L.

Sé tuidairt an leanb do ceannuiḡ go daor rinn
 'S do dóim a éuro folá 'r do cmoḡad dá'm raomá
 Dá mbeir an uime éom tuid leir na daolḡaib
 Fíll orm fearḡa a'r plánpaíḡ mé féin ríḡ.*
 Sroḡad, † veir raḡairt bháirḡe a'r cléirḡe
 Sráḡ Dḡ aḡur carḡanar ḡlanpar ḡad don neaḡ,
 Téirḡ aḡ marḡin a'r ceannuiḡ dam léine,
 Pórfairḡ mé fearḡa 'r ní fanparḡ mé aḡ plé leaḡ.

Sin eaḡḡa na caillḡe 'r an daillḡín éiréirḡ
 Sḡrḡoḡḡa ríor i bḡíor 'r i n-éirḡeḡḡ
 Léirḡ go ráim ó báirḡ go cúl i,
 A'r pḡrḡuirḡ de éaḡ cia 'ca b'fearḡ de'n éúpla.ḡ
 Má tá baor ann, Cḡíorḡ dá pḡirḡeḡaḡ, ||
 Cḡócairḡ ó 'Dia orḡainn 'r iarḡaḡḡ ḡad don é.

Amén.

Connamair in ran rḡeul rin, "Dḡirḡ na Noḡlaḡ,"
 mar do éainḡ rḡaḡa daḡdaol amaḡ ar bḡal na orḡo-
 rinná do bí aḡ ráḡail báir. Duḡ iad rin na orḡo-
 rḡioraio do bí aḡ teaḡḡ amaḡ airtí, no b'éirḡir ḡur
 b'iaḡ na diaḡail féin do bí aḡ panamaint i noḡur
 an bḡil, leir an'anam do teaḡḡ amaḡ ar an ḡcḡoirḡe,
 go mbḡarḡaḡaḡoir aḡ. Aḡ ro rḡéal an-ionḡantaḡ ar
 an nio rin, do fuaḡir mé ar rean-láimḡḡrḡibinn do
 ceannuiḡ mé ó fear i ḡConḡae na mḡde. I leir éuinn
 do rḡrḡoḡaḡ i, aḡḡ ní fḡaḡaim a ráḡ an rḡrḡibinn
 Connaḡḡaḡ i. Ir doirḡ liom go bḡuil an leaḡar ro iorḡ
 dá éaḡ ḡ cḡi éaḡ bliḡḡan o'aoir, aḡḡ ir pine go mḡr
 an éaint aḡa ann 'ná an rḡrḡibinn féin, mar ir pollur
 ó na rean-fḡoirḡuib aḡa inntí, mar "caimḡreḡ," ḡc.

* Cór [car] orḡirḡe aḡur ḡealḡaḡ me féin tu (ḡ.).

† Thus I read the contraction in L., which appears like ḡroḡaḡ.
 ḡ. reads "rin daillḡín aḡur caillḡaḡ raḡairḡ aḡur cléaḡaḡ,"
 which seems to be misplaced.

It was what the Child said who bought us dearly,
 Who poured out his blood and who was crucified to save us,
 That if a man were as black as the beetles
 Return to me henceforth and I myself shall make you whole.
 Howsoever, priests and friars and clergy say
 That it is love of God and charity that shall save every one.
 Go to-morrow morning and buy me a shirt,
 I'll marry after this and I wont remain arguing with you.

There are the Adventures of the Hag and the accomplished
 Youngster

Written down, both truth and lies,
 Read it quietly from end to end¹
 And enquire of each, which was the best of the pair.
 If there is folly in it—Christ make it right!
 Mercy from God on us, and let each one ask it.

We have seen in the story of Christmas Alms how a flock of *dardheels* came out of the mouth of the evil woman who was dying. These were the bad spirits that were coming out of her, or, perhaps, they were the devils themselves who were waiting at the door of the mouth for the soul to come out of the heart that they might seize it. Here is a very wonderful story about this that I got in an old manuscript that I bought from a man in the Co. Meath. It was written in Leath Chuinn, but I cannot say whether it is a Connacht writing or not. This MS. appears to be between two and three hundred years old, but the language that is in it is much older than the manuscript itself, as is evident from the old forms that are in it, such as *tainigset* [for *thangadar*], etc.

‡ Δ βριόμ αςυρ αν εαταίγε (Σ.) λε βρις γ λε η-είραετ (P.).
 L. omits the summing up.

§ These two lines occur only in P.

|| Thus I edit Σ., which runs μα τὺ βασίρηνεαν εμιορσα ὅα
 ηεαταετ, L. has none of the last six lines.

¹ Literally "from top to back."

Ní meapaim go bfuil don cóip eile o' Airling Naomh Pól cormúil leir an gcóip seo. Ir dóig sur i nGnéisir do cumad i ar dtúir, agus tá cóip eile de i tteangair na Siua, 7 ceann eile i Laidion. Tá an rgeat ro le págail i rean-ápo-gearmáinir, i Loc-lannair, i bFhaincir, 7 i Slabair. Tá an cóip Laidne ir fearr 7 ir fuire de, le págail inran mBibliothèque Nationale as Paris. Aet ní'l focal innti (ná inran nGnéisir ná inran Siurdir) ar imteact an anma ar an gcóip,* ná ar Naomh Miceál as véanam an eolair do Naomh Pól go leabair an duine do bí as págail báir. Ní féidir a rá, inoiú, an é ar a ceann féin do cum Saedéal éigin an méad rin, no an airtrugad é ar cóip Laidne eile atá cailte anoir. Ir cormúil an píora ro leir an "Teanga Bít-Nuad," no le "n-Airling Tundail," do cuirhead ir dóig, i nSaedéilg ó'n Laidion. Níor fuit ariam don rghibinn Laidne de'n "Teanga Bít-Nuad." má bí a leitéir ariam ann—agus ir cinnte go raib—ir cormúil nac bfuil pé ar págail anoir. Ir dóig go bfuil giotair eile ann de fean-litirdeact

* The nearest approach to the awful scene of the hunting out of the poor soul as described by the Irishman is as follows—I have reduced the spelling to the ordinary Latin standard—"Et iterum respexi, et vidi omnem contemptum peccatoris, et omnia quae egit, et in unum asteterunt ante eum in hora necessitatis; et factum est ei in illa hora quae minabatur de corpore ejus, ad iudicium, et dixi, melius erat ei si non fuisset natus. Et post haec venerunt simul sancti angeli et maligni, et anima peccatoris. Et sancti angeli locum non invenerunt in ea. Maligni autem angeli comminati sunt ipsius; qui cum educerent eam de corpore commonuerunt eam angeli tercio, dicentes. O misera anima, prospice carnem tuam unde existi? Necesse est enim te revertere in carne tua in diem resurrectionis, ut recipias peccatis tuis condignum et impietatum tuarum. Et cum produxissent praecessit eam conuictus angelus et

I do not think that there is any other version of St. Paul's vision that is like this one. It was, probably, first composed in Greek¹, and there is another version of it in Syriac, and another in Latin. This story is also to be found in old High German, in Danish, French, and Slavonic. The best and longest Latin version² of it is to be found in the Bibliothèque Nationale, at Paris, but there is not a word in it—nor in the Greek nor in the Syriac—of the going of the soul out of the body, or the angel Michael's guiding St. Paul to the bed of the man who was dying. It is impossible to say now whether it was out of his own head some Gael composed that, or whether it is a translation of some other Latin copy that is now lost. This piece is like the "Ever New Tongue," or the "Vision of Tundal," which were, probably, translated into Irish from the Latin. But no Latin original of the "Ever New Tongue" has been found. If such ever existed—and it is certain that it did—it is likely that it is lost now. No doubt there are other pieces of the ancient literature of Christendom as well as the "Ever New Tongue" that would now be entirely lost but that the Gaels saved them, and the bulk of this story belongs to such a

ait ad illam : O misera anima, ego sum angelus adhaerens tibi, referens quotidie ad dominum opera tua maligna quaecunque egisti per noctem vel diem, etc.

It will be seen from this that the Irish composition bears only the smallest possible resemblance to the Latin, until the description of hell is arrived at. The Latin contains 51 chapters or sections, and deals with St. Paul's account of Paradise and other wanderings as well as with his description of the infernal regions. It is to be found in *Apocrypha Anecdota*, by Montague Rhodes James. Cambridge, 1893.

¹ See Tischendorf, "Apocalypses Apocryphæ," 34-69.

² Hermann Brandes published three abbreviated Latin versions of it at Halle in 1885.

na Críoftuighealéa, taob-amuig de'n "Teanga
Úit-Nuaó," do beit caillte ar fadó anoir, áct
sur fábdail na Gaedil iad, 7 sur víob rin an cúro
ir mo de'n rgeal ro. Tá "Páir Naoimh Pól" inran
leabair bheac, áct ní'l focal ann ar an airtling reo.
Áct tá dá úroo-óóip eile ví le fágdail ran Acavóaimh
Ríogáthail, nac bfuil cómh maít, cómh lán, ná cómh
h-aorta le mo óóip-re.* Ar an áóbar rin beirim mo
óóip-re féin ann ro, le n-a fábdail ó'n mbár, 7 cuirim
le na h-air nótaró ar an dá óóip eile.

As ro cuntaí ar láimh-réiríobinn Gaedheilge eile †
ar Naoimh Pól: "Duine beas deapóil an t-aprtal Pól.
Sluneáin leatna aige. Aghair† bán, go h-íomcáir
popuroa† aige. A céann beas. Súile seanamla
slinne aige. Malairó|| fáda, ríón rearamác, 7 feurós
fáda, 7 beasán do ghuaig liat."

Ní ártuigim don focal inran rgeul ro, áct réiríob-
aim "ea" i leabair "e" asur i leabair "io," 7
ceartuigim anoir 7 aríir lirtuigadó focail, 7 cuirim
ríneadó fáda oíra.

CRÍOCHA DEIGEANNACHA AN DUINE AS A MBÍ ÚROO-BEAC.

Árta Pól Earball i n-am áiríbe i gcátaíir dar
ba ainm Smínná i gcéic na Síua, 7 ir ámla do ví Pól

* San Acavóaimh Ríogáthail, .7. $\frac{23}{\text{I. 17}}$ asur $\frac{23}{\text{I. 4}}$ tuigim A asur

B oíra inra nótaró reo. Críóchnuigeadh A mar ro, "críóc aín
críóc deígíonac an duine le Doimall Mac Sheehy, an 9ad Lá do
Novr., san teannta bóirto na binnre a mbailte píecapra taob le

category. There is a "Passion of St. Paul" in the Leabhar Breac, or Speckled Book, but there is not a word about this vision in it. There are two other bad copies¹ of this piece to be found in the Royal Irish Academy, which are neither so good, nor so full, nor so ancient as my version. Accordingly I give my version here, carefully compared with the other two, to save it from death.

Here is an account of St. Paul, from another Irish manuscript, "A small, miserable-looking person was the apostle Paul. Broad shoulders he had; a white face, with a sedate demeanour. His head small. Pleasant, bright eyes he had. Long brows, a projecting (?) nose, and a long beard, with a little grey hair."

I change no word in this story, but write *ea* for *e* and *io*, and I correct now and again the orthography of a word, and add long accents.

THE LAST END² OF THE MAN WHO LEADS A
BAD LIFE.

The Apostle Paul, upon a certain time, chanced to be in a city of the name of Smyrna, in the land of Syria. And

Трабнот, дои аџ Тиаина, 1814." Чпиоцнуигтеар В мап Леанап:
 "Ап на ргшиодоа ле иилиам о феапгаоиле а таобапцуилл ѓ бпа-
 айпе тумонн ѓ гсонае муиллеанн Геари."

† "Ar na rḡiob le heoḡan clomanaḡ ran ceapa ar an taob
bo huaiḡ ve rliab na mbann pionn, ioiri riaiḡarḡ 7 muillín na
huaiḡan" (*sic*).
‡ "Aigh," MS.

§ ἡομαρτα, MS.

|| mΔ₁l₁ḡe, MS.

$$1 \frac{23}{\bar{1}.17} \text{ and } \frac{23}{\bar{1}.4}$$

¹ *Literally*—"the last endings."

ʒʒ ɛʌʌʌʌʌʌʌ ʊɛ ʌɪɫ* - ɛʌʌʌʌʌʌʌ ʃʌ ʌɪʌ ɛɪʒɪʌ ʌʌ
 ʃɪʌʌʌʌʌ ɪʃʌʌʌ ʌʌ ɛʌɪʌʌʌʌʌ ʌʌ, ɪʌʌʌʌ ʒʌ [ʌʌʌʌ]
 ʌʌʌʌ † ʌ ʌʌʌʌʌʌ ʌʌʌ ʊɛ ɛ, ʒ ʌʌ ʌʌʌʌʌʌ ʌɛʒʒʒʒ
 ʌʌʌ ʃʌɪɪɪ ʌʌ ʌʌɪʌʌʌʌʌ ʃɪʌ ʃʌʒʌɪɪ. ʌʒʌʌ ʌɪ
 ʌʌɪʌʌ ʌʌ ʒʒ ʒʌʌʌ ʊɛ ʌʌʌʌʌʌ, ʌɪʒ ʌʒʌʌ ʌʌʌ ɪʌʌʌ
 ʃʌʌʌ, ʒ ʌʌʌʌʌʌ ʌɪʌ ʌʌʌ ʌɪʌ, ʌ ʌɛʌʌʌʌʌ § ʌʌɪɪ ɪʌ
 ʌ ɛʃɪʌʌʌʌ ʌʌ ʌɪ ɪ ʌʃʌɪɪ ʌʌ ʌʌʌ. ʌʌ ʒʌʌʌʌ ʃʌʌ
 ʌɪʌ ʌʌ ʌʒʌʌ ɛʌ ʌʌ ʌʌʌ ʌ ʃʌɪʌ ʌʌ ʌʌɪɪ ʌʌʌ, ʒ
 ʌʌ ʃʌʌʌ ɛ [ʌʒ] ʃʃʌɪʌʌ ʌɪʌ ʌʌ ʌʌʌʌ, ʌʌʌʌ. ʒʌ ʌʌ
 ʌʌʌ ʌ ʃʒʌʌʌʌʌ ʌʌ ʌʌʌʌ ʌɪʌ ʌʌ ʒʌʌʌ (ʌʌʌ ʌʌʌʌ
 S. ʌɛʌʌʌʌ, ʌʌʌ ʌʌ ʌʌʌʌʌʌʌʌʌ ʌʌ ʌʌʌʌʌʌʌ).
 ʌʌʌʌ ʃɛ ʒʌ ʌʌʌ ʌʌ ʌʌʌ ʌʌ ʌʌʌʌ ʃʌʌʌ ʌʌʌʌʌ ʌʌ
 ʃʌʌʌʌʒ ʌʒ ʒʌʌʌʌ ʌʌ ʌɛʌʌʌʌʌ || ʒ ʌʌ ʃʌʌʌʌʌʌ ʃʌʌ
 ʒʌʌʌ; ʒ ʌɪʒ ʌɪ ʌʌʌʌ ɪʌʌʌ ʌʌʌʌ ʃʌʌʌʌʌʌʌʌʌ, ʌʌʌ
 ʌʌʌ ɪ ʒʌʌʌʌʌʌ na ʌʌʌʌʌ ʒ ʌʌ ʌʌʌʌ, ɪʌʌʌ ɛʌʌʌ
 ʌʌʌʌʌʌʌ ʒ ʌʒʌ ʌʌʌ ɛɪʌ ʌʌʌ ʌʌʌʌ, ** ʌʌ ʒʌ ʃʌʌʌʌʌʌ
 ʌʌ ʌʌʌʌ ʌʌʌʌ ʃʌʌʌ ʌʌ ʒʌʌ ʌʌʌ ʌʌʌ ʌʌʌʌ, ʌʌʌ ʌ
 ʃʌʌʌʌʌʌ ʌʌ ʌʌʌʌʌʌʌ ʌʌ [ʌʌ]ʌʌʌʌ ʃʌ ɛʌʌʌʌʌ ʌʌ
 ʌʌʌʌʌʌʌ†† (?) ʒʌʌ ʌʌ ʌʌʌ ʌ ʌʌɪ ʌʌ ʌɪʌ ʌʌ ʃʌʌʌ ɛʌ
 ʌ ʌʒʌʌʌ. ʌʌʌ ʃɪʌ ʌʌ ʒʌʌʌ ʌʌ ʌʌʌ ʌʌ ʃʌʌʌʌʌ ʌʌ
 ʌʌʌʌ ʃʌʌʌʌ ʒʌʌ ʌʌ ɛʌʌʌʌ††—ʌʌ ɛɛʌʌ ʌʌʌ ʌɛʌ ʌʒʌʌ
 ʌʌ ʌʌʌ ʌɛɪʒʌʌʌʌʌ ʌʌ ʒɛɪʌ ʌʌʌ ʌʌʌ ʌʌɪɪ. ʌʌʌ
 ɛɪʌ ʌʌʌʌʌ, ʌɪ ʌɪʒʌʌʌʌ ʌʌ ʃʌʌ ʌʒʌʌ ʌʌʌ ʌɛʌʌʌʌʌ
 ʒʌʌ ʌʌ ʌʌɪɪ ʌʌʌ [ʌʌʌʌʌʌ ʃʌ ʌɛʌʌ], ʌʌʌ ʌ ʃʌɪʌ
 ʃɛɪʌ ʌʒʌʌ ʌʌ ʌʌʌ ʌʌ ʒʌɪɪ ʌɛ ɛɛɪʌ, ʒ ʒʌ ʃʌɪʌ ʌʌ ʌʌʌ
 ʌʌʌʌʌ ʃɛɪʌ ʌʌ ɛʌʌʌ ʌɪɪ ʌ ʒʌʌʌʌʌ, ʌʌʌ ʒʌ ʃʌɪʌ ʌʌ

* ʌɪɪ repeated twice in MS. † ɪʌʌʌʌʌʌʌ ʌʌʌʌ, MS.

‡ "ɪʌ ɪʌʌ," MS. § "ʌɛʌʌʌʌʌ," MS. || "ʌɛʌʌʌ," MS

¶ "ɛʌʌ," MS. ** ʒʌʌʌʌ, MS.

†† ʌʌʌʌʌʌʌ="ʌʌʌʌʌʌʌ" = "ʌʌʌʌʌʌʌ" ʌʌ "ʌʌʌʌʌ," "ʌʌʌ
 ʃʌʌʌʌʌʌ ʌʌ ʌʌʌʌʌʌʌ ɪʌʌʌ ʃʌ ɛʌʌʌʌʌ ɪʌʌʌʌʌ ʌɛʌʌ ʌ ʌʌʌʌ ʌʌ

this is how Paul was, namely, making intercession with God, the all-powerful, to reveal to him something of the pains of Hell, so that all the more for receiving that revelation, he might perform the will of God, and give instruction to the congregations. And, as he was beseeching God in this wise, there cometh unto him a youth, and he asketh Paul to go with him, to confirm in his faith a man who was at the point of death. Paul departed along with the youth to the place where was the sick man, and him they found before them struggling with the Death. Now this is the manner wherein the soul parteth from the body—as saith St. Bernard, one of the arch-doctors of the Trinity. He saith that the Death cometh in a cold, unrecognisable, insufferable shape, stabbing the body with spits and arrows. And first it cometh into the outer members, namely the centre of the soles of the feet, and of the palms of the hands, in the veins, and in every other member of the body, until it hunt the noble soul before it out of every member of the body, even as the fisherman routeth the fish (?) under the hollows of the banks (?) to the weedy-place (?) in which the net is set to catch them. Even so doth the Death, routing before it the soul into the heart—the first member of a person to be alive, and the last member to die.

But howsoever, upon the coming of Paul and of the messenger to the sick man, they perceived how he himself and the Death were struggling with one another, and that the Death was after taking possession of all the body, except that

lion ruige, gurab mur rin do roigoeap an bap an canam," 23 I. 17
 "Amail roigoeap iarguile an tiarS ar rocmaraib an innbuir,"
 23 I. 4.

‡‡ "an cpoir," MS.

the soul was in the lower chamber of the heart, striving to conceal itself from the Death. But that was in vain for it, for when Death came to the heart, he began ploughing and boring the heart, for he felt certain that it was there the soul was. But when the soul felt its enemy and adversary the Death close to it, it thought to leave the body and to come forth out of the mouth, since it found no dwelling place nor shelter in the body. But it is what it finds before itself there, a frightful fearsome host of black, ugly-coloured devils, and fiery flames full of stench, and a loathsome, insufferable, evil smell coming forth out of their mouths, and each one of them watching with fierceness for the soul to come forth out of the mouth and out of the body, for it was in a state of damnation, without repentance, that this sinner was dying.¹ And when the poor soul beheld this devilish guard in front of it, the soul returned fearful (?) and quaking, and cometh into the passage of the nose and thought to come out there. But it beholds the same host before it. It returneth full of weariness and misery and goeth to the eyes, but it is what it findeth there before it—many black, ugly-coloured devils with fiery flames out of their mouths and gullets, and each of them saying, “What is this delay of Death’s that he routeth not out to us this damned soul forth from the greedy body in which it is, till we bear it with us to its own abode—a place where there is darkness and eternal pain for ever and ever, as its evil deeds have deserved [that were wrought] during the time that it was its own master?” And on the poor

¹ Literally, “died.”

րօջալ, մար յօ շուլլ ա մի-ցնիօմա ան քեօ՞ծ Եւ ար ա
 շարք քին ? ” Ար լօր ևա մարաթրա րօ յօ՛ն անամ
 Եօ՛՛՛ Եւ րշրքա՞՞ 7 յօ լիմ ճօ մարծ-լաճ, 7 յօ լաօի ճօ
 Եւրա՛՛՛ Եւ Եւրօնա՛՛՛ ճար-շարքա՛՛՛, իր յօ լա՛՛՛ն ան
 րին ճօ րա՛՛՛ րշարճա* Լար ան մեա՛՛՛ թօրքարձե Լե
 րօջալ ևա րօջալ, 7 իօմքարձի՛՛՛ րէ ար լար ճօ Եւլա՛՛՛ն
 ևա ճար, մար յօ րաօլ րլիճ րճալ ամա՛՛՛, 7 ՛րէ ա
 ճար ան րին իօմե, ան իօմա՛՛՛ յօ րէրճի՛՛ ճրանա, 7 յօ
 լա՛՛՛րա՛՛՛ն իմե յօ-Եւլա՛՛՛ լա՛՛՛-րա՛՛՛ր[ա] լա՛՛՛-
 րա՛՛՛նա. Մար յօ լոնարա՛՛՛ ան Ե-անամ րին րլլար Եար ա
 լար ճար ան լարձե մար յօ րանքարձ, Եար Լար քին,
 Եւլ ա Երօլա՛՛՛. Ալար յօ րար ան Եար իօմե ան,
 ա՛՛՛ Երա՛՛՛ 7 ա՛՛՛ Եւլա՛՛՛ ան լարձե. Եօ մար ան
 Ե-անամ, ան րին, ևա՛՛՛ րա՛՛՛ Եւլ ար լաճ յօ լոն Եա՛՛՛.
 Եօ՛՛՛ 1 մի-Եօլարձ ար Եա՛՛՛ ՛ր ար ան ճարճ-լաճի՛՛՛
 ևալ, Ալար յօ լար րա՛՛ ճօ Եա՛՛՛ ան լոն. րճար
 ան լար ամա՛՛՛ 7 րա՛՛՛ ար մալա՛՛՛ ա՛՛՛ լոն. րէլար րար
 ան Եա՛՛՛ն րին ևա րա՛՛՛ 1. ա լոլան, 7 Եարա՛՛՛, “ա
 Եա՛՛՛ ևալ-լա՛՛՛նա՛՛՛! ան րար ար Եա՛՛՛ րա՛՛ ան լոլան
 ևա րա՛՛՛ մար րա՛՛ լա՛՛՛ն րա՛՛, 7 մա՛՛՛ 1, լա՛՛՛ ճա՛՛
 ան րա՛՛՛ ճար ճան-րա՛՛նա՛՛՛ յօ ան ճարձ լարար ?
 ՛՛՛ յօ լոն [1] ևա՛՛՛ ևա րա՛՛՛, լար Եա՛՛՛ Եա՛՛՛ լարա՛՛՛,
 ար ևա րա՛՛՛ ՛րա՛՛՛ ՛րա՛՛ լոլա՛՛՛ն; ան ճարձ լարար
 Եա՛՛՛-մարա՛՛՛, 1 անար Եա՛՛՛ լա՛՛՛-Եա՛՛՛; ան Եա՛՛՛
 յօ Եա՛՛՛ Եարա՛՛՛ Եա՛՛՛-լա՛՛՛, Ե անար Եա՛՛՛ յօ-
 րա՛՛՛նա՛՛՛ Եա՛՛-լար Եա՛՛՛-լա՛՛՛, ճան ևա՛՛՛ ճան
 ևա՛՛՛, 7 ա Եա՛՛՛ ևալ-լա՛՛՛նա՛՛՛ րա՛՛ լարա՛՛՛ ա մալա՛՛՛

* “րշարքա,” MS. † “լարա՛՛՛,” MS.

‡ “ա միօլար,” MS.; “անօլար,” B.

§ “լար ճա՛՛ ևա րա՛՛ ևա րա՛՛,” MS. || “լա՛՛՛,” MS.

¶ “լա՛՛՛նա՛՛՛,” MS.; “լա՛՛՛ լարա՛՛,” A; “լա՛՛՛նա՛՛՛,” B.

soul's hearing these words it screamed and cried feebly¹ and wept tearfully, sorrowfully, and with bitter weariness, for it recognised then that it was parted from the eternal life for ever and ever, and it turns back again to the hollows of the ears, where it thought to find a way out, but it is what it finds there before it many loathly worms and evil-shaped terrific serpents of various kinds. When the soul saw that, it returned back to the heart, for it desired to go, as it seemed to it, into hiding, but it found Death before it there, ploughing and boring the heart. Then the soul considered that it had no escape on any side. It despaired of God and of the whole angelic court, and it went aloft to the crown of the head. It goes out and leaves the body and settles on the top of the head. It looks down at that tomb where it had been—namely, the body—and said, "Oh ! all-powerful God ! is it possible that this is the body wherein I was for a brief [space of] happiness ; and if it is, where has gone the blue clear-seeing eye, or the crimson cheek ? 'Tis what I behold in place of the eyes—hollow dry cavities sucked back into the hollow of the skull ; the ruddy handsome cheek now dark and beetle-hued ; the mouth that was to-day red and shapely now closed, not to be opened, livid, hideous,² without talk, without speech ; and oh ! all-powerful God ! alas for him who was deceived by the companion at the raising (?) of the body's strength, power, pride, and spirit, which was begotten and which was alive, and whose share of gold and treasures was great ; but I do not see one thing of all that in his possession now, nor advantaging nor

¹ Literally, "deadly-weakly."

² Literally. "white-blue, ever-ugly."

leir an [s]compán*, fá togball (?) neiric cumair uab-
 airt † ir aigne in cuirp, 'oo geinead, 7 'oo bi beó, 7
 buó mór a cuirp óir 7 ionnmuir, 7 ní faicim don nuó óé
 rin uile air fágaíl aige na dul i rochar no i rólár air
 bit óó. Aét éim sup ab oic 'oo éait ré na ciod-
 laictiú eus 'Dia óó, 7 dá bfuí rin sup damnaíú mire
 so ríorruide."

'Oo labair an collann 7 duáirt, "Muna mbeir ‡
 tura ní tiucfaiúir nárluagíte diaólaíde amurac' ro 'oo
 m'éilugad-ras' anoir. Óir ir amlaíó 'oo bi tura an
 uair 'oo ceanglad' óiom-ra tu, 'oo rpiopad' lútmair
 lán-neartmair, lán 'oo tuigre, 'oo meabair 7 'oo glan-
 inntleacé, 'uairle 7 'onóir; aicne agad' roir|| oic 'r
 maí; 7 san mire aét mo lán 'oirin 'oo émaó, san
 rgeim, san neart, san mótuagad, ¶ san céill, san
 tuigre, san cumair, san treóir, san riúbal, san
 maóairc, san éirteacé, no sup ceanglad' tura óiom,
 agur dá bfuí rin sup tura ir cionntacé 7 ní mire."

"A piaro éraoiríú colnuíó 'oo-ceannraigíte** ní
 ríor a n-abair tú, óir 'oo bíor mo rpiopad' glan
 glóiríar," ar an t-anam, "san maéctanar agam le
 biaó no éadacé, no nuó ar bit eile 'd' bfuil ar a'
 talam, aét doibneair na beata naomta, no sup
 ceanglad' óiot-ra mé, 7 ir uime 'oo ceanglad' óiot
 mé, cum tú éaicéam lúé 'oo éor, raóchar 'oo lám,
 maóairc 'oo fúl, éirteacé 'oo éluar, labairt 'oo
 béil, rinuainiú 'oo ériúde, 7 gac tabairtur eile
 eus 'Dia úuit, le rógnam, le n-úmlacé [agur]

*"Lep in compán," MS.

†"uabair," MS. ; "fa haibéil neart 7 cumair 7 uabair," A.

comforting him at all ; but I see that it is ill he spent the gifts that God gave him, and that on account of that he has damned me for ever."

The body spake, and said : " If it were not for thee these devilish furious hosts would not come to claim me now. For this is how thou wast when thou wast bound to me ; thou wast an active, most powerful spirit, full of understanding and of feeling, and of clear intellect, of nobility and of honour ; thou didst recognize between evil and good ; whilst I was nothing but a fistful of clay, without beauty, or strength, or feeling, or sense, or understanding, or power, or guidance, or movement,¹ or sight, or hearing, until thou wast bound to me, and for that reason it is thou who art guilty and not I."

" Thou greedy, carnal, unsubduable worm, all thou sayest is not true, for I was a clean, glorious spirit," said the soul, " who had no necessity for food or clothing or for anything at all, of all that is on the earth, but the joy of holy life until I was bound to thee. And this is why I was bound to thee, for thee to spend the activity of thy feet, the labour of thy hands, the sight of thy eyes, the hearing of thy ears, the speech of thy mouth, the thoughts of thy heart, and every other gift that God gave thee, so as to do ministering, to make submission, and to perform every other service to glorious God throughout thy period on this world, so that

‡ "muna Δ mbeč," MS.

§ "έίλιμ-†Δ," MS.

|| "εαυαη ολε ιρ," MS.

¶ "močuvō," MS. ; "močux," A ; mučuxΔō," B.

** "ceannpō," MS.

¹ Literally "Walk."

le gac reitibír eile a déanamh do Dia glórmhar ar feadh do rae ar an raogal-ra; agus 'na d'iaig rin go bfuigfinn-re 7 tura toirad na ndeig-ghnóm rin i gcaiteamh na glóire ríorruide i gcómluadair Dé, na h-óig' beannaište* Muiré, agus na cúirte aingliúe neamhda uile, mar [a] bfuil gac dá ndearna na deig-ghnóm, mar atá tiorad, déirce, uiridighe, caritanaict le cómarprann, [beir] ag éirteact le bmaetraið Dé go fonnmar, 7 déanamh dá réir, 7 nac noitltaigead† coris maetanaid na mboict, 7c. Agus ní h-iaó rin do rinne tura, act na tiorlaicte tug Dia, a caiteamh le craor, le póit, le haóaltanur, le uabair, le díomair, le raint, le millead cota na gcómarprann, le bréaga, le cailior, le fearis, le h-atrann (?), le cúl-gearraí, le mi-áil, le neamh-éruag, le h-éagóir, le díbreig, le leir, le formar, le díuir, le creic† na mboict, 7 le gac cineál eile peacairí ba ríim leir a' scollainn daonna. Agus féac! goó é an toirad atá agat ar ron na mi-ghnóm|| rin? Ir marb lag do buill do bí lútmair láir, ir dúnta an beul le labairteá an cómráó mi-óiririg, ir lag an teanga le a gcanfá na bmaetra gnaorua bairbairua, a' tabairt mi-áil, carcuirne, dímeair, náir, cáir, mi-áitneamh, a' r gac cineál eile dar bfeirir le do rmuáinir 7 le do inntleact tabairt id éiríne. Ir boóar an éluar d'éirteact le monbair, le rganall, le cúl-gearraí na gcómarprann go fonnmar. Ir dall tollta an tráil do|| féacamh [sic] go rannatá elao

* "beannir," MS.

† "noitl truir, MS. ; "nac coingnam alairm ona boictir," A.

after that I and thou might get the fruit of those good deeds in the enjoyment of eternal glory in the company of God and of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of all the angelic heavenly court, where cometh¹ everyone who has done good deeds, such as fasting, alms-giving, prayers, acts of friendship to a neighbour, listening willingly to the words of God, and acting accordingly; and who used not to refuse to relieve the necessity of the poor, and the like. But those are not the things that thou didst, but spending the gifts God gave with gluttony, drunkenness, adultery, pride, arrogance, greed; with the ruin of thy neighbour's portion; with lies, noisiness (?) anger, satire (?) back-biting, folly, pitilessness, injustice, wrath, sloth, envy, lechery, with the spoil of the poor, and with every other sort of sin that the human body thought pleasant; and lo! what fruit hast thou for those misdeeds. Dead and feeble are thy limbs which were once active and strong; closed is the mouth wherewith thou didst use to hold unlawful discourse; weak is the tongue wherewith thou wast wont to utter obscene barbarous words, giving ill-fame, reproach, disrespect, shame, contempt, displeasure, and other sort [of evil] that thy thoughts and intellect could bring to mind. Deaf is the ear that used to listen with pleasure to murmurings, to scandal, to the back-biting of neighbours. Blind and hollow is the eye that used to look with greed, partiality, and malice. There is no fairness nor beauty in the hand on whose fingers the gems used to be. I see them not on thee now. And, moreover, I see

‡ "cpeç," MS., not in A or B. § "pectrôe," MS.

|| "Δρρον ιρ μιχνομ ρον," MS. ¶ "ιο," MS.

¹ Literally "is."

mailliorac. Níl zhaoi ná maipe ar a' láim air [A] mbíod na peíroie ar na méaraið, ní feicim iad oir anoir, agus fós ní feicim an t-óir ná an t-airgead no gac iolmaítear eile do meall tu,* do flao tu, 7 do énuarais tu ó an bpann, ó an uilleadcta, agus ó'n veapóil, le cealga [agus] le mi-mún. Táir anoir ar feilb daoine eile, 7 gan don níð díobcta,† véanam maic ar bit úuit, áct gac oic dar buð féioir áipeam. Agus, mar rin, a éollann éraoiris áimhianais 7 a piaró ir do-éannraige do'ri cum Dia, ir cura ir cionntaige ‡ 7 ní mire," ar a' t-anam.

Tar eir na bmaetra rin a pác do'n anam go truaig-béil tuirpeac,§ do labair ainrpiorac do'n trluaig damnuigste || rin do bí peíteam leir an anam págail ar a feilb féin, agus aoubairt, "Ir ionghað¶ an pác tá an bár gan an t-anam damanta ro a puagad éugainn ar an gcollainn amac."

O'freaasair diaðal eile é agus aoubairt, "Ní féioir dúinn a feilb no [A] glacad no go dtugaid íora Críort breic air, ar dtúr, do péir a gnioma oic a'p maic, gidead ir linn go ríorruide a feilb—go ríorruide, do bpiú gur dúinn do pinne reirbír a'p fógnaim an pác do bí in a beacta, agus ir linn feilb a anam agus a cuip ó lá na breicte déigeannaige amac go ríorruide."

Tar eir na bmaetra ro a pác dona diaðlaib,** do írlis rluaig roillreac roilbir do ainglið neime go canntannam (sic) ceoil aca timéiolit†† a' cuip, agus óglaoc buð glóimáire 'ná an spuan in a scearc-láir.

* "meil tu," MS.

† "oípa," MS.

‡ "cionntið," MS. "cionntac," A. and B.

not the gold nor the silver nor the various other goods which thou didst get-by-defrauding, which thou didst rob, which thou gottest from the weak, from the orphan, and from the miserable, with deceptions and ill-will. They are now in the possession of other people, and not one thing of them doing good to thee, but [doing] every evil that is possible to reckon. And, therefore, O greedy lustful body most unsubduable worm that God ever created, it is thou art most guilty and not I," said the soul.

After the soul uttering those words miserably and wearily, an evil spirit of that damned host that was waiting to get the soul into its own possession spake, and said: "It is a wonder how long Death is without routing this damned soul to us forth out of the body."

Another devil answered him and spake, "It is not possible for us to possess it or to take it until Jesus Christ pass judgment upon it first, according to its actions, bad and good. However, its possession for ever is ours; for ever, because it was to us it did service and ministry whilst it was living, and ours is the possession of his soul and body from the day of the last judgment for ever."

After the devils speaking these words, a shining, happy host of the angels of heaven lowered themselves, with singing of music round about the body, and in their midst a Youth more glorious than the sun. Many awful, wide-opened wounds in His skin, and they dripping blood. The Youth

§ "τρυαῖθεν τρυαῖς," MS.

|| "ὁ αὐτὸς," MS.; "ὁ αὐτὰς τοῦ," B; "ὁ αὐτὰς," A.

¶ "δοξὰς," MS.; "ἰονῆς," A; "ἰονῆας," B.

** "οὐδὲν," MS.

†† "τὸ πᾶν," MS.

An iomao do cneadaib aibéul' móir-orghailte in a cneir, a'r iao a' rilt pola. Do labhair an t-óglaoc leir an maib, 7 o'riarruig goó é mar éait an raogal a fuair ré, no na tíoblaicte tug Dia dó. O'fneasair an collann agus dubhairt: "A Íora Cníort, a Uain Íilic Dé, ní féadaim feunaó sup ab oic do éait mé mo raé, 7 na tíoblaicte fuair mé, sup fulaing tura pian-páir a'r bár ar mo fon, sup i neamh-fuim cuir mire rin, 7 dá bhuig rin atáim féin dovbála nác bfuil cumar agao-ra ó fíor-éaric do díadact, agus ó líonháiré mo úioé-ghníoma an uair nác nveapna mé aicéige luat ná mall ionnta, san bpeit óamanta tabhairt oim anoir. Agus rapaoir! do éim anoir, veacair, oit, 7 díogbála na faillige do pinne mé, an aicéige a cuir ar cáirde, go dtáinig do teactaire an bár eugam, 7 mo nuair! ní raib mé ollmúigte poime, 7 fór ní bfuair mé cáirde an uair táinig ré, sup claoib mé . . . agus rin é mo cuntas ar mo beata, 7 go deirhin ip mó ip oic é 'ná ip maié é."

"Mairead," ar an t-óglaoc air a raib na cneada, "in a nveapna tu do locta 7 do mí-ghníoma ar fead do beata, dá nveanta aicéige fíneannaé óo' énoide ionnta, do véanpáinn-re coim glan leir an grian tu, 7 do cuipinn i gcuideacta na n-aingeal 7 na naoíma tu, i gcaiteam na glóiré ríorruide, 7 ní beit cumacta na féidm ag an rluag díablaide atá 'feiteam leat oit. Agus ó ná nveapna tú rin ip éigin bpeit a tabhairt oit féir do gníoma oic a'r maié."

Ann rin do táinig gac don do'n tpluag veamháide bí'feiteam leir an anam boct, 7 rtuaid do meampam ciar-dub i láim gac [aoim] aca, ann a raib rghíobta

spake to the dead, and asked him how he had spent the life that he got, or the gifts that God gave him. The body answered and said, "O Jesus Christ, O Lamb, Son of God, I am not able to deny it, that it was ill I spent my time and the gifts that I got; that Thou didst suffer passion-pains and death on my behalf, and that I paid no regard to that, and therefore I am myself admitting that Thou hast no power (from the true right of Thy divinity, and from the plentifulness of my evil deeds, since I did not make repentance of them either early or late) not to pass judgment damning me now. And alas! now I see the wrong, the loss, and the harm of the neglect I was guilty of, in putting off repentance, until Thy messenger, the Death, came to me, and, my grief! I was not prepared for him, and, moreover, I got no respite when he came, until he destroyed me—and that is my account of my life, and indeed it is more evil than it is good."

"Well then," said the Youth on whom were the wounds, "all that thou hast committed of faults and of evil deeds throughout thy life, if thou wert to make true repentance from thy heart of them, I would make thee as clean as the sun, and I would place thee in the company of the angels and of the saints, enjoying everlasting glory, and the devilish host which is waiting for thee would have no power nor might over thee. But since thou hast not done that, it is necessary to pass judgment upon thee according to thy deeds, bad and good."

Then there came each one of the demon host that was waiting for the poor soul, and a roll of dark black parchment in the hand of each of them, in which was written all

gac a n-deartha an marb do feirbhir an diabail. Ar fairsin rin do'n Slánuigheoir* Íora Críost, 'ré tuidairt, "Beiribh libh an t-anam damanta ro go h-íomonn o'd pianad go lá na bpeirte geneálta, 7 ó rin amac beiribh an collann mar don leir an anam aguibh, i gcaiteamh na bpian ríorruirde."

Ann rin táinigret† an pluag diablaide rin bi 'peiteam leir an anam, do tarraingret le camógairibh tinnirde an t-anam boct, 7 do rinnret meall 8 teimibh dé, 7 do bíret o'd ruagad rompa go h-íomonn, 7 é ag gairt 7 ag éimibh go fann uatbárad.

'Do bi pól earball a' peiteamh gac nio díobhta rin, do bhuig gur ab é Dia do cuir a teactaire cuige, ionnur go bhuig' ré amarc ar an tuine ag [a] mbeir toóc [bearta] i bpuinc a báir, do réir an gairde do rinne. Ar imteact do'n t-pluag mallairge || 7 do'n anam a raðarc ann rin, o' éimh pól, ag sol agur ag éagcaoin, amarc fágail ar an gcric bi o'd tuidairt ar an anam. Ann rin o'riarruig an teactaire do pól, ar mian leir amarc fágail ar pian an anam' uo 7 na n-anamann** eile damanta. "Duibh mian uom," ar pól, "o'd mbuibh† teit le Dia é." "Mairiad," ar an teactaire, "do béairfuidh mire amarc uuit orra, bír ní tuine raogalta mé, act aingeal do cuir Dia cuagad-ra, do tairbeánad na neite reo uuit, agur ir mire Miceál Apc-Aingeal," ar ré.

Tar éir na mbuairt ro do ruig an t-aingeal go

* "rlannuigheoir," MS.; "don t-pluag anuigheoir," A.

† rean-foirm i reo = tángadair. Ir airtac "bíret" = bíodair.

that the dead man had done in the service of the devil. On the Saviour Jesus Christ perceiving that, it was what He said, "Take with you this damned soul to hell, to pain it till the day of the general judgment, and, from that out, ye shall have the body as well as the soul, enduring eternal pains."

Then came the devilish host that was waiting for the soul. They drew the poor soul with fiery crooks, and they made of it a lump of fire, and they were hunting it before them to hell, and it calling and crying out faintly and fearfully.

Paul the Apostle was observing each thing of those, because it was God who had sent His messenger to him, so that he might get a view of the person who led a bad life, at the point of death, according to the prayer he had made. Then, upon the departure of the accursed host and of the soul out of sight, Paul cried aloud, weeping and lamenting, to get a sight of the end that was being brought upon the soul. Then the messenger asked Paul did he desire to get a sight of the pains of that soul and of the other damned souls. "I should so desire," said Paul, "if it were God's will." "Well, then," said the messenger, "I will give thee a sight of them, for I am not a man of this earth, but an angel that God hath sent to thee to show thee these things, and I am Michael the Arch-Angel," said he.

After these words the angel brought him to the brink of

‡ "clipib," A "cipucib," B. § "mett," MS.

|| "maittib," MS. ¶ "to éim," MS. A and B omit.

** na hannmann, MS. †† "da ma," MS.

bhuac gleanna do b'atfuaetmair* ar uirthe asur ar uatbar.† Do connaire pól, do na céad-neitib ann rin, abann mhór d'orca shánnamail. Buó duibe 'nád an sual a ghné, [buó cian-duib] an t-uirge aeóaríca atfuaetmair do bí innit, go muirbfead ‡ firi a' r inná na cruinne aen tréirdeas § aínáin do'n gaoit nime tigeas airtí—mar mbeir spiorad Dé dá bfuirtacé go rshiorra[ó] cloca 7 cianinn,—asur an iomao do riaradib shánná, 7 do aitreaca nime, 7 do diaiblaib do deilbici|| éasraíla innit, a' gleo, a' leatrad, a' ciamuis (?) 7 a' cnám-gearrao a céile, a' malluagad ¶ an lae in ar geineas no in ar cruicuis[ead] iad. Do'n leit** eile talí do'n abainn do bí uaim d'orca, in a raib iomao do anmannaib damanta, a' rshreicis (?), iad dá gciadruis (?) 7 dá larsad, asur ir amlaib do bí thong d'iocta na ruirde ar teallac tinnitide na brian, an iomao do diaiblaib duib deilb-shánná a' rreardal 7 a rruotólaib†† na brian do-fulaing oíra, mar táio teinte 7 lapaíca geur' shreacis (?) 7 na diaibail dá n-iomruasad‡‡ 7 dá n-iomluadail le bearaib§§ pinn-ghára inna lapaícaib rin. Asur do bí forloc (?) ||| adruar oisreata lán do ním in ¶¶ a léimioir

* dohuatfuaetmair, MS.—“go bhuac gleanna aibríge dohuatmair uirairthe 7 firi an doimain uile go mó leor doabuir bair 7 biteaga fr don aínáic aínáin lī ar an ngleann rin ar fuair 7 arairthe 7 ar uatbare, A. † “uatbarí,” MS. ‡ Thus B. “mairbuis,” MS. § “traoit,” B. || deilbici, B. ¶ “mallu,” MS.

** leó, MS.—“leit talí,” B. †† This whole passage is quite different in A. “a h-aile na mbreithe rin do shuiradair ní raos do bí an tan do mangadair caéar Pluto 7 páite úmáobinn a ttiomcioll na caéarac don raob amuis. fa iomao maza minail, leac lán do luibionib 7 do blacaib 7 do toiríuib caíneaca 7 do

a valley that was stupendous for depth¹ and fearfulness. Paul beheld, amongst the first things there, a great, dark, frightful river. Blacker than coal was its appearance, and jet black the bubbling terrible water that was in it, so that one puff alone of the venomous wind that used to come out of it would kill all the men and women of the world—were it not for the Spirit of God succouring them it would split stones and trees—and he beheld many loathly worms and snakes, and devils of divers shapes in it, raging, beating, gnawing (?), and bone-cutting one another; cursing the day in which they were born or were created. And on the other opposite side of the river there was a dark cave in which were many damned souls screaming (?); being bound (?) and lashed. And some of them were in this wise, sitting on the fiery hearth of pains; many black, ugly-shaped devils serving and administering the insufferable pains to them, such as fire—flames, sharp and hurting (?), and the devils tossing them and turning them (?) with sharp-pointed spits in those flames. And there was a resting-lake (?) of very cold ice, full of venom, into which the damned souls used to leap, seeking cooling and comfort from the sharp goading of the fire. However, no sooner would they go to

ζαὸ νί εἰς το τὰνθεὸν το πύλ οὐνε ὁπαίειν ἀτ ἐναοῖν ἀρταῖαν πάλιν πιν ἃ τεῖξ πλῆτο γ ἱρ ἀντα ρύειν ἀν ἀτ πα ἡ-ιονγανταοι, etc. It then proceeds to describe the punishment of the wicked inside the palace.

‡‡ “μοιρηζ” in MS., which is probably a false expansion of a contracted μοιρησάσθ.

§§ “βαρμια,” MS. ||| Thus B. “ἀεὶ οὐκ ἀτφύειν,” MS.

¶¶ “αἷν αἷν ἃ τεμνύειν,” MS.

¹ Literally, “height.”

na h-anmanna damanta as iarraið pionnfuarað 7 fup-
taðt ó gheir-ghedougað na teine. Siðeað, ní túirge
do téirir* do'n loc 'ná léimoir ar arið† ran teine,
le méao an fuaðt 7 an gheir-nim do bí ran uirge,
asur as ro na bmaðra déarfao cuio díobta: “A
Dia uile-cúmaðtaig an† bfuil fuarglað no fupatact i
noán [oúinn], no' mbéomio go bráct inna plantaið
reo, no cá h-ait a bfuil bá r nað ocis éugainn dá'r
gheir ar neim-nið, ionnur go bfuigmir fuan le beic
maib oúinn?” Do § fneasair ppiorair eile díobta
asur aouðair, “A ppiorair malluighe diaðlaide
damanta,” ar pé, “ní'l fupatact no fuarglað i noán
daoib le raozal na raozal, dá bhuig gur ab é rin
crioð do cuill bui mi-ghíoma an fear do bí rib in
bui mbeata, le h-uabair, le díomur, le craor, le
h-antoil, 7 le gað cineál eile peacair. Do éair rib
na tioblaicte éug Dia díb, mar atá, meabair, rgeim,
neart, aeðair, doibneair, maðairc rúl, éirteact cluar,
labairta béil, gluaraact baili, 7 iao uile cum reirbír
Óé do déanam, siðeað ir é pinn rib-pe a [g]caiteam
le reirbír an diaðail, 7 ir é déarfair luac|| raoðair
daoib i bplantaið san fupatact san fóirugín le raozal
na raozal.”

“An pior ouit,” ar an t-aingeal, “a pól, cia¶
h-iao a plantair mar rúo.”?

“Ní pior oam,” ar pól, “act ir orra tá an doðair
nað féirir [a] aieam ná fairneir.”

“Súo í,” ar an t-aingeal, “luet an díomuir asur
an uabair, do bíoð as com-bpuagað** na mboet, éug

* “téirir,” MS.

† arið, MS.

the lake than they would leap out of it again into the fire, by reason of its cold, and of the sharp venom that was in the water, and here are the words some of them would say :—
 “O, all-powerful God, is there any redemption or help in store for us, or shall we be for ever in these pains, or in what place is death that he cometh not unto us to put us into nothingness, so that we might find a sleep, on our being dead?” Another spirit of them answered and said, “O, accursed, devilish, damned spirits,” said he, “there is no help nor redemption laid out for you for ever and ever, because this is the end your misdeeds deserved whilst ye were in life, with pride, with haughtiness, with gluttony, with inordinate-desire, and with every other sort of sin. Ye have spent the gifts that God gave you, namely, feeling, beauty, strength, airiness (?), happiness; the sight of the eyes; the hearing of the ears; the speaking of the mouth; the movement of the limbs, and all those [given] to do the service of God. However, what ye have done was to spend them in the service of the devil, and it is he who shall give you your wages in pains, without help or relief, for ever and ever.”

“Knowest thou, O Paul,” said the angel, “who they are who are pained like this?”

“I know not,” said Paul, “but it is on them are the hardships impossible to count-up or to show-forth.”

“There,” said the angel, “are the people of haughtiness and pride, who used to be bruising-to-pieces the poor, who

‡ Thus B, “una,” MS. All this is omitted in A.

§ “to φρεσιν,” MS.

|| “λαδ,” MS. “λαδτ,” A. ¶ “ce,” MS.

** “combrut,” MS. and A.

iao féin 'óil 7 'oo ainmhuanaib an t-raoḡail. Táir na
 diaḡail úo 'oa* ḡcomḡuairḡant, 7 a' ppuotólam na
 bpian píoipuiróe oipia, 7 béir [mar rin] re raoḡal na
 raoḡal, i n-éipic na ḡcionnḡa rin."

'Oo donnaipc pól 'opong eile ap ḡeallac tinnḡiróe na
 bpian, an iomao 'oo 'úaoil-péirḡib ḡrānaḡail 7 'oo
 aicḡe nūne aḡ cpeim 7 aḡ cnām-ḡearḡaoḡ ḡac baili
 'óioḡḡa, cuir 'oo na péirḡib 'oul ipḡeac in a mbeólaib,†
 7 in a mbraḡiḡoiróib, aḡur a' tḡḡeacḡt amaḡ ap a
 ḡcluaraib‡ [aḡur] na ppiopairo féin a' tacaḡ(?) 7 a
 caḡraipḡ na n'iaḡal 7 na n-ilpéirḡ ḡrānaḡail rin
 cuca féin.

"An bfuil pīor aḡao, a pól," ap an t-aingeaḡ,§
 "ca 'opeam a pīanḡar mar pūo?"

"Níl pīor," ap pól.

"Súo," ap an t-aingeaḡ,§ "luḡḡ an aḡalḡpanuir 7
 na 'opúipe ḡrāneamḡla, 7 i n-éipic na n-éaoaiḡ|| 'oac
 áluinn 'oacāmḡla 'oo cuip'oir oipia, eipir mná 7 pīr, a'
 meallao a céile¶, táir na diaḡail úo 'oa ḡcpeim 7 'oa
 ḡcopḡairḡ 7 'oa ḡcnām-ḡearḡaoḡ ḡo píoipuiróe."

'Oo donnaipc pól 'opong eile ap ḡeallac tinnḡiróe
 na bpian; pléibḡe mōr' teine ap ḡac taoḡ 'óioḡḡa,**
 an iomao 'oo 'diaḡlaib 'oelb-ḡrānna a clḡinn†† na
 pléibḡe rin ran ḡceapḡ-mullaḡ oipia 'oa ḡcom-bpuit
 7 'oa nḡear-ḡneaoaoḡ ḡo bḡac.‡‡

"An pīor 'uit, a pól," ap an t-aingeaḡ, "ca
 'opong a pīanḡar mar pūo?"

* "aḡ comḡuairḡant," MS., but comḡuairḡaim ap sounds so odd
 that I have changed it. A reads as I edit.

† "mbeóilla," MS. "ana mbéal," A.

gave themselves up to drinking and the evil desires of the world. Yon devils are beating them, and ministering to them eternal pains, and they shall be so for ever and ever, in eric for their misdeeds."

Paul beheld another band upon the fiery hearth of pains, many loathsome beetle-worms and serpents gnawing and bone-cutting each member of them; some of the worms going into their mouths and their necks and coming out on their ears, and the spirits themselves collecting and drawing those devils and those loathsome reptiles to themselves.

"Knowest thou, O Paul," said the angel, "what people are pained like this?"

"I know not," said Paul.

"Those," said the angel, "are the people of adultery and disgusting lust; and in eric for the fair-coloured, gaudy clothes that they used to put upon themselves, both men and women, deceiving one another, those devils are for ever gnawing, overthrowing, and bone-cutting them."

Paul beheld another lot upon the fiery hearth of hell. Great mountains of fire on every side of them, many ill-shaped devils throwing down those mountains upon the very top of them, bruising them together and bitter-urging them for ever.

"Knowest thou, O Paul," said the angel, "what people are pained like this?"

‡ "α cctuará na ppiouu féin atacari γ α ταρανς," MS. αρ α
 zctuaraiδ γ na ppiouige tamanta féin ας ταcari γ ας ταpγain, A.
 § "(αρ. α)," MS. || "néouo," MS. na neavouige, A.

¶ ας meallaδ na θpeari γ na mban neain-pópta, A and B.

** "óifa," MS. † i.e. teitgean. ‡ bñac, MS. *passim*.

“Ní fíor,” arí pól.

“Súto,” arí an t-ainseal, “luét na rainte, t’ream do bíod’ a’ tacaí 7 a’ tiompuḡaḡ cuíto na ḡcómairíann ḡo neimhíoríonníod, naḡ n’óéanaḡ t’ruaíḡe, t’éiríce, ná t’adanaḡt do na boḡtaíḡ, [7] do t’éanaḡ leaḡtíom arí an b’rann.”

“Do ḡonnaíre pól t’ream eile arí t’eallac tinníodé na b’rian, t’iablá bít-ḡráḡna, a rúile arí meairuḡaḡ* in a ḡceann, t’á b’rianuḡaḡ 7 t’á nḡéarí-ḡráḡ, t’á t’ceannuḡaḡ le ríab’raíḡ tinníodé.

“An b’fuil† fíor aḡaḡ, a pól,” arí an t-ainseal, “ca t’ream a ríantairí marí rúto.?”

“Ní’l,” arí pól.

“Súto luét na t’núca, t’ream do bíod’ t’á ḡcraḡ 7 t’á lorgaḡ le t’nú, 7 le n-éaḡ, an uairí do ḡíorí maíḡ ná maoin aḡ a ḡcómairíann, naḡ mbeíḡ rárta leirí na t’íoblaḡtíḡ do t’éaríraḡ t’ia t’óíḡ r’éín, 7 í n-éiríce rín b’éíto t’á ḡcraḡ amlaíḡ rúto ḡo ríoríruíodé.”

“Do ḡonnaíre pól t’ream eile arí t’eallac na b’rian tinníodé, ḡo nuíḡe a ríuḡe in uirḡe aḡ-fuarí ríocaiḡ-t’eḡ arí t’ac a’ ḡuail. t’á b’r’éíne § an t-uirḡe rín ná conablaḡ maríḡ tairí éirí moríḡaíḡ. An íomaḡ t’e r’éíríḡí a’ ríḡáḡ in a b’r’íad’íuuirí r’an uirḡe, íaḡ t’á ḡcraḡ do ḡoríca 7 do t’aríḡ, a mbeḡíl orḡaílḡe, a’ ḡáíḡa arí b’iaḡ 7 arí t’íḡ—é orí a ḡcómairí, aḡur ḡan arí a ḡcumarí a b’lar. Óirí ḡac m’ínice b’eiríeaḡ amurí airí, ḡo n-ímtíḡeaḡ || níorí r’íaoḡe uac’a.

* “meiríraḡ,” MS. † “un a b’fuil,” MS. “an b’r’eaḡarí t’urá,” B.

"I know not," said Paul.

"Those," said the angel, "are the people of greed, the lot who store and gather their neighbours' portion unlawfully, who used not to show mercy or give alms or act with humanity to the poor, and who used to oppress the feeble."

Paul saw another lot of people on the fiery hearth of pains, ever-hideous devils, their eyes straying in their heads, being pained and bitter-tortured, and being tightened with fiery chains.

"Knowest thou, O Paul," said the angel, "what people are pained like this?"

"I know not," said Paul.

"Those are the people of envy, the lot who used to be tortured and burnt with envy and with jealousy when they used to see their neighbours' goods or possessions, and who would not be satisfied with the gifts that God would give themselves—and in eric for that they shall be tortured in this way for ever."

Paul beheld another band upon the hearth of fiery pains, up to their chins in cold frosty water of the colour of coal. More stinking was that water than a dead carcass after corruption. Many reptiles, swimming before them, in that water, they being tortured with famine and with thirst, their mouths opened, crying for food and drink, it set before them, without its being in their power to taste it, for as often as they would make an attempt it used to remove farther from them.

‡ "ῥιocró," MS. "οὐμεατά," A. § "ζom bῑéme," MS.

|| "nímečá," MS. A omits all this.

“An fíor duit, a pól,” ar an t-angéal, “cá tream a piantar mar rúo?”

“Ní fíor,” ar pól.

“Súo iad luét an éraoir, tream naé nbearna tioraó na tréideanur, oéirce ná urnaigíte, bíodh as ié 7 as ól an bíodh 7 na oighe* toimearzuigíte, do béarfaó† a ráraó féin do’n collainn le póite a’r eraor [a’r] le h-an-toil 7 nár corz maótanur na mboét.”

Do connairc pól thong eile ar teallac na brian tinnctiúe, asur ip amlaio do bí an tream rin asur laraiaó teine ar a mbeoil 7 ar a mbraioib;† thoc-bolaó gránamail do-fulaing ar a’ laiair rin; a rúile ar maóbarca, ar reacrán, 7 ar mearuzaó in a sceann; iad a’ tarrmaing a céile, a’ leathuzaó a céile, mar beit leómain lán-gortaó[a].

“An fíor duit, a pól,” ar an t-angéal, “cá thong a piantar mar rúo?”

“Ní fíor dam,” ar pól.

“Súo luét na feirge, na h-eapúmla, 7 an míóócuir, beio amlaio raogal na raogal.”

Do connairc pól thong eile ac-fuar, com-thorca ar teallac na brian, ceangailte le rlaóma[ib], ar leaóca éol éumain, oá mbuic 7 oá ngréaó 7 oá noraí-éannaó as na rlaóma[ib] rin, lán do brian-tar 7 do thoc-bolaó gránamail 7 sac pian naé féioir as rmuáineó.

* “an oighe,” MS.

† “beuirpá,” MS. do beir a toil 7 ráraí féin, A.

"Knowest thou, O Paul," said the angel, "what people are pained like this?"

"I know not," said Paul.

"Those are the people of gluttony, the people who never fasted nor abstained nor gave alms nor said prayers, who used to be eating and drinking forbidden food and drink, who used to give to the body its own satisfaction, with drunkenness, gluttony and lust, and never checked the want of the poor."

Paul beheld another band upon the hearth of fiery pains, and this is how that lot were, with fiery flames out of their mouths and gullets. An evil, disgusting, insufferable smell upon that flame. Their eyes ghastly wandering, straying in their heads; they pulling one another and beating one another like fully famished lions.

"Knowest thou, O Paul," said the angel, "what people are pained like that?"

"I know not," said Paul.

"Those are the people of anger, of disobedience and of despair. They shall be thus for ever and ever."

Paul beheld another lot very cold and dark, upon the hearth of pains, bound with chains upon their narrow beds, bruised¹ and tortured and tightened in bondage by those chains, full of foulness and of evil disgusting smell, and every pain that it possible to think of.

‡ "mbṛaiḡoḏ, MS. mbṛaiḡoḏiḡ," A.

§ "no," MS., the word aiṛeām probably being left out by the scribe; not in A.

¹ I take bṛuiṭ, which means to "boil," for bṛuiḡ, to bruise, throughout this piece,

"Cá tpeam iad rúo?" ar pól.

"Súo," ar an t-aingeal, "luét na leirge, o'fanað* ó Aíppionn, ó feanmóir,† 7 ó fceirbír Dé. Le leirge do shuír faillige 7 neamh-rúim do na deaḡ-shníoma, 7 ir mairḡ a bíor aḡ tḡiall don ruḡeact úo," ar an t-aingeal, "ó'ré rúo áitpeam na bpian tinnctíde [aḡur] an dóláir, loé an fuaéct, pñíorún an dómhuir, uaimé an doréaduuir, comñtionól na mallact, teallac na fceirge, áct an tpeaécta, daorbhúio na leirge, ápur an amḡair, carcar an ním, cúirt an impearáin, coḡað na noiaḡal damanta, loé a'r fairrḡge tá lionta do dí-bceirge, do díct, do énú, do fóрмаo, do éao 7 do'n uile oic. Ué ón ué! ir mairḡ bíor tḡiall cuige."

Áct éana do éairbeán an t-aingeal go fóir-leactan do pól panta íppinn go h-iomlán. Aḡur ar na faircint do pól rin uile, le ḡrára Dé 7 le con-ḡnam an aingil, do éuḡ buídeacár do Dia fo an tair-beánað rin fáḡail, 7 do élaorḡ ḡeurḡort (?)‡ a rmuaíneam luéct uime ar an raoḡal do bí tḡiall cum na bpian úo. Ann rin do épeóruis an t-aingeal pól ó múrtaib § íppinn go otuḡ amáirc do ar ḡlóir flaitir Dé. Ar faircín an amáirc rin do, níor cúir doilḡíor dá méao d'a bfuair 'na raoḡal [air]. Do éonnaire ḡlóir uile an ruḡ-éiḡ neamḡa, do éonnaire ar Slánuigctéoir íora Cñíoro i meaðon na n-aingeal ar a ruḡ-éactaí, 7 do cúir an Tíḡearna fáilte míochar munnctíreá roim pól, 7 duḡairt leir ḡur ḡearr go

* "orannioḡ," MS. *passim*.

† "fenamoir," MS.

‡ b'éioir, "do élaon go ḡort ḡear?" "do bí féim aḡ ríleao deór go ḡuirt," A.

§ "murrub," MS., "murrab," A.

"What people are those?" said Paul.

"Those," said the angel, "are the people of sloth who used to remain away from Mass, from sermons, and from the service of God. Through sloth they used to neglect and disregard good deeds, and alas for him who is journeying towards that kingdom," said the angel, "for that is the habitation of the fiery pains and of the misery, the lake of cold, the prison of gall, the cave of darkness, the congregation of curses, the hearth of anger, the ford of snow, the captivity of sloth, the abode of misery, the dungeon of venom, the court of dispute, the war of the damned devils, the lake and sea that is filled with wrath, with want, with envy, with covetous desire, with jealousy, and with all evil. *Uch hone, uch !* Alas for him who is journeying to it."

Howsoever, the angel showed Paul, at full length and completely, the pains of hell. And, on Paul's beholding all that, with the grace of God, and with the help of the angel, he gave thanks to God for receiving that vision, and he fell to thinking bitterly about the numbers of people on the world who were journeying to those pains. Then the angel led Paul from the clouds¹ of hell until he gave him a sight of the glory of the heaven of God. And, on Paul's beholding that sight, no sorrow of all he had had in his life oppressed him. He beheld the entire glory of the heavenly palace. He beheld our Saviour Jesus Christ in the midst of the angels, on His throne, and the Lord gave Paul a gentle, friendly welcome, and told him that it was a short

¹ or "ramparts."

oiciupad ré cum [n]a glóine ríorruíde. Ann rin do
nus an t-aingeal pól leir ó amharc na glóine 7
o'pás é ran áit a bfuair é ó túr, o'pás beannaét
aige, agus o' imtigh go flaitir.

Do bi pól ar fead a beata as teagaras 7 as rean-
móir dona puiblib, 7 do na cinnídeacháib,* ar glóir
flaitear 7 ar plantáib ipinn.

Glóir do Dia beó.

* * * * *

As ro siota do fuair mé óm' éaraid Doctúir
Maguire i gCondae Mhuig Eó, 7 ó daoine eile ar
an gcondae céanna. Dubhairt ré liom go n-abruigh-
ead rean-feair éigin an céad éirí, .7. an Sólair no an
tSubáilce, 7 go bpreasraigead na daoine uile do bíod
i láthair leir an rann "Molamaoio tu a Íora," 7c.

seacht súbáilce na maiógine.

molamaoio† tu a Íora 7 molpamaoio tu éiríche, 7 molamaoio
bainríogain na glóine. An glóir ríorruíde go brágaio an rean
agus an t-óg, a oiciupad 7 a o'áinig, faoi éiríche na maiógine.
O a tigeairna naé doibinn pólarac, agus beannuigad Dé 'nár
oiméioil! mile beannaét Dé go brágaio don neac beó ar an
t-aoisal ro a o'airpar "Seacht súbáilce na maiógine."

An céad súbáilce† fuair an maiógian beannuighe, go bfuair
a h-aon mac naoimta an éimáca rin go bfuair rí é le n'ioméir.

RANN.

molamaoio tu a Íora agus molamaoio tu éiríche, 7 molamaoio
bainríogain na glóine, agus beannaét Dé do neac ar bié pa'n
raeghal, a o'airpar seacht súbáilce na maiógine.

* "cinnídeachá," MS.

† "molamuoio" veir rian i gConnacetaib.

time until he should come to eternal glory. Then the angel took Paul with him from the sight of the glory [of heaven], and left him in the place where he found him at first, bade him farewell, and departed to heaven.

Paul was throughout his life teaching and preaching to the congregations and to the Gentiles about the glory of the heavens and the pains of hell.

Glory be to the living God.

* * * * *

Here is a piece that I got from my friend Dr. Maguire of the County Mayo, and from other people in the same county. He told me that one old man used to repeat the first portion, that is the "Satisfaction" or "Comfort," and that all the people present used to answer with the Rann, "We praise Thee, O Jesus," etc.

THE SEVEN COMFORTS OF THE VIRGIN.

We praise Thee, O Jesus, and we shall praise Thee for ever, and we praise the Queen of Glory. Eternal Glory may they find, both the old and the young, all who shall come and all who have come beneath the garb of the Virgin. O Lord, is it not delightful and comforting with the blessing of God around us. A thousand blessings of God may each one get who is alive in this world who shall say the "Seven Comforts of the Virgin."

The FIRST comfort that the Blessed Virgin got was that her Only Holy Son got that power that she found Him to bear Him.

RANN.

We praise Thee, O Jesus, and we praise Thee for ever, and we praise the Queen of Glory, and the blessing of God to anyone in the world who shall say The Seven Comforts of the Virgin.

‡ Οὐκ εἶπε οὐδὲ νὰ παρομιᾷ "ρότάρ" ἰ τελαβοῦ "ρυθαίλσε."

AN TARA rúbáilce fuaire an mhaighdean beannuigíte go bfuair a h-aon m'ac naomhta an cúmaecta rin go nveacáir Sé ag uíúil na cíche.

Rann.

molamaoio, 7c.

AN TRÍOMHÁD rúbáilce fuaire an mhaighdean beannuigíte go bfuair a h-aon m'ac naomhta an cúmaecta rin gur bogadó é in ran gcliaabán.

Rann.

molamaoio, 7c.

AN CEATHRÁD rúbáilce fuaire an mhaighdean beannuigíte go bfuair a h-aon m'ac naomhta an cúmaecta rin go nveacáir Sé ag ríúbal an uirláir.

Rann.

molamaoio, 7c.

AN CÚIGEAD rúbáilce fuaire an mhaighdean beannuigíte go bfuair a h-aon m'ac naomhta an cúmaecta rin go nveacáir Sé ag léigead an bíobla.

Rann.

molamaoio, 7c.

AN SÉADHÁD rúbáilce fuaire an mhaighdean beannuigíte go bfuair a h-aon m'ac naomhta an cúmaecta rin go nveacáir Sé fíon de'n uirge.

Rann,

molamaoio, 7c.

AN SEADHTHÁD rúbáilce fuaire an mhaighdean beannuigíte go nveacáir Sé go cúirt na ngrápa.

Rann.

molamaoio, 7c.

Ní ar don bealaic amáin do bí na Seact Súbáilcibe ag na daoinib. Ag po easar eile opra, mar do cuatar ó duine eile é.

1. fuair fuaire Sé an cúmaect gur tuirling Sé in a bpoinn.

2. fuair fuaire Sé an cúmaect go rugadó é ran rtabla i mberletem.

The **SECOND** comfort that the blessed Virgin got was that Her Only Holy Son got that power that He went drawing her breast.

RANN.

We praise Thee, etc.

The **THIRD** comfort that the blessed Virgin got was that Her Only Holy Son got that power that He was rocked in the cradle.

RANN.

We praise Thee, etc.

The **FOURTH** comfort that the blessed Virgin got was that her Only Holy Son got that power that He went walking the floor.

RANN.

We praise Thee, etc.

The **FIFTH** comfort that the Blessed Virgin got was that Her Only Holy Son got that power that He went reading the Bible.

RANN.

We praise Thee, etc.

The **SIXTH** comfort that the Blessed Virgin got was that Her Only Holy Son got that power that He made wine of the water.

RANN.

We praise Thee, etc.

The **SEVENTH** comfort that the Blessed Virgin got was that He went to the Court of the Graces.

RANN.

We praise Thee, etc.

It is not in one way only that the people have the Seven Comforts. Here is another arrangement of them that I also heard :—

1. When He found such power that He descended into her womb.
2. When He found such power that He was born in the stable at Bethlehem,

3. So nveacáir Sé ag uíúil na cíce.
4. So nveacáir Sé ag riubal an uhláir.
5. So nveacáir Sé ag léigeadh an díobla.
6. So nveacáir Sé go Sárhóda an páirtéir.
7. So nveacáir Sé go flaitéar Dé na nSárta.

Ag ro urnuige beag le fiáil i n-*nois* an páirtéirín
 páirtéir, do rghíob mo éara an *Doctúir* *Masuir* ó
 beal *Mícheal* Uí *Éagairtáir* ar *Teacín* i *gCondae*
Íluis *Eó*, 7 *tu* ré *uam-ra* é.

urnuige i n-*nois* an páirtéirín páirtéir.

Δ *éigearna* *déan* *trócaire* *oiriainn*,
 Δ *chríort* *déan* *trócaire* *oiriainn*,
 Δ *hainríogán* na *soillre* *Sile*,
déan *trócaire* *oiriainn*.
 So *tu* *tu* *tu* *trócaire* *óuin* *agur* *Sárta*,
maiteamhar 7 *trócaire* *ó'áir* *n-anmannair*.
náir *éirir* *tró* *nó* *ar* *bit* *in* *áir* *gceir* *óir*
 Δ *hainfeair* *áir* *gceir**
 De *glóir* *ríormair* na *hflaitéar* *óinn*.
 So *radáir* *tró* *ar* *éir* an *anacair*
agur *ar* *air* na *bliaóna* *óinn*.
 So *gceir* *óir* *tró* *áir* *gceir* 7 *áir* *noir*
ar *rao* 7 *ar* *pláir*,
 i *nSárta* *Dé* *agur* na *gceir*. *Amén*.

Ag ro cóir eile de *raoir* na *leartán* do *cualair*
mé i *gCondae* *Íluis* *Eó*. *Tá* *cuir* *móir* *dé* *reo* *nac*
rair *agam* *éara* 7 *ir* *fiú* Δ *cuir* *óir* go *n-íomlán*.

raoir na *leartán* (*cóir* eile).

So *luróir* le *óir* 7 do *luróir* *óir* *óinn*,
rair *óir* *óir* *óinn*, *óir* *luróir* *Dé* *óinn*,
 na *tró* *óir* *óinn*,
óir *gceir* *óir* *óinn*.

* *ní* *tró* *óir* *óinn* i *gConnaic* an *rair* "*óir*" = "*cuir*."

3. That He went upon her breast.
4. That He went walking the floor.
5. That He went reading the Bible.
6. That He went to the Garden of Paradise.
7. That He went to the Heaven of God of the Graces.

Here is a little prayer to be said after the Paidirín Páirteach. My friend, Dr. Maguire, wrote it down from the mouth of Michael O'Hegarty, from Teachín, in the county Mayo, and gave it to me :—

PRAYER AFTER THE PAIDIRÍN PÁIRTEACH.

O Lord, have mercy upon us,
 O Christ, have mercy upon us,
 O Queen of the Bright Light,
 Have mercy upon us.
 May ye show mercy upon us and grace.
 Forgiveness and mercy to our souls.
 May ye put nothing in our hearts
 That may take our share
 Of the eternal glory of the heavens from us.
 May ye save us from the showers of calamity,
 And from the diseases of the year.
 May ye keep our portion and our people
 In life and in health,
 In the love of God and of the neighbours. Amen.

Here is another version of the " Bed Confession " that I heard in the county Mayo. There is a good deal of this that I had not got before, and it is worth while putting it down entirely.

THE BED CONFESSION (Another Version).

May we lie down with God, and may God lie with us.
 A Person from God with us. The two hands of God with us.
 The Three Marys with us.
 God and Columcille with us.

ΠΑΘ' ΟΔΙΝΓΕΑΝ ΑΝ ΤΟΥΝ Δ ΘΡΥΙΛΜΙΟ ΑΝΝ
 ΙΟΙΗ ΜΗΥΗ ΔΣΥΡ Δ ΜΑΘ,
 ΒΗΥΙΣΙΟ ΔΣΥΡ Δ ΒΗΑΤ,
 ΜΙΘΕΔΙ ΔΣΥΡ Δ ΡΣΙΑΤ,
 ΟΙΑ 'ΣΥΡ Δ ΛΑΗ ΘΕΑΡ,
 ΟΥΛ ΙΟΙΗ ΡΙΝΝ 7 ΣΔΘ ΟΙΟ.
 ΝΑΗ ΛΑΙΟΥΜΙΟ ΛΕ Η-ΟΙΟ.
 ΝΑΗ ΛΑΙΟΥΘ ΟΙΟ ΛΙΝΝ.
 ΟΥΜΗΥΙΣ ΝΑ ΤΕΡΗ ΣΕΡΑΝΝ,
 ΕΡΑΝΝ ΝΑ ΕΡΟΙΘΕ,
 ΕΡΑΝΝ ΝΑ ΕΡΟ,
 ΕΡΑΝΝ ΔΙΗ ΔΙ ΕΡΟΘΑΘ ΕΡΙΟΡΤ,
 'ΣΥΡ [Ο] ΔΙ ΕΙΗΥΣ ΣΕ ΔΗΙΡ ΒΕΘ.
 Ο Δ ΗΥΣ ΝΑ ΕΑΤΗΑΘ ΔΙ ΝΕΑΗ
 ΟΙΗΜΕΑΘ ΡΡΙΟΡΑΘ Μ' ΑΝΝΑ
 ΔΙ ΡΙΟΡ-ΕΑΤΑΙΣΤΙΘ ΑΝ ΔΙΟΥΘΕΑΡΡΟΡΑ.

ΔΣ ΡΟ ΥΡΗΥΙΣΕ ΔΘΕΙΡΕΑΘ ΡΑΤΟΡΑΙΣ Ο ΤΥΑΤΑΙ, ΡΕΑΡ
 1 ΣΕΛΙΑΡΑ, 1 ΣΕΟΝΘΑΕ ΜΗΥΣ ΕΘ, ΡΟΙΗ ΑΝ ΒΡΑΙΟΥΡΙΗ
 ΡΑΙΡΤΕΑΘ ΡΑΝ ΟΙΘΕ. ΡΥΑΙΡ ΜΗΡΕ Ε ΘΜ' ΕΑΡΑΙΟ
 ΝΟΡΜΑ ΘΟΡΤΥΙΟ ΘΟ ΕΑΙΤ ΤΑΜΑΛΙ ΔΙ ΑΝ ΟΙΛΕΑΝ ΡΙΗ,
 ΔΣΥΡ ΘΟ ΡΣΙΟΘ Ε.

ὕμνῳ λυγμῶ.

ὕμνῳ λυγμῶ ΔΣΥΡ ΡΛΕΑΕΤΑΜΥΙΟ 1 Ν-ΑΙΝΝ ΙΟΡΑ ΕΡΙΟΡΤΑ, ΔΣ
 ΙΑΡΡΑΙΘ ΜΑΙΤΕΑΗΝΑΙΡ * ΔΣΥΡ ΡΑΜΟΥΙΗ ΙΗ ΔΙ ΒΡΕΑΕΑΙΘ.

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 ΟΥΙΟΥΣΑΘ 7 ΕΟΝΣΝΑΗ ΑΤΑΜΥΙΟ ΔΣ ΙΑΡΡΑΙΘ ΟΡΤ
 ΛΕΑΡ ΔΙ Ν-ΑΝΑΜ Δ ΕΥΗ ΡΟΜΑΙΗΝ,
 ΛΕ ΣΑΝ ΗΥΘ ΔΙ ΒΙΕ Δ ΕΑΘΑΙΡΤ
 ΙΗΡ ΑΝ ΤΡΑΟΖΑΛ ΡΟ ΟΥΙΗΝ
 ΘΟ ΘΑΙΡΕΑΘ ΔΙ ΣΕΥΙΟ
 ΘΕ ΣΛΟΙΗ ΡΙΟΡΗΥΙΘΕ ΝΑ ΘΡΛΑΙΤΕΑΡ ΟΙΗΝ—
 ΔΕΤ ΣΔΘ ΜΙΛΕ ΝΙΘ
 ΙΡ ΜΟ ΗΑΘΑΡ 1 ΡΟΙΗΘΕ
 ΔΣΥΡ 1 ΛΕΑΡ ΔΙ Ν-ΑΝΑΜ.

* i.e., "μαίτεαήναιρ."

Is it not strong the fortress in which we are !
 Between Mary and her Son,
 Brigit and her mantle,
 Michael and his shield,
 God and His right hand,
 Going between us and every evil.
 May we not lie down with evil,
 May evil not lie down with us.
 The protection of the Three Trees,
 The tree of the Cross,
 The tree of the blood,¹
 The tree on which Christ was hanged
 And from which He arose again alive.
 O King of the *cathair* in heaven,
 Keep the spirit of my soul
 From the real-temptations of the adversary.

Here is a prayer that Patrick O'Toole, a man in Clare Island, in the County Mayo, used to say before the *Paidirín Fáirteach* at night. I got it from my friend Miss Norma Borthwick, who spent some time in the island, and wrote it down.

WE DO OBEISANCE.

We do obeisance and bow down in the name of Jesus Christ,
 asking forgiveness and pardon for our sins.

We are asking help and assistance of Thee
 To put before us the good of our souls,
 By Thy not giving anything at all
 In this world to us
 That might take our share
 Of the eternal glory of the heavens from us—
 But rather each and every thing
 That shall most make for the prosperity
 And good of our souls.

¹ *cú* is an old and obsolete word meaning blood.

le beic níó (P) reáct fearr bliaóain o 'noiú
 i gcuid ašur i nuaoinib,
 i nšmáó úilear dé,
 ašur i nšmáó na cómairan.
 le báir Cúioiróide,
 oia uóácta ašur aicéige,
 éabairt ar áir n-anam,
 ašur leaba Cúioiróide i bflaitear.

aš ro pláinte aicteac ar Contae muiš eó ro
 fuair mé óm' éarairt pílir O Ualoráin ó 'Dhom Bán
 timcioll trí míle ó Uéal-át-éainnair.

sláinte.

Seo é faoi éairim pláinte a bfuil i láéair,
 ašur Riš na nšmárta go gcóinnuigió liom;
 ólramaoir an gloine reo mar o'ólpaó páorais,
 lán de na šmártaib a' é goi go tnom.
 Šan muiš Šan máirš Šan fearš Šan náirš—
 Šan fíor amárac go mašamar ann.

Seo páoirín eile a bfuil trídé ar páorais ann.

raé dé ašus bail páorais.

raé dé ašur bail páorais ar a bfeiciró mé 'r ar a nšlacfairó
 mé, ó éirigió mé ar mairin go gcóirigió mé ran oiré.

aš ro páoirín beas eile ó pílir O Ualoráin.

a máéair beannuigé.

a máéair beannuigé, inr an bflaitear,
 acá aš ašairt ar Riš na nšmár,
 iarrmair * oir m'anam 'beic éairéacáinnac in ro láéair,
 aoir ašur ar uair mo báir.

* "iarrmair ašur acéuigim," aubairt ré.

¹ Literally, the "Oil of the Will, or testament."

² Literally. This is the health of all who are present, and the King of Graces may He reside with us. We will drink this glass as Patrick would drink it, full of graces and he weeping heavily. Without "woe" or "alas," without anger, without shame, without

To be seven times better a year from to-day,
 In property and in people,
 In the dear love of God,
 And in the love of the neighbour.
 A Christian death
 The last oil¹ and Penance,
 To give to our soul,
 And a Christian bed in heaven.

Here is a curious health from the County Mayo which I got from my friend Philip Waldron of Drombaun, about three miles from Ballyhaunis :—

A HEALTH.

A health let us drink. Our glass we clink it,
 May the King of the Graces to us be near.
 We will drink this glass as Patrick would drink it,
 With a grace made salt by a mingled tear,
 Without sadness or sorrow or passion or pain,
 —None knowing to-morrow that we were here.²

Here is another little prayer in which Patrick is mentioned :—

THE LUCK OF GOD AND PROSPERITY OF PATRICK.

The luck of God and the prosperity of Patrick on all I shall see,
 and on all I shall touch, from the time I rise at morning until I sleep at night.

Here is another little prayer from the same man :—

O BLESSED MARY.

O Blessed Mary, most high in heaven,
 Who art near to the King, as the Scripture saith,
 May my soul be acceptable in thy presence,
 Both now and at the hour of death.³

knowledge to-morrow that we were in it. [*i.e.*, To-morrow it will be forgotten that we ever existed.]

³ *Literally.* O Blessed Mother in the heaven who art beseeching the King of the Graces, I ask of thee that my soul may be acceptable in thy presence, now and at the hour of my death.

Δὲ πο ceann beag eile ó'n bpeap céadna.

céad fáilte rómao.

Céad fáilte móinno, a Colann beannuighe,

Céad fáilte moim do choip do céapao,

Céad fáilte moim do choip, a tigeapna.

A don-mhic Dé, 'Sé do beata,

Ir tú géas* gac maeta,

A éirinn nár éirion bláta.

mar rghioib marcup agur maeta,

O, a dia, má'r fiu leat muiro† a glacaó,

So mbaó ragoalta plán muiro ó vo lámairb.

Tá mire ag iarriao trócaire agur ghárta,

Dam féin a'r vo ragoal éada a'r ádaím,

D'ar óiriois dia 'r an eaglaip dúinn iarriao dóib.‡

Amén.

Δὲ πο rgeal airteac do fuair mé óm' éapiao
Doctúir Concubair Maguiróir ó'n gClár. Cneirim
so bfuair reirean é ó éamon Mac Giobúin, an rean-
peap céadna a bfuair mire an dán áluinn rin
“Aitriuge an tSeógaig” uair. Minigeann an rgeal
po dúinn mar cruicigeao an céad cat agur an céad
luóog. Cualao mé a lán de rgealtaib de'n tróir
po ó na h-Inioianacair puaoa i gCanao, ag cur i
gceill mar do cruicigeao é reo no é rúo, ar otúir,
acé ní maib don tráct aca ar don fuo do bain leir an
gcreideam Críortuioe. Ní féirir a ríao cia 'n aoir
é an rgeal po, acé ir dóig so maib rgealta de'n tróir
céadna coitciónn i n-aimpíir na bPágánae ríao ó, mar
atá ríao coitceann aoir amearg na n'Daoine Ruao,

* “tú géasgac,” suðairt ré.

† muiro = rin.

‡ “daobta” no “daobra,” suðairt ré.

Here is another from the same man :—

A HUNDRED WELCOMES.

A hundred welcomes to Thee, O blessed Body,
 A hundred welcomes to Thy Body that was crucified,
 A hundred welcomes to Thy Body, O Lord.
 O Son of God to Thee all hail,
 O Tree whose blossoms never fail,
 Thy Boughs of luck perfume the gale.¹
 As Mark and Mathew both have told us,
 If thou art willing to accept us
 And hold us in Thy hand as precious,
 Mercy I ask of Thee and graces
 For me and for each who of Adam's race is,
 Whom God and the Church have bade us pray for. Amen.

Here is a curious story that I got from my friend Dr. Connor Maguire, of Claremorris. I believe he got it from Ned Gibbons, the same old man from whom I got that fine poem, "The Joyce's Repentance." This story explains how the first cat and the first mouse were created. I heard many of such stories from the Red Indians in Canada, giving us to understand how this thing or the other thing was first made, but none of them had anything to say to Christianity! It is impossible to tell what is the age of this story, but it is certain that stories of this kind were common in early Pagan times, even as they are common now amongst the Red men, and other wild tribes; and it may be that the story is older than the Christian

¹ *Literally.* O one Son of God all hail, thou art the bough of every luck, O Tree whose blossoms have not withered.

aḡur a-meapḡ ḡa-oine fīaḡa-in eile naḡ i-aḡ, aḡur
 b'ēiḡiḡi ḡo ḡfūil an ḡḡeal nīoḡ rīne 'nā an ḡrīoḡḡuīḡ-
 eaḡḡ fēin, aḡur ḡur cuiḡeaḡ naom̃ i leaḡaīḡ ḡḡaorḡ-
 eaḡḡḡa, ann, nuaiḡ bī na ḡa-oine aḡ ḡeaḡḡ aḡḡeaḡ aḡ
 an ḡḡeḡḡeaḡḡ ḡrīoḡḡuīḡ. Iḡ i mo ḡaḡaḡaīl nāḡ
 ḡa-in an ḡḡeal ḡo ó ḡḡḡ aḡḡ aḡāin leiḡ an ḡḡlūḡ—ḡiaḡ
 an ḡuine—aḡur leiḡ an luḡḡiḡ—nāḡaīḡ an ḡlūḡ—
 aḡur leiḡ an ḡeaḡ—nāḡaīḡ na luḡḡiḡ; aḡur naḡ
 ḡfūil inḡan ḡḡāin ḡuice aḡur a ḡ-aīl aḡḡ aḡuīḡḡ
 ḡan ḡeīll ḡan ḡeāḡḡḡ ḡo ḡāinḡ aḡḡeaḡ ann ḡo ḡeīḡ-
 eaḡnaḡ. Nī'l ann ḡo aḡḡ ḡuille-fā-ḡuaiḡḡ, aḡur
 cuiḡḡḡḡ mé rīoḡ an ḡḡeal ann ḡo ḡan aon ḡuḡ eile ḡo
 ḡāḡ ḡ'a ḡa-oīḡ, aḡur ḡan aon ḡuḡ ḡ'aḡḡḡaḡ ann.

maḡ ḡo cruḡuīḡeaḡ an ḡeāḡ ḡaḡ.

Iā aḡāin, bī Muīḡe aḡur a Maḡ aḡ rīuḡaī an
 ḡḡḡaḡ, aḡur i-aḡ ḡḡom cuiḡḡeaḡ, aḡur ḡāḡla ḡo
 ḡḡeaḡaḡaḡaḡ ḡaḡ ḡoḡaḡ ḡiḡe ann a ḡaīḡ ḡlac cḡuīḡ-
 neaḡḡa ḡ'a ḡāḡaḡ. ḡuāiḡ an ḡḡaīḡḡeaḡ ḡeannuīḡḡe
 aḡḡeaḡ, aḡur ḡ'iāḡḡ ḡeīḡce ḡe'n cḡuīḡḡeaḡḡ, aḡur
 ḡ'eīḡiḡ ḡeaḡ an ḡiḡe i.

“ḡaḡ aḡḡeaḡ aḡīḡ cūici,” aḡ ḡan Maḡ, “aḡur iāḡḡ
 uīḡḡi é i n-aīnḡ ḡe.”

ḡuāiḡ, aḡur ḡ'eīḡiḡ ḡi aḡīḡ i.

“ḡaḡ aḡḡeaḡ aḡīḡ cūici,” aḡ Seīḡeaḡ, “aḡur iāḡḡ
 uīḡḡi ceaḡ ḡo ḡaḡaīḡḡ ḡuīḡ ḡo lāīḡ ḡo cūḡ ḡan ḡḡeal”
 uīḡḡe, aḡur a ḡāḡaḡ rīoḡ ḡan ḡḡaḡḡān cḡuīḡḡeaḡḡ,
 aḡur ḡaḡ 'a ḡḡeaḡḡḡaīḡ ḡo ḡo lāīḡ a ḡaḡaīḡḡ leaḡ.”

ḡuāiḡ, aḡur ḡuḡ an ḡeaḡ ceaḡ ḡī é ḡeo ḡo ḡeānaḡ.

* ḡāīl no ḡoḡeaḡ: Iāḡaīḡ ḡeīḡeaḡ maḡ “ḡēl” é.

religion itself, and that a saint was first put in the place of an enchanter when people began to become Christians. I think it certain that this story originally concerned only the flour—the food of man—and the mice—the enemy of the flour—and the cat—the enemy of the mice; and the mention of the sow and her litter is a late and stupid introduction. This is only a supposition, and I shall set down the story here without saying any more and without altering anything in it.

HOW THE FIRST CAT WAS CREATED.

One day Mary and her Son were travelling the road, and they heavy and tired, and it chanced that they went past the door of a house in which there was a lock¹ of wheat being winnowed.² The Blessed Virgin went in, and she asked an alms of wheat, and the woman of the house refused her.

“Go in again to her,” said the Son, “and ask her for it in the name of God.”

She went, and the woman refused her again.

“Go into her again,” said He, “and ask her to give you leave to put your hand into the pail of water, and to thrust it down into the heap of wheat, and to take away with you all that shall cling to your hand.”

She went, and the woman gave her leave to do that.

¹ A small quantity.

² In Connacht the past participle of this verb is often “wun !”

Nuair táinig sí amach chuig áir Slánuigíteoirí Dubhairt Sé léi, “Ná leis aon ghráinne de rin amuigh, mar is fiú go leor leor é.”

Nuair d’imtigeadar ríadach ón tigh d’fheuchadair riar, agus connaic ríad ríadach deamán as teacht chuig an tigh, agus ríadannuigeadh an Máighean [ar eagla] go ndéanfadh ríad dochar ar an bean [sic]. “Ná bíodh imníde ort,” arsa íora léi; “ó tábla go dtug sí an méad rin deirce duit-re ní bfuighidh ríad aon buaidheacht uirthi.”

Siubhaladar leó, ann rin, gur fhoiceadar com ríad le áit a fuaibh muileann as fear a fuaibh Mártain air. “Gabh ar teach,” arsa áir Slánuigíteoirí le n-a máthair, “ó tábla go bfuil an muileann as obair, agus iarr oirra an ghráinnín rin do mheilt duit.”

Cuair. “O mairéad! ní fiú dam,” arís an buadhaill do bí as fíreartal ar na bpróintibh, “an méidín rin do cup d’á mheilt duit.” Cuair Mártain iad as caint, agus dubhairt ré leis an ngearr-bodach, “O mairéad! deán do’n éiréatáir é, b’éirí go dtéarfuigeann ré uaidi go géar,” ar reirean. Rinne, agus tug ré do an méad plúir do táinig uaid.

D’imtigeadar leó ann rin, agus ní fuaidadar aon ácar imtigte, nuair bí an muileann lán le [sic] plúir, com geal le ríadachta. Nuair tug Mártain fa deara an míorbhuilc mhór ro, cuimnígh ré go maith gur ab é Mac Dé agus a máthair do áir an bealach. Rit ré amach agus lean ré iad ar a díctioll, agus rinne ré trarna na ngorr go dtáinig ré ruar leó, áit bí an oiréad rin deirí, air, as dul trí ríonnra ríeicigh, a’r gur

¹ Literally. “Remembered.”

When she came out to our Saviour He said to her, "Do not let one grain of that go astray, for it is worth much and much."

When they had gone a bit from the house they looked back, and saw a flock of demons coming towards the house, and the Virgin Mary was frightened lest they might do harm to the woman. "Let there be no anxiety on you," said Jesus to her; "since it has chanced that she has given you all that of alms, they shall get no victory over her."

They travelled on, then, until they reached as far as a place where a man named Martin had a mill. "Go in," said our Saviour to his mother, "since it has chanced that the mill is working, and ask them to grind that little grain-*een* for you."

She went. "O musha, it's not worth while for me," said the boy who was attending the querns, "to put that little *lockeen* a-grinding for you." Martin heard them talking and said to the lout "Oh, then, do it for the creature, perhaps she wants it badly," said he. He did it, and he gave her all the flour that came from it.

They travelled on then, and they were not gone any distance until the mill was full of flour as white as snow. When Martin perceived this great miracle he understood¹ well that it was the Son of God and His Mother, who chanced that way. He ran out and followed them, at his best, and he made across the fields until he came up with them, and there was that much haste on him in going through a scunce² of hawthorns that a spike of the hawthorn met his breast and wounded him greatly. There was

² Thick-set double ditch.

teangbuis¹ r'ead de'n r'eadac le n-a b'pollac agus loit ré go mói é. Bí an oipeao de diotcoir[?] air, a'r nár aihu ré an pian, aét buail ré a lám air, agus níor r'ead ré go dtáinig ré ruar leo. Nuair connaic ar Slánuigteoir an loit ar Mártain boét, leas ré a lám air, agus cnearuigeaó é ar an bpuinte. Dubairt Sé le Mártain ann rin, go mbuó fear foileamnac i látair De é, "agus gab a-baile anoir," ar Seiréan, "agus cuir laóar [lám do glaise] de'n plúir faoi diar [méir] agus na coruig é go maidin."

Nuair cuair Mártain a-baile sinne ré rin, agus cuir ré an diar [míar] ar a béal-faoi. agus an laóar plúir faoi.

Bí an cailín aimpire ag faire air, agus ceap sí go m' féidir go mbuó maic an ruo é dá gcuirfeao sí diar dí féin ar an mbealaó céadna, agus bí a puóct uirri, cuir.

Ar maidin, lá 'i na márac, tós Mártain a diar féin agus creao do iutfeao amac ar aét cráin b'eadh mhúice, agus ál mói banó aici. Tós an cailín a diar féin, agus iut luc mói amac ar, agus ál lucán ós aici. Rit r'ead anonn 'r anall, agus ceap Mártain ar an bpuinte nár maic iao, 7 tarraing ré miotós mói o'a lámh, agus caic ré leir na lucán í, agus comh luac agus buail sí an talam o' iompuiú sí in a cat, agus corais an cat ag marbaó na lucán. Sin é túr na scat. Buó naomh Mártain ó'n am rin, aét ní'l fíor cia de na naomhaib ar a dtugao Mártain é.

¹ = teangbuis.

that much zeal in him that he did not feel the pain, but clapt his hand over it, and never stopped until he came up with them. When our Saviour beheld the wound upon poor Martin He laid His hand upon it, and it was closed, and healed upon the spot. He said to Martin then that he was a fitting man in the presence of God, "and go home now," said He, "and place a fistful of the flour under a dish, and do not stir it until morning."

When Martin went home he did that, and he put the dish, mouth under, and the fistful of flour beneath it.

The servant girl was watching him, and thought that maybe it would be a good thing if she were to set a dish for herself in the same way, and signs on her, she set it.

On the morning of the next day Martin lifted his dish, and what should run out from under it but a fine sow and a big litter of bonhams with her. The girl lifted her own dish, and there ran out a big mouse and a clutch of young mouselets with her. They ran here and there, and Martin at once thought that they were not good, and he plucked a big mitten off his hand and flung it at the young mice, but as soon as it touched the ground it changed into a cat, and the cat began to kill the young mice. That was the beginning of cats. Martin was a saint from that time forward, but it is not known which of the saints he was of all who were called Martin.

.

Δε πο παρσιρ θεαδς ό Contoae mhuig eó.

Δ ίosa.

Δ ίosa Δ mhuige Δ naomh íórep
Opháilim m' anam 'r mo émoíde go deó úaoib
Anoir Δsur Δi uair mo báir. Amén.

Δε πο σiota θεαδς το éualar óm' éaparo pátopais
O Dórhnaill ó Úaile ui fíadéain i sContoae mhuig eó.

Δ éolann.

Δ éolann cuimhnið Δi το émioéaid
ná coaail i θριαέaid ná i θφειγς,
ir fuar an bpat oo-geobair fan scill
Δsur béir το émiof leir an sgré úeigς.
ir miéto dam-ra uil anonn
δέτ ní buan-eólaé mé ann.*
δέτ 'r mioré liom éall na 'θφur,
Δ'r fairíor naé éall το épeabair.†

Δε πο pann θεαδς binn eile Δr an sContoae ééatna.
Éualar ó Philip ó Uatopáin é.

Δn triúr is sine.

Δn triúr ir pine, Δn triúr ir óige
Δn triúr ir tpeire i θflaítear na glóige,
Δn t-άair Δn mac 'r Δn spioπao naomh
To m' fábáil 'r to m' sáπoáil ó 'noét go uti bliadain.
——Δsur Δnoét féin!

* "ní buan eolais ann mé" ουδαιπτε ré.

† "Éall Δr feabair" ουδαιπτε ré, δέτ éualairó mé "éall το épeabair" ó úuine eile. "Deiðiré" ατά pna líntið reo.

¹ Literally. O Jesus, O Mary, O holy Joseph, I offer my soul and my heart for ever to you, now and at the hour of my death.

² Literally. O body remember thy end, and do not sleep in debts or in anger. Cold is the mantle thou shalt get in the churchyard,

Here is a short prayer from the County Mayo :—

TO JESUS AND MARY.

To Jesus and Mary and Joseph for ever
I offer my heart and my soul's endeavour,¹
Now and at the hour of my death. Amen.

Here is a little piece that I got from my friend Patrick O'Donnell of Baile Ui Fhiadhcháin, or Newport, in the County Mayo :—

O BODY REMEMBER.

O body remember thy end and weep,
And I bid thee to sleep not in wrath or in debt,
For thy sheet shall be cold in the churchyard mould,
And the damp red clay must cloak thee yet.
Over there 'tis I would go,
But the way I do not know,
Hopeless here the barren spring,
For there I do my ploughing.²

Here is another melodious little rann from the same county. I heard it from Phillip Waldron :—

MAY THE THREE WHO ARE OLDEST.

May the three who are oldest, the three who are youngest,
In the glory of heaven, the three who are strongest,
May the Father, the Son and the Spirit in one
Keep me and guard till the year be done,
—And to-night itself also !³

and thy side [*literally* "belt"] shall be with the red clay. It is time for me to go over-there ; but I have no lasting knowledge [how to get] to it, but I would rather be over there than on this side. Alas, that it was not [for] over-there I ploughed.

³ *Literally.* The three who are oldest, the three who are youngest, the three who are strongest in the heaven of glory, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, may they save me and guard me from to-night for a year—and to-night itself.

Δὲ πο παῖδι le πᾶθ Δὲ οὐλ Ἀ ἐοῦλαθ ὅμιτ. ἱ
ionnann í, no beaδ-γὰδ, le ceann 'o cug mé poimé
reo.

luiḡim leat-sa.

luiḡim leat-ρα, Ἀ ἱορα,
'S γο luióio tú liom,
γo παιδ ola ἐρίορτα ἀμ m' anam boét,
ἀγυρ cπé na n-εαρδαλ of mo éionn.
Ἀ ἀταίμ 'o ἐποταῖς mé,
Ἀ míc 'o ἐανναῖς mé,
Ἀ spioματο ηαιοim 'o θεανναῖς mé.
[γo παιδ ríð liom].

ῤυαίμ mé an τ-αβρίαν 'δια'θα πο leanap óm' εαπατο
an τ-ἀταίμ Seáḡan Mac 'Diarma'θα ατά 'ran γCair-
leán-Riadaé i γConoáé Ropcomáin. Σγρίοθ peirean
é ó béal rean-mná 'oari b' ainm Rock ó Cúirt an ἐρο-
náin in ran γconoáé ἐέα'ona. Cuiρ mé ríof ἐεana
an 'oá μann topaῖς ó mnaoi i n-aice le γort-Innre-
γuaípe i γConoáé na γaillíme. Ní b'ῤυαίμ mé an curo
eile 'oé an uaiρ rin.

γo b'póirió 'dia.

γo b'póirió 'dia ἀμ an bpeacaé boét
'Dionnr* γo ríopmúioe oul ἀμ-γτμαε,
nuaiρ éipúḡeann r'é ἀμ maioin
ní ἀμ Ἀ Cíḡeapma cui'mnḡeann r'é.

ní téir'oeann r'é c'oi'óce cum aipmínn
ná Δὲ éip'eaéct b'péi'pe 'oé,
ἀéct nuaiρ fás'fap r'é an paos'al po
mo leun! cé † μαά'aró r'é?

* = 'dior. † = cá.

¹ Literally. God help the poor sinner who he's always going
astray, when he rises in the morning it is not of his Lord he thinks.

Here is a prayer to be said on going to sleep. It is very nearly the same as one I gave already :—

I LAY ME DOWN.

I lay me down with Thee, O Jesus,
 And mayest Thou be about my bed,
 The oil of Christ be upon my soul,
 The Apostle's Creed be above my head.
 O Father who wrought me,
 O Son who bought me,
 O Spirit who sought me,
 Let me be Thine.

I got the following hymn from my friend, Father John MacDermot, of Castlereagh, County Roscommon. He wrote it from the mouth of an old woman named Rock from the Court of Cronnawn, in the same county. I gave already the first two verses of it, taken from a woman near Gort, in the county Galway. I did not get the rest of it at that time.

GOD HELP THE FOOLISH SINNER.

God help the foolish sinner
 Who strays, with none to guard.
 He rises up in the morning's light
 But thinks not on his Lord,¹

Mass and the blessed word of God
 He never hears them read,
 And when he leaves this world at last,
 Ah, where shall be his bed ?

He never goes to Mass nor listening to God's word, and when he shall leave this world, alas ! where shall he go.

Do ye hear me ye Christians, think upon the death, he comes, and it is all one to him, the night or the day.

An gcluin ríð mife a Chríoftearóte?

Smaoiniúíóe ar an mbáir.

Tigeanann ré * 'Sur ip cuma leip

An oiróce aige ná an la.

'S an té naé núbánpaó an aiténiúe

nuaip bí ré beó ar an tpaogal,†

ip amuis a déar a leabairó

paoi ríoc a'p paoi fuaéct na hoiróce.

.

nuaip maéairó an t-anam go geata na bflaítear

naé núbánpaíó a ríotéáin le mac Dé,

Suiríóiró na h-ainglé a'p rígeaópaíó na naoim

naé maíe náir éuimniúir‡ go veucpá ann ro

nuaip bí tu beó ar an tpaogal.§

ann rin maéairó an máigúean ar a glúnaib

[an uair rin] i bfaónuire míc Dé,

"Cá bfuil an gealllaó vo euz tú voim-pa

nuaip bí tú beó ar an tpaogal?"

"Geall mife rin vuic [go ríor, a máéair],

asur ní déánpaíó mé leat [aon] bréas,

An pean a'p an t-óg a éaítear vo bnat

béio leat i bpaíreáir Dé."

nuaip maéar an t-anam go geata na bflaítear,

tiucpaíó naoim Símon pa n-a déin,

"An ve éréao na máigúine beannuíúte [éupa]

no ar éaíe tú a lioimé."

* "Tigeanann ré go tobann," vubáirte rípe.

† Labairt mar "paíúil" é ann ro, le com-fuaim vo déanam le "h-oiróce."

‡ "Náir éuimniú tu" vubáirte rípe.

§ Labairt mar "traéúil" ann ro é, le com-fuaim vo déanam le "Dé."

And he who shall not make repentance when he was alive on the world, it is outside shall be his bed under the frost and cold of night.

When the soul shall go to the gate of the heavens which never made its peace with the Son of God, the angels shall pray and the

Ye Christians, do ye hear me ?

Be thinking of the Death.

The night to it is as the day

To sweep away your breath.

And he who mocked at penitence

When he was on the world,

To frost and cold outside the fold

Too soon shall he be hurled.

When the soul shall go up to the gate of heaven

That has made not its peace with the Son of God,

The angels shall cry and the saints shall say

Thou didst not, O soul, foresee this day,

When alive upon earth's green sod.

Then the Virgin shall go on her bended knee

In the presence of God's dear Son,

"Oh, where is the promise Thou madest me

Ere Thy course upon earth was run ?"

"I promised thee, Mother, when I was there

—The promise was not a lie—

That the young and the old thy garb who wear

Shall be with thee on high."

When the soul shall mount to the gates of heaven

St. Simon shall come to it presently,

"Art thou of the flock of the Blessed Virgin,

Or dost thou wear her livery ?"

saints shall cry out : "How well thou didst not remember that thou shouldst come here when thou wast alive on the world."

Then the Virgin shall go upon her knees in the presence of the Son of God : "Where is the promise that Thou gavest me when Thou wast alive upon the world ?"

"Truly, Mother, I promised that to thee, and I shall tell thee not a falsehood, both the old and the young who shall wear thy mantle they shall be with thee in God's Paradise."

When the soul shall go to the gate of the heavens St. Simon shall come to meet it. "Art thou of the flock of the Blessed Virgin or hast thou worn her livery ?"

"Iρ ve έρέαο na μαίγεινε δεαννιγίε mipe,
αγυρ έαιε μέ α λιθρέ."

"δέιο τά λέι ι βράρηταρ,
ο'ά μολάο αμεαρς na' ναοή."

Ας πο παιοιρ ειλε το φυαιρ μέ όm' έαραιο Νορμα
βορτυις το ρηιόβ ι ό πάορaris O Tυαταί ι γCυαίρα
ι γconοαé muiγ εό.

άR son na μαrθ.

Τρί παιορκαά, τρι άθέ μάιρε, αγυρ cηέ,
le h-anaμ na μαrθ,
le h-anaμ γαé uile ύuine ύ'αr θαλυιγεαμαr [sic]
α θαγάν na α mόpαn,
ι ηγαν-ρiοr na* ι ηγο-βpιοr,
na ι γ-οr-άιpοe ;
má έiό Όia φυιγεαl παοιpόιne
na βpειτεαmηαιp-αιεpιγε αr α η-anaμ
[γυιόmιo έ]
μέαουγαό αr α ηγlόιpιθ
αγυρ λαγουγαό αr α βpιαηταίθ.
αγυρ μαίτεεανυr† α έαθαίpε ύόiθ in α βpεαcαrό
αγυρ [γυιόe] le h-anaμ γαé cηέατήrι βοiεr
naé βpυil αon uine αiγe pέiη
le γυiόe αr α pον.

Ας πο pεαν-όάν αr lά an βpειτεαmηαιp το έuιp
uine apτεαé cum na pειpe ι γCαταίpι-na-μαpε. Iρ
υόιγ γυr ι μεαοpαiάcτ όάna το cεapaό έ αr υτύp, άcτ
nί' l ι γcυiό mόiρ ve άcτ pηόp ανοiρ. Cυαλαiό μέ έ
ι βpαο nίοr pεαpι na μαrι τά pέ anη po αγam, ό pεαν-

* Iρ mιmc mεapγταr "na" αγυρ "no" le έéile, μαrι mεapγ-
ταr ιαo anη po. nίoι cυαλαr "ι ηγο βpιοr" αpιαm γo υci pεo.
† =μαίτεαmηαιp.

"I am of the flock of the Blessed Virgin,
And wore her livery all my days."
"In Paradise then go dwell with her,
And sing with saints her praise."

Here is another prayer which I got from my friend Miss Borthwick, who wrote it from the mouth of Patrick O'Toole of Clare Island, in the County of Mayo.

FOR THE DEAD.

Three Paters, three Ave Marias and a creed,
For the Souls of the Dead,
For the soul of every person from whom we have gained
Either little or much,
[Either] with our knowledge or without our knowledge,
Or, openly-and-publicly.
If God see a remainder of Confession [unsaid],
Or, of penance [unfulfilled] on their souls
[We pray him]
To increase their glories,
And to diminish their pains ;
And to grant them forgiveness of their sins,
And [a prayer] for the soul of every poor creature
Who has, himself, no one
To pray on his behalf.

Here is an old dán on the Day of Judgment which some one gave at the feis of Cathair-na-Mart or Westport. No doubt it was all composed originally in metre, but now the most of it is only prose. I heard it much better than I

"I am of the flock of the Blessed Virgin and I have worn her livery," "Thou shalt be with her in Paradise praising her amongst the saints."

fean ar uafán-mór i gconrad na Saille, áit níos
rghíob mé ríor uaid-Sean é.

LÁ AN bhreiteamhais.

An céad-buile ve'n ríoc dhinn
[Cnítró an rpeiri or áir gíonn.]

Sadfaíó gac anam tmuais [Lag]
Aduir gac fuar-cólan uá uáinís.

An uafina buile ve'n ríoc dhinn
Cmuinneófaíó ádám-clann ar don-mian.*

An tmuais buile ve'n ríoc dhinn
So Sliab Sion gluairfeair linn.†

Ann rin tucefaíó Cníorta [A-leit]
So ucefaíó Sé féin a bheir.

Tucefaíó na naoi rghíora ag ar rghíorálad é.
Tucefaíó an uá éairinge uo éuaid ann a gael-doir.
Tucefaíó na córfaíó caola cnáibe
Uo éangail é i mbaile an áir-mis.
Tucefaíó fór uoé an áir ‡
Uo fuair mac muir ann a páir §

Ann rin labrófaíó Cníort leó:

"Cá bfuil a ucegar uaoi áiríam?
Cugar buir gíall aduir búir méarún,
Rádaire buir rúl, aduir éirteáit buir gcluar.
So ríuig an uide ir lúga ann buir ngruais
Iocfaíó ríó liom-ra a bfuairéadair."

Ann rin béiró uream ann
ir gile 'ná an rneáta,
béiró uream ann ir uide
'ná an gual gaidneáit.

* "Ádám uilís a clann ar don tmuais," uadairt ré.

† "Gluairfeair linn so Sliab o Siadáin," uadairt ré.

‡ "Deó an muin áir" (=uomblair?) uadairt ré.

§ "Aduir é fuairt na páir" uadairt ré.

have it here from a man near Oranmore, County Galway,
but I did not write it down from him.

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

At the first sound of the trumpet's blast
The heavens shall be overcast.

Each poor feeble soul must rise,
And each cold body likewise.

At the second sound of the trumpet's blast
Adam's race shall gather fast.

When the third trumpet blast shall blow,
Unto Mount Sion all must go.

Then Christ shall stand, when all are sent,
Delivering His Judgment.

Shall come the nine scourges wherewith He was scourged.
Shall come the two nails that went into His white
palms.

Shall come the narrow hempen cord
That in their city bound our Lord.
Shall come the drink of Death they gave
To Mary's Son Who died to save.

Then to them shall Christ speak :

" Where is all that I ever gave unto you ?
I gave [you] your sense and your reason,
The sight of your eyes, and the hearing of your ears.
Unto the smallest hair that is in your head ¹
Ye shall pay unto me what ye have received."

Then some shall be whiter
Than the snow of December,
And some shall be blacker
Than the smith's burnt ember.

|| = "so rinne" ουδαίτε ré. So rinne = so ri.

¹ Literally : "The smallest *ribe* that is in your hair." The word *rib* [Irish *ribe*, pronounced *ribba*] for a single hair is quite common with English speakers all over Ireland.

And some in to the midst
Of the flames shall be hurled,
For the crimes of themselves
When alive in the world.

Then Christ shall speak unto all assembled—
“Hearken to Me ye Good and Blest,
Come hither and stand upon My right hand
Till I bring ye to My Father's rest.”

Then Christ shall speak unto all again,
“Depart from Me, ye Bad and Curst,
Ye are given to yonder foul black devils
To work henceforth on you their worst.”

Then they shall put the screech of lamentation out of them, but
ochone! that is not the hour for repentance.

Then Mary shall speak, “Is that not a pity, O my One-Son, that
thou beholdest not my One-Son smitten upon his right side?”¹

“That is true for thee, O Mother, it was thou who didst receive
Me from My Father, it was thou who didst get to be Queen over the
Kingdom of Heaven, and take thou with thee all that thou thyself
hast a will to take of that number.”

Then shall she speak unto them: “Do ye hear me, O human race?
Go back, and your sins are forgiven according to the will of the High
King, and be ye empty ye black foul devils. The sin of the race of
Eve and Adam, let all that be upon one person only.”

He who trusted in Mary, it is true that for him she shall gain
mercy.

Here is another version of that little prayer, “I stretch

† ƒƒon cuatar an ƒocal ro ƒiam. 1ƒ uóiz Sur ionnann aSur
“a ƒiaib uócar aize” é.

¹ There seems something wrong in this sentence.

an leabairt reo," mar fuairear ó duine eile é, aóir n;
cuimníom cian'óé ó'p' r'griobair é.

sínim-se.

Sínim-re ar an leabairt reo
mar ím Críost ar an gcroic,
San coir, san cáin, san peacá.
Aibí na maidóine glóirímaire
So maib oim mar bair.

A máighean mílir, a máitair óé,
mo óéao aóur mo míle gáó éú,
So mbuó éú mo óóctúir léigir,
[mo óóctúir léigir] tinn aóur plán [éú].

So mbuó éú mo bean-teagairt
i n-aimpíre mo báir,

So mbuó éú mo bean veirgíreóacé *
aó feiteam na ngráir. aóur amén !

aó ro "oirta" na "airí" do cuairt mé óm'
áiríó óóctúir Conóubair Maguirí, air a óuó ré
"Airí an bmaoinín." Má téirdeann ruo paol do íúil
cuirtear ríor, áir an óóctúir, ar íean-íear no
ar íean-bean a bfuil an "airí" aca. Cuirtear
cupán uirge glain ar an mboir. Déiríre an duine
a bfuil an trúil tinn aige ar an bpoiríó uáctair, 7
tarbíngairt ré amaó de'n trúil é. Congbóóairt ré
gheim air, mar rin, so óuicpáir óóir ar an trúil
aóur so óuicpáir ré ran gupán. Déir an bean aó
ráó na paíre ar íeáó na h-aimpíre rin, aóur ma tá

* "Veirgíreóacé," óubairt ré.

¹ *Literally.* O sweet Virgin Mother of God, my hundred and thousand loves art thou, mayest thou be my doctor of healing, my doctor of healing sick and sound art thou.

Mayest thou be my woman-instructor at the time of my death, mayest thou be my disreputable woman overseeing the graces. And Amen.

upon this bed," as I got it from another man, but I do not remember now from whom I wrote it:—

I STRETCH.

I stretch upon this bed
 As Christ stretched upon the Cross,
 Without a crime, a tribute, a sin,
 The habit of the Glorious Virgin,
 May it be on me for a cloak.
 O thou sweet Virgin, Mother of God,
 To thee my thousand loves are bound,
 My Master-of-healing in every road,
 Who healest whether sick or sound.¹
 My mistress of instruction thou,
 And when the death shall cloud my face,
 To thee, discreet one, let me bow,
 O sweet administratrix of grace. And Amen.

Here is an *ortha*,² or *airid* or charm, which I heard from my friend Dr. Conor Maguire, who called it the charm of the little drop, *i.e.*, festering pimple.³ If anything goes into the eye, word is sent, says Dr. Maguire, for an old man or old woman who has this charm. A cup of clear water is placed upon the table. The person who has a sore eye will lay hold of the upper eyelid and draw it out from the eye. He will keep a hold of it in this way until a drop comes out of the eye and falls into the cup. The woman will be saying the prayer all this time, and if there is any dirt in the eye, or if a hurt has struck it, or if there is anything under it, it will fall, with the drop, down into the cup and be there visible.

² I take these to be the same word. In many parts of Connacht *o* becomes *a*, as *po^la^m* or *pa^la^m*, *cloⁱgeann* or *claⁱgeann*, etc. This would make *o^rta* into *a^rta*, which if declined like *Ca^ra* by analogy would give *a^rta^o* and *a^rtaⁱo* in the oblique cases, whence the corrupt *aⁱi^o* (really *a^rtaⁱo*) used as a nominative.

³ This is the small swelling or festering caused by pricks of such things as this spell is intended against, the fin of a fish, a splinter of wood, a thorn, a beard of barley, or a speck of dirt in the eye.

don tralačar ran trúil no má buail gortužad¹ i no
má tá don ploc fúiti, tuíteir pé leir an deór anuair
ran gcupán 7 beir pé le peiceál.

áirio an bhráoinín.

Ora do eus muirne o'á mac,
ar fúil bhráoin,
ar fúil i gcrann,
ar deilg, ar dalg, ar leó,
san rál san fionn san ceó.

As ro mar eualar é óm' éarair Philip O ualoráin
o Oróm Bán.

cóir eile.

Ora do euir muirne o'á mac
ar fúil bhráoin i líon,
ar móó, ar deilg, ar colg,
ar flireóig i gcrann,
ar flaireóig i scoill,
san rmál san fionn san ceó
i n-dinn an éar an mhic asur an spiorair naoinn.

Amén.

As ro ora do eualar ó'n bpeir ceurona, ora atá
le corg do eir ar fúil.

ora cosgta pola.

tarair^{*} a éair le do éadair,
tarair a mhic asur fóir,
tarair a bhrúir a bán-naoinn
asur an dá abrool véas,
asur euir corg [ar] an fúil
atá teact go tréan.

^{*} = tar

¹ Old Ned Gibbons explained these curious words; rál, he said, is a dust particle or mote; fionn is the white speck sometimes seen on the corner of the eye; ceó is the cloudy fog which appears to come

THE LITTLE DROP CHARM.

A charm which Mary gave her Son
 Against the eye of a salmon,
 Against a chip in a tree,
 Against a thorn, against a beard of grain,
 against a * * * * (?)
 Without a speck-of-dirt, without a white-spot,
 without a cloud-on the eye.¹

Here is how I heard the same from my friend, Philip
 Waldron, of Drom Bán.

ANOTHER VERSION.

A charm which Mary sent her Son
 Against the eye of a salmon in a net,
 Against * * * * (?) against a thorn,
 Against a beard-of-grain.²
 Against a chiplet in a tree,
 Against a rodlet in a wood,
 Without spot, without white-speck, without
 cloud-mist.
 In the name of the Father, the Son, and the
 Holy Ghost. Amen.

Here is a charm I heard from the same, a charm to stop blood.

CHARM FOR STOPPING BLOOD.

Come, O Father, with Thy help.
 Come, O Son, and relieve,
 Come, O Brigid, female saint,
 And the twelve apostles,
 And put a stop to the blood
 That is coming powerfully.

over the sight of a person with an inflamed eye, I do not know what *leó* is, O. R. gives it as "limb," "strength," etc.

² *Cotg* or *catg* also usually means the "shoves" or coarse outside husks of flax. cf. the well-known story of *bean mín as fear gairb*, *mac Dé na tuíoe ran gcatg*. It may mean "shoves," not beards of barley, here.

Δὲ πο οἷα εἰλε το φυλ το ὄρῳ, ἐυαλαρ ὁμ' ἐαπαῖο
 ἀν Ὑατορᾶνᾶ 1.

κόρῃ εἰλε.

“Δῖνῆα” * ἀνν ἀν φῖν
 Ὁ ρῳῖτ ἐρῳδε ἀν ἐυμ ῥῖλ,
 Δῶρ νῖοι ἐάινῳ ἀματ' οὐ †
 Δετ φυλ ρῖοι 'ρ ρῖοι-υῖρῳ.

1 ἡ-ἀνν ἀν Δετῇ ἀν ῖνῖς Δῶρ ἀν Σρῖορᾶο ἡαοῖν
 Κοῖρῳ ἀν φυλ ἀτά τῖῆαν.

Δὲ πο οἷα εἰλε το ἐυαλαρ ὁ'ν Ὑατορᾶνᾶ 1 ἡ-ἀγᾶο
 τῖννῖρ ἡα ὕρῖααλ. Ὁ τῦρ μέ, ἐεαῖα, τῖῖ ἡο ἐεατῇ
 ὁ'οῖτᾶνᾶῖο εἰλε, 1 ἡ-ἀγᾶο ἀν τῖννῖρ ρεῶ, ἀετ τᾶ ἀν
 οἷα ρρῖρῖαλτα το το ρᾶῶ ἀρ ὕρῖετῖντ ἡα ῤεαλαῖρ
 ἡυᾶοδε ὀυῖτ ἀρ ὀτῦρ.

οἷα εἰλε 1 ἡ-ἀγᾶο τῖννῖς ἡα ὕρῖααλ.

Σεαετ ὕρῖορῖεατᾶ, Δδῖ μῖρῖε, 'ῤῥ ρῖῖ,
 Ὁ ἡαοῖν-ὕαῖνρῖοῖαῖν ἡα ῤεαλαῖρ 'ρᾶν ρῖῖρῖ.

Δὲ πο ρᾶοῖρ ἡο οἷα το ρᾶῶ Δῤ ὀυῖνε, ἡυᾶῖρ ὕῖοῖν
 ρῖ Δῤ ὕρῖαῖν ὀῶ. 1ρ κοῖνῖῖλ ῤῥ ἀν-ἀοῖτα ρῖῖ-
 ρτᾶῖντ ἡα ρᾶοῖρ ρεῶ, ὁ ῤλαοῦδᾶνν ρῖ ἀρ ἀν ἡῤεαλαῖρ
 Δῶρ ἀρ ἀν ἡῤῖῖῖν. ἡῖ τῖῖῖῖν καὶ 1ρ κῖαῖῖ ὀῶ'ν
 “ῤεαρ ρῖοῖ” Δῶρ ὀῶ'ν “ῤεαρ ρῖαρ.”

ρᾶοῖρ το ρᾶῶ Δῤ ὕρῖαῖν ὀῶ.

ῤο μβεαννῖῖῖο μῖρῖε ἀ'ρ ῤο μβεαννῖῖῖο ὀῖα τῖ,
 ῤο μβεαννῖῖῖο ἀν ῤεαλατ' 'ρ ῤο μβεαννῖῖῖο ἀν ῤῖῖᾶν τῖ,
 ῤο μβεαννῖῖῖο ἀν ῤεαρ ρῖοῖ, 'ρ ῤο μβεαννῖῖῖο ἀν ῤεαρ
 ρῖαρ τῖ,

'S ῤο μβεαννῖῖῖο ρῖῖν ἀρ ὀρῖεατ' ρῖοῖ (?) τῖ. Δῖῖῖ.

* Δὲ πο τῖῖᾶῖῖεατ' ἀρ ἀν ἀνν ἐεαῖτ “Λοῖῖῖῖῖ” μαρ ἀτά ρῖ
 ρᾶν “Λεαδᾶρ ὕρῖεατ.”

† “ἡῖοῖ ἐάῖνῳ ἀρ ἀ ἐαοῖδ' ὀεαρ ἀματ'” ὀῦδᾶῖτ ρῖρῖεαν.

¹ This is a corruption for Longinus. The story is told in the
 Leabhar Breac, at p. 181, col. 2., l. 46. Nothing, if I remember

Here is another charm to staunch blood, which I heard from my friend Philip Waldron:—

ANOTHER VERSION,

Alíneas¹ his name was who did smite
The heart in His breast so bright,
And out there poured, in a flood,
Water and wine and clear blood :
In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,
Stop the blood that is coming powerfully.

Here is another charm that I heard from Philip Waldron against toothache. I have already given three or four other charms against this complaint, but this particular charm is to be said on one's first seeing the New Moon.

ANOTHER CHARM AGAINST TOOTHACHE.

Seven Paters, an Ave, a creed and a prayer,
To the holy bright Queen of the Moon in the air.

Here is a prayer or charm to be said by a person when he is milking a cow. It is probable that the substance, at least, of this prayer is very ancient, since it calls upon the Moon and upon the Sun. I do not know who the Man in the East and the Man in the West are.

THE PRAYER ON MILKING A COW.

The blessing of Mary, and the blessing of God,
The blessing of the Sun, and the Moon in her road,
Of the Man in the East, and the Man in the West,
And my blessing be with thee, and be thou blest.²

rightly, is there said of Longinus having been blind, but afterwards the persecutor of Longinus was struck with blindness. Longinus lived for many years afterwards.

² *Literally*: May Mary bless and may God bless thee | May the Moon bless thee, and may the Sun bless | May the Man East bless, and may the Man West bless thee | And sure I bless thee myself to the end truly.

Δε πο πάλυ δεαδε το πωαιρ μέ ο'ν υαλοπανάδε, αιρ
α ουεε γε "βριονελοιο πόιλ," λε πάλυ αιρ πωύρεαδε
ουιτ αιρ το εοτολαδ, ταρ ειρ βριονελοιοε νο αιρlinge.

βριονελοιο πόιλ.

αιρlinge * το δι δε πάλυ

δευρ ε δε ουε γε Ρόιη in α με.

Ο'αιεμρ ε† το εριετ.

Ουδαμρ εριετ γε μβυδ ηαιε.

βρειτεαμναρ ημυρε δευρ α με αιρ m' αιρlinge.

Δε πο παιτορ λε πάλυ δε μναοι νυαιρ βιονη ρί δε
υεαναμ αραιν νο δε βρυιτ εαεα. πωαιρεαρ ο'ν βρεαρ
εεαυνα ε.

πατορ λε πάλυ δε υεαναμ αραιν.

Ραε δε δευρ βαιλ πάλυαιε αιρ α βρειερεαρ μέ δευρ αιρ α
ηελαεαρ μέ. αν παε το ευιρ οια αιρ na ευε αραιν δευρ αιρ αν
οά ιαρε γε γεμυρδ σε αιρ αν δεαε πο ε.

Δε πο line λε πάλυ δευρ λεανδ δε κυρ εαλαιε αμαε
ταρ εειρ.

πατορ na ceise.

εειρ ημυρε φαοι το εειερε κοραιδ.

Δε πο ορεα το πωαιρ μέ ο'μ εαραιο Οοετύρ Mac
Coirteala ó Tuaim, αναεαιδ na η-αεμα. Σεριοβ α
φεαν-αεαιρ μόρ ρειν, ο παραιρτε Ούνμοιρ [1753-1838],
ριερ i. Οα φεαρ δε na εαομάναιε ε. ηι'λ αον βαинт
αεα πο leiρ na εαομάναιε i γευεγε λαίεαν, αεε τα
ριαο γεαολαε δε ελαинн εεαλαιε. Οi α lán δε φεαν-
ρεηιβиннδ αιε. Ο'ιαρρ παεαρτ ειεин αιρ ιαο. Οi

* "αιρlinge" ουδαμρ γε.

† Recte, "i."

Here is a little saying which I got from Philip Waldron which he called Paul's Dream.

PAUL'S DREAM.

A vision that Paul had,
And he going to Rome in a run,
He told it to Christ,-
Christ said that it was well :
The Judgment of Mary and her Son on my vision.

Here is a prayer for a woman to say when she is making bread or baking a cake. I got it from the same.

A PRAYER ON MAKING BREAD.

The luck of God and the prosperity of Patrick on all that I shall see, and on all that I shall take. The luck that God put upon the five loaves and upon the two fishes, may He put it upon this food.

Here is a line to be said when a child is driving cattle over a kesh.¹

THE KESH PRAYER.

Mary's kesh be beneath thy four feet.

Here is a charm that I got from my friend Dr. Costello of Tuam, against farcy. His own great-grandfather, who was from the parish of Dunmore [b. 1753, d. 1838] wrote it down. He was a man of the Caomhánaigh, *i.e.*, Cavanaghs, or, as they are called in Connacht, Kevenys. These are in no way belonging to the Cavanaghs of Leinster, but are a branch of the O'Kellys. He had a great number of old MSS. A priest asked him for the loan of them. The man who brought them to the priest had a full back-load

¹ A bridge over a bog drain, or dyke, or stream.

lân a ðroma viðð ær an þreær vo tuz cum an
τραγαίρε ιαυ. Þ'είγιν τό δά ρύζαν vo έεανγαι
οηρα. Cά þρυσ ριαυ ανοιρ? Οcόν!

ORCÁ ANAGAIÐ NÁ H-ACMA.*

marðaim arpurðean (?) acma úr,
marðaim cnuim† an þéir,
marðaim an þéirte úr,
Cuirum orca-níthe níthneac
ær an zconac marðeac.
Orca vo cuir þeavari azur pól
mardar na cnuim i þreóil
mardar cnuim i noéio azur i n-éavaið. ‡

Þaai n-aipean ve'n þrearbán ririonn, azur a ðaint oirðe
ðóinnaið, a þrúðað§ ær éloið móir, naðær || coruizæðð ærián,
azur nað zconóðær, má féioir a ráðail, azur trian palain vo
cumarð triu an luid þrúizte ¶ [azur] a éeangaiete i zcluaið an
ðeitiðiz oirðe ðóinnaið azur ceann-ðeipeannac ve'n ðiarðaoion.

Þeir nota i mðearla zur le h-azaið an Cmurcairðe
an éeav cuir 7 le h-azaið an ðeitiðiz an ðara cuir
ve'n orca ro.

* no "Eacma," b'eiour, ó eac=capall.

† "Cnuð" vo rziroð ré.

‡ "neavuro" rziroð ré.

§ "aðruð" rziroð ré, b'eiour zur be "a þruite" é.

|| Sean-foium=nár. Ir airteac é a ráðail ann ro.

¶ "þruiz" rziroð ré, b'eiour, "þruite."

¹ Perhaps "boil."

² Perhaps "boiled." The word as written may stand for either.

³ The note runs thus:—

"The upper direction for a Christian, the last for the horse Beast, but the Oration" (note this highly interesting translation of orca) "is to be used as directed for each. A Pater, Ave and Creed, and to repeat the Oration three times over the sick person, and also over a bit of butter to rub the sores therewith." The translation of orca by "Oration" is highly instructive, and would appear to show that the philological derivation of the word from the latin "oratio" was assumed. I have occasionally come across other charms in a farrago

of them. He had to squeeze them together with two straw ropes. Where are they now? Alas!

CHARM AGAINST FARCY.

I slay (?) fresh Farcy.
 I slay the maggot of the grass,
 I slay the fresh worm,
 I put a poisonous poison-charm
 On the poisonous *conach* [murrain?]
 A charm which Peter and Paul sent,
 Which kills the maggots in flesh,
 Which kills the maggots in teeth and in clothing.

* * * * *

Nine members of the male Ferbaun [*i.e.*, the herb crowfoot], and to cut it on a Sunday night, and to bruise¹ it on a great stone which was never stirred, and that never shall be stirred, if it be possible to get it, and to mix a third part of salt through the bruised² herb, and to bind it in the beast's ear on a Sunday night, and on the latter end of a Thursday.

A note in English says that the first part of the charm is for the Christian, and the second part for the animal.³

of Latin and something else wholly unintelligible. Here is one jotted down by a man called Hessian, in County Galway, about 60 or 70 years ago. I got his old book full of charms ("owree" he calls them) poems, receipts and curiosities of all kinds in phonetic Irish and in English, from my friend Mr. Glynn of Tuam. He had a great many charms, but the Irish being phonetically written, and the ink bad, I could make but little of them. He undoubtedly wrote them down as he heard them, or perhaps used them himself. His semi-Latin one runs:—"Snaruls rebus Tabedius lapedim snarulp Jesus reinet Adiclum qui dolias marmoriam Petre surge Petre oit secundam marbram amem, et futuras, Amen." This seems to be the corrupted Latin of that toothache charm given above *i.e.*, Peter sitting on a flag suffering toothache, and Christ bidding him rise. It is not called a toothache charm by Hessian, but a charm for worms, however, the common belief was that toothache was caused by a worm in the tooth, and this was the belief in the Highlands of Scotland also, as the following toothache charm shows:—"A chnoidh a rinn domh dèistinn | Air deudach mo chinn | Ifrinn teann da m'-dheud | deud Ifrinn da mo theinn," which Alexander Car-

Δὲ πο οἷτα εἰλε ἰ ν-ἀγαῖο νὰ ἡ-ἀῆμα το ῥῥῖοῖ
 ἀν ῥεαρ ῥέατονα.

οἷτα νὰ ἡ-ἀῆμα [ῥοῖ εἰλε]

οἷτα ῥάιῃ ῥέιῃ *
 οἷτα ὀλῃῃῃῃ† ῥῖοῖ
 οἷτα ῥεατοῖν ἀγῖ ῥοῖ,
 οἷτα ῥῥῖαρ ῥῥ ῥεατοῖν ἀρ ῥοῖ,
 οἷτα ῥῖοῖ ἀρ ῥεαῖν,
 οἷτα ῥῥῥῥ ῥῥῃῃ ἀγῖ ἀῆμα.

Ῥεῖν νότα ἰ μῖῥῥῥῥ ῥῖν ῥεαρ ῥῥῖοῖ, ἀῖ ῥ ῥῖ
 το ῥῥῃ ῥοῖῃ ἀγῖ 'νὰ ὀῖοῖ.

Δὲ πο οἷτα εἰλε το ῥῥῖοῖ ἀν ῥεαρ ῥέατονα.

οἷτα ῥῖνῖν ἀν ὀῖοῖ.†

ῥο ὀῖῥῥῥῥ ῥεατοῖν, ῥο ὀῖῥῥῥῥ ῥοῖ,
 ῥο ὀῖῥῥῥῥ ῥῖῥῥῥ, ῥο ὀῖῥῥῥῥ ῥοῖν,
 ῥο ὀῖῥῥῥῥ ῥοῖῥῥῥ, ῥο ὀῖῥῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥῥῥ (?)
 ἀν ὀῖῥῥ-ῥῖαν ῥο ἀρ ῥο ὀῖῥῥῥ.

Ῥεῖν νότα ἰ μῖῥῥῥῥ ῥῖν ῥεαρ το'ν ὀῖῃ ῥῖν
 ἀν οἷτα ῥο το ῥῖν ἰ ῥῥῖν ὀεῖν ὀεῖνῥῥ ῥῖῥῥῥῥῥῥ ἀγῖ
 ῥ ὀῖῥῥῥ ῥεῖν.

michael translates, "The worm that tortured me | In the teeth of my head | Hell, hard by my teeth ! The teeth of hell distressing me." See *Carmina Gadelica*, Vol. II., p. 10. A curious charm in English which Hessian wrote down is as follows:—

+ + *In nomine Patris et filii (sic) et sanctus spiritus (sic). I*
 + + *order and command you in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, who*
 + + *sent Paul to preach to his disciples at Jerusalem, to catch all*
 + + *the charms, malady's, witchcraft, Blinking, or any other injury done*
 + + *to James Pasmore's cow, and that the malady may return to themselves*
 + + *again. Amen.* Some of Hessian's recipes for curing diseases
 + + in cattle are a curious mixture of medicine and superstition,
 and written in a strange mixture of English and Irish. Here is one
 of them as he wrote it:—"The blood water cure: cram two frogs

Here is another charm against farcy which the same man wrote :—

ANOTHER CHARM AGAINST FARCY.

A mild soft charm,
A charm which Christ prepared,
A charm of Peter and Paul.
A charm which separates every pain
from the flesh,
A charm of Christ in heaven,
A charm which kills worms and farcy.

A note in English adds that it were right to say a Pater, Ave, and Creed before and after this.

Here is another charm which the same man wrote :—

CHARM AGAINST BACK ACHE.

May Peter take it, and take it Paul,
May Michael take it, and take it John,
May Moleesha take it, may Mweelin[?] take,
This pain from my back, this savage ache.¹

A note written in English bids the patient to put this charm into the right hind leg of a hare, and carry it about with him.²

alive down the cow's throat with two limbs cut off it, with about 6 quarts of water before and 3 after, and if it does not cure her give her another dose of the herb called youth or Bla na hoga with a lb of butter. Tart Ballaghane generally follows blood water."

* "ḡairḡ ḡiēm," ḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡé.

† "ḡollao" ḡo ḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡé.

‡ "Oḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡ," ḡo ḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ.

¹ Literally. May Peter take it, may Paul take it, may Michael take it, may John take it, may Molaoise take it, may Maoillinn [?] take it, this savage pain out of my back.

² "The above Oration is to be put in the hinder right leg of a hare, and the person so grieved to carry the same always about him."

AS ro oir̃a do r̃griob̃ an r̃ear c̃eada na i n-aḡaib̃
tinnir na b̃riacal.

OR̃A na b̃riacal (c̃óip eile).

Oir̃a t̃uir Colum-cille re r̃iacail uí f̃loinn,
ar̃ enuim̃ an ṽeiṽin aḡur ar̃ t̃innear cinn.
ar̃ r̃earraib̃ r̃áor̃aib̃ ar̃ n-aḡo earbal ḡrinn
ḡo noib̃r̃ib̃ an enuim̃ eḡuair̃ eḡar̃a o leac mo cinn.

DO r̃griob̃ ré mar̃ an ḡc̃eada an oir̃a c̃oit̃c̃ionn
do t̃uḡ mé c̃eana, mar̃ ro, ní aḡr̃uigim̃ an l̃ir̃uḡaḡ
ná don ruo eile ann. “Do f̃uir̃ r̃eadair̃ air̃ leic aḡb̃ra,
t̃anic C̃riort or̃ a c̃ion. ḡoo é rin or̃ i r̃eadair̃?
O t̃iaḡarna r̃i m̃riacail t̃á tin. Eir̃ḡir̃, a r̃air̃ir̃, aḡur
bí r̃lan aḡur ḡaḡ neaḡ cui[r̃]r̃ior oir̃a an ṽeao
ḡill[?] a meabair̃;” aḡur ṽeir̃ ṽoḡt̃uir̃ Mac Coir̃teala
liom ḡur cuiḡeaḡ ṽeap̃la ar̃ an oir̃a ro, aḡur ḡo r̃aib̃
r̃i i n-úr̃aib̃ i m̃ṽeap̃la c̃uig̃ bliaḡna ṽeas̃ ó r̃oin. Ir̃ é
an t̃-aon oir̃a am̃ain a ḡcualar̃ ṽá t̃aoib̃ ḡur cuiḡeaḡ
ṽeap̃la air̃. Ṽeir̃ an Coir̃tealaḡ liom náḡ amear̃ḡ
na nḡaeḡeal am̃ain do bí an oir̃a ro, aḡḡ ḡur
cleaḡḡaḡ i m̃ṽeap̃la i ḡc̃uig̃e ulaḡ mar̃ an ḡc̃eada,
mar̃ do c̃ualair̃ ré ó c̃ar̃air̃ do bí 'na ṽoḡt̃uir̃ in
ran ḡc̃uig̃e rin. Ir̃ ṽoig̃ ḡo r̃aib̃ an oir̃a ro c̃om̃-
c̃oit̃c̃ionn do na ḡaeḡealaib̃ aḡur do na n-Aḡlo-
ḡacr̃anaib̃, aḡur ṽ'eir̃ir̃ do c̃inead̃ib̃ eile, aḡḡ ní
r̃eir̃ir̃ liom a r̃aḡ c̃a'ir̃b̃ ar̃ t̃ainis r̃i ar̃ ṽt̃ur̃.

AS ro r̃air̃ir̃in binn do c̃ualair̃ mé óm' c̃ar̃air̃
P̃ilip ula ulaḡr̃ain ó ṽrom ṽán i ḡConḡae m̃uig̃ eó,
t̃r̃i m̃ile ó ṽeal-at-t̃am̃nair̃.

¹ A charm which Columcille sent to O'Flynn's tooth; against the worm of the toothlet, and against pain of head; by the miracles of

Here is a charm which the same man wrote against tooth ache.

ANOTHER TOOTH ACHE CHARM.

To the tooth of O'Flynn, Columcille sent a charm,
To the worm in the tooth, to the headache and harm,
By Patrick, our holy Apostle's right arm,
To banish the jaw-worm, and the pain to disarm.¹

He wrote down also that very common charm which I have given before. I give it again here to show the orthography and the way he wrote it. "Peter sat on a flag of ice,"² Christ came above him. What is that on you, Peter? O Lord, my tooth that is sick. Rise up, Peter, and be sound, and every one who shall commit to heart the charm of the white tooth," and Dr. Costello tells me that this charm was translated into English, and was in use in English fifteen years ago. It is the only charm of which I have heard that it was translated into English. Dr. Costello tells me that it was not amongst the Gaels alone that this charm was used, but that it was used in English in the North of Ulster also, as he heard from a friend who was a doctor in that province. It is probable that this charm was common to the Gaels and the Anglo-Saxons, and, perhaps, to other nations, but I cannot say whence it first came.

Here is a melodious little *paidir* from the county Mayo. I heard it from my friend Philip Waldron, of Drombaun, in the county Mayo, three miles from Ballyhaunis.

Patrick, our clear-seeing high apostle; may he banish the hard twisted worm from the flag [jaw] of my head."

²Perhaps "grey flag" οὐραν not οὐρε.

ΔΙΑ ΤΟ ΘΕΑΤΑ, Δ ΕΥΗΡ ΕΧΡΙΟΤΑ.

ΔΙΑ ΤΟ ΘΕΑΤΑ, Δ ΕΥΗΡ ΕΧΡΙΟΤΑ,
ΔΙΑ ΤΟ ΘΕΑΤΑ, Δ ΡΙΞ ΝΑ ΘΡΕΑΡΕ,
ΔΙΑ ΤΟ ΘΕΑΤΑ, Δ ΕΥΧΡΙΟΝΟΙΟ ΝΑΟΜΕΤΑ
ΔΙΑ ΤΟ ΘΕΑΤΑ, Δ ΕΑΡΕ* ΝΑ ΞΕΑΡΕ.

ΔΙΑ ΤΟ ΘΕΑΤΑ, Δ ΡΙΞ ΝΑ ΝΞΗΡ
ΔΙΑ ΤΟ ΘΕΑΤΑ, Δ ΦΥΛ 'Ρ Δ ΦΕΟΙΛ †
Δ ΕΥΧΡΙΟΝΟΙΟ ΝΑΟΜΕΤΑ ΞΑΝ ΘΕΙΜΕΑΘ ΞΑΝ ΤΥΡ
ΝΑ ΒΙ Ι ΘΡΕΙΡΞ ‡ ΛΙΟΜ ΝΙΟΡ ΜΟ.

[ΝΑ ΒΙ Ι ΘΡΕΙΡΞ ΛΙΟΜ ΝΙΟΡ ΜΟ]
ΒΑΙΤ Μ' ΑΝΑΜ Ι ΘΡΥΛ ΤΟ ΞΗΡ,
Δ ΔΙΑ-ΘΥΙΝΕ ΕΕΑΘ ΡΑΙΛΤΕ ΡΟΜΑΘ,
ΑΝΟΙΡ ΔΞΥΡ ΔΗ ΥΑΙΡ ΔΗ ΜΒΑΙΡ.

ΔΞ ΡΟ ΕΑΝΝ ΞΕΑΡΗ ΕΙΛΕ ΕΟΡΗΥΛ ΛΕΙΡ ΡΙΝ.

ΔΙΑ ΤΟ ΘΕΑΤΑ.

ΔΙΑ ΤΟ ΘΕΑΤΑ
Δ ΜΗΥΙΡΕ ΝΑ ΝΞΑΡΕΤΑ,
ΔΞΥΡ ΔΙΑ ΤΟ ΘΕΑΤΑ
Δ ΘΑΙΝΗΙΟΞΑΙΝ ΞΗΔΟΜΑΡ,
ΙΡ ΕΑΝΝΗΥΙΞΤΕ ΤΥ
ΕΑΡ ΝΑ ΜΗΔΙΘ, Δ'Ρ
ΙΡ ΕΑΝΝΗΥΙΞΤΕ ΙΟΡΑ
ΤΟ ΝΑΟΜ-ΡΑΙΡΤΕ.

* "Recte.—' Δ ΕΑΡΕ."

† ΕΥΗΡ ΡΕ ΑΝ ΛΙΝΕ ΡΕΟ ΡΟΙΗ ΑΝ ΞΕΑΝΝ ΕΙΛΕ ΔΕΤ Τ'ΑΤΡΗΥΙΞ ΜΙΡΕ
ΙΔΘ.

‡ "Ι ΘΡΕΑΡΞ," ΟΥΘΑΙΡΤ ΡΕΙΡΕΑΝ. Τ'ΑΤΡΗΥΙΞ ΜΙΡΕ Ε.

¹ Literally. All hail, O Body of Christ; all hail, O King of the
miracles; all hail, O Holy Trinity; all hail, O Right of Rights.
All hail, O King of the graces; all hail, O blood and flesh; O Holy

ALL HAIL!

All hail to Thee, O Body of Christ,
 All hail, O King of Heaven's lights,
 All hail, O Holy Trinity,
 All hail to Thee thou Right of Rights.¹

All hail to Thee, O flesh and blood,
 All hail to Thee, O king of good,
 No more be angry with my soul,
 But wash it in Thy precious blood.

No more be angry with my soul,
 But cleanse it by Thy gracious might,
 A hundred welcomes, God and man,
 Both now and when the Death shall smite.

Here is another short one like it:—

ALL HAIL TO THEE, MARY.

All hail to thee, Mary,
 With grace from above.
 And all hail to thee, Queen,
 Who comest in love,
 And blessed thou art
 Amongst women, and blest
 Is thy holy child, Jesus,
 Who lay on thy breast.²

Trinity without end and without beginning, do not be in anger with me any more.

Do not be in anger with me any more; drown my soul in the Blood of Thy graces; O God-man, a hundred welcomes to Thee now and at the hour of our death.

² *Literally.* God thy life, O Mary of the graces, and God thy life, O loving Queen. Blessed art thou amongst the women, and blessed is Jesus, the holy child.

Δς πο ceann an-ḡearr ó'n bḡearr céadna.

Δ naom̃ mhúire.

Δ naom̃ mhúire Δ mátair D́e

Suir̃ oirriainn ar fead̃ an laé

Δsur ar uair̃ ár mbáir. Amén!

Δς πο pair̃oir̃ dluiñn do fuaire mé óm' éapair̃
páir̃aig̃ O Dómnaĩll ó Dáile uí fíadócáin. Tug̃
reirean "paoir̃oir̃in na leapt̃an," air̃, aét ní'l pé
cormúil leir̃ na paoir̃oir̃oinib̃ eile de'n tḡóir̃t riñ do
tug̃ mé go doí reo. Cuir̃ mé ríor̃ fanñ éana atá
cormúil leir̃ an ḡcuro deir̃iú D́e.

Δ aingil uasail.

Δ aingil uasail

ḡluair̃ liom̃ mar̃ ḡár̃oa,

[Cum] an m̃iḡ tós ruar̃ mé

An uair̃ riñ go láir̃oir̃.*

Conḡbair̃ uaim̃ an rluag̃

[na] veam̃ain atá ar̃ mo táob̃,

Tadbair̃ uata mé iñ do cuir̃veaét† féin

Go párr̃iétar̃ na naom̃.

Δ Ríḡ na ḡcḡeáét‡

Do céapaú ar̃ dár̃iñ an érainn

Taob̃ do éléir̃e

Suir̃ méab̃aóḡ le láim̃ an daill,

Fuil̃ do táob̃

Suir̃ téaét ar̃ láir̃ mar̃ linn

Δsur ar̃ do rḡáét

Tadbair̃ féin go párr̃iétar̃ rinn,||

* "Go lá mo éir̃e" vubair̃t ré, m̃uo naé ṽcuigim.

† "Cumlóuar̃" vubair̃t reirean.

‡ "na céaéta" vubair̃t reirean, aét ir̃ vóig̃ naé ceap̃t riñ.

§ "Suir̃ méab̃ ré" vubair̃t reirean.

|| "mé" vubair̃t reirean.

¹ Literally. O holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us throughout the day and at the hour of our death.

Here is another very short one from the same man :—

O MARY, MOTHER.

O Mary, Mother of God, I pray,
Pray thou for me throughout the day,
And at the hour of our death. Amen.¹

Here is a pretty prayer which I got from my friend, Patrick O'Donnell, of Baile Ui Fhiadhcháin, or Newport, in the County of Mayo. He called it a "Bed Confession," but it is not like the other "Confessions" of the same sort that I gave before. I have already printed a stanza that nearly resembled the latter half of this piece :—

O ANGEL HIGH-BORN.

O Angel high-born
Come me forlorn to guard,
To the King who once bought me
And sought me through perils hard.
Hold from me the demons -
Whose schemings my way have barred,
And in thy safe-keeping
Bring me to God's home bright starred.²

O King of the Wounds
Who wast crucified on the tree,
Thy breast and Thy side
The Blind One so pierced on Thee,
That the blood from Thy side
Was a curdling tide to see.
— Oh, under Thy wing
To paradise bring thou me.³

² *Literally.* O noble-born angel, proceed with me as a guard to the king who lifted me up at that time with strength. Keep from me the host, the demons, that are at my side, take me from them in thy own company to Paradise of the Saints.

³ O King of the Wounds who was crucified on the top of the tree, the side of Thy breast sure it was rent by the hand of the Blind One. The blood of Thy side sure it congealed on the ground like a pool, and under Thy Shadow do thou Thyself take me to Paradise.

Δε πο γανν φιορ-δινν φιορ-δλινν το εualar ó'n
ualloránac ar Condae Muiḡ Eó.

τρι fillte.

Τρί fillte i néavac, 'r gan ann ac̃t don éavac amáin,
Τρί ailt i méar 'r gan ann ac̃t don méar amáin,
Τρί uilleadair i reamrós 'r gan ann ac̃t don treamrós amáin.
Sioc, rneac̃ta, leac-oir̃e, ní'l inr na trí nio rin ac̃t uirge,
mar rin tá trí pearra i nDia, a'r gan ann ac̃t don Dia amáin !

Δε πο πίορα το φυαι με ο ράοριας Ο Όόμναλλ
α ους ρε ορτα αν Sḡabail air.

ορτα αν Sḡabail.

Suir̃im-re rib-re * a luic̃t an Sḡabail
ná ḡlacar̃o failliḡe in bui ḡcár
ir tmuas rin pear gan capar̃o
asur é 'na luic̃e ar leabar̃o a báir.

Δ uine óona gan céill
ná véan bréas le Muiḡe,
ná h-it reóil céavac̃oin,
asur ná h-éasac̃oin tinnear. †

úmlaiḡ óo'n éléir
'S do na cúḡ féilteac̃ar̃o Muiḡe,
Véan o'raoir̃oin le mac Dé
asur béir̃o tú ar réar̃ta as na h-ainḡlib.

Crior Muiḡe far̃o mo érior
Crior na ḡceir̃e crior i
Crior ann ar ḡeineac̃o Crior̃t
Crior̃dar̃o do ḡeineac̃o ar. ‡

* "Muir̃e" uadair̃t ré.

† "Do'n tinnear" uadair̃t ré.

‡ Δε rin mar éualar̃o mé as uine eile é, ac̃t uadair̃t an
Óómnallac̃, "asur ḡeineac̃o Crior̃ta a éadair̃t ar air," muo
nac̃ utuigm.

Here is a truly-melodious well-formed rann from the County Mayo:—

THREE FOLDS IN MY GARMENT.

Three folds in my garment, yet only one garment I bear,
Three joints in a finger, yet only one finger is there,
Three leaves in a shamrock, yet only one shamrock I wear.
Frost, ice, and snow, these three are nothing but water,
Three Persons in God, yet only one God is there.¹

Here is a poem which I got from Patrick O'Donnell, which he called the "Ortha of the Scapular."

THE ORTHA OF THE SCAPULAR.

Ye people who prize the Scapular
Go haste, for the warning saith
"Alas, for the man who has found no friend,
When he falls at the end on the bed of death."

Lie not to Mary, foolish man,
Her graces scan with meekness,
And eat not meat on Wednesdays,
And lament not in your sickness.

Bow to the clergy,
And to the five festivals of Mary,
Make your confession to the Son of God,
And thou shalt be feasting with the angels.

The girdle of Mary beneath my girdle,
The girdle of the Four Crosses,
The girdle in which Christ was conceived,
The girdle out of which Christ was born (?).

¹ *Literally.* Three folds in a cloth, and without there being in it but one cloth alone. Three joints in a finger and without there being in it but one finger only. Three leaves in a shamrock and without there being in it but one shamrock only. Frost, snow, ice, there is nothing in these three things but water. Thus there are three persons in God and without there being in it but one God only.

Dí muipe ar an bfráitc' *
 Agus connaic sí bean i nGáoth,
 Forghail do'n mhnaoi a muipe.

Forghail féin uiti† a mhic
 i r tu forghailear gac gáoth
 leis an leand cum bairte
 Agus tabair an bean rlan.

ní'l aon neac firi no mná
 D'a véarfar é gac trát
 nac bfuil plaitear le fágail aise
 San maóarc ar i rmuonn go bfrát.

Aliter.

ní'l aon neac firi no mná
 a véarfar é rin gac aon trát
 nac breiciró ré an mhaighean beannuighe
 Trí uairpe moim a bár.

As ro rann beas eile ar an traozal breagac do
 eualar om' éaraid páorais O Dóinnail i gconuae
 muis eó.

sé pocram pocram.

Sé pocram pocram (P)
 an traozal breagais
 do beiri oirnamn
 San an aiteuige do véanam,‡
 i r uona an rgeal
 as fágáil in traozal reo,
 San ghráta dé
 ná an glóir do faothugáoth.

* As rin mar bí ré as an bfeair eile, acit uadairt an Dóinnailac
 "ar an maic" no "mbac."

† *Aliter*, mar eualar é om' éaraid Doctúir Concubair maguóir
 "feuc ar an mhnaoi atá i bfein | a mhic feuc féin i r fóir | tabair
 bean agus leand rlan.

‡ "Beiri uóinn do na aiteuige véanam" uadairt reiréan.
 mire u'áiruis é.

Mary was upon the lawn,
And she saw a woman in distress.
Relieve the woman, O Mary.

Relieve her Thyself, my Son,
Thou relievest every pain,
And bring the child to baptism,
And make the woman sound again.

Neither woman nor man, so I tell,
Who shall say this and say it well,
But shall have at the last a home in Heaven,
And never see a sight of hell.

Aliter.

Woman or man there is not one
Who shall say this prayer ere set of sun,
But shall see before them the Blessed Virgin,
Three times ere their race be run.

Here is another little rann on the "lying world" that I
got from my friend Patrick O'Donnell, of the Co. Mayo—

'TIS THE HACKING AND RACKING.

'Tis this hacking and racking
Of this world that is lying,
Which ruins our repentance
And which leaves us to sighing.
We must part from this world,
But how sad is the story
If our lives have not earned
Either pardon or glory.¹

¹ *Literally.* It is the pocnam pocnam [words I do not understand, but suppose to mean hurry or confusion] of the lying world that brings upon us not to make repentance. Poor is the story on leaving this world, not to earn the grace of God or the glory.

Δὲ πο γανν αἰρτεὰδ εἰλε υἱαὸ.

παῖοιρ ἱσιόλλ παῖοιρ ἀρῶ.

παῖοιρ ἱσιόλλ, παῖοιρ ἀρῶ,
 Δ' ἢ ἄ γέιόττεὰδ ρῖν οἶρε, ἄ ριξ ἢα ἡγιάρ.

Δὲ πο αἰτυζαὸ ἀλυνν ἰ νῶιαὶ ἢα Cumaoine, ὅο
 ρυαῖρεαρ ὁ' ἡ Ὀμόνναλλὰδ μαρ ἀν ἡεάτῶνα. ἱρ πολλυρὰδ
 ἡυρ ἀν-τρεαν ἀν ἡῖοτα ἑ ρεο, ἱρ ὀόιξ ἡυρ cumαὸ ἑ ἢα
 ceυῶτα ἄἡυρ ἢα ceυῶτα βλιαῶδαν ὁ ροῖν, γ ἱρ ἱονἡαν-
 ταδ ἑ ὅο βεῖτ ἰ mbéal ἢα νῶαοῖνε ρόρ. Τά cuῖο ὅε
 ἢαδ ὅρῡἱλ πο-ῑυἡρεανναδ.

αἰτυζαὸ ἰ νῶιαὶ ἢα comaoine.

ἡαδ mo ἑοῖμῖρε ἄ ῑυἡρ ἱορἄ,
 ἄ ἀβλαnn ναοῖῑα ἱρ [τά] mo ἡἡαοῖν,
 ἡαοῖ mo ἑἱ ὁ ἑῖτ ἢα ὅρεααὸ,
 ἡῖο ραν mbῖτ το ὅεααῖο ὅαοῖδ,
 ἄ ῑῖἡεαῖἡα τά ραοῖ mo ὅρῡἱnnῖδ
 ὅεανῡῖξ ἡῖρε ἄ ἡῖρῡαὸ μαρ ἡῖρῖρ,
 ἡἡαῖρ ἡ' anam ἡε ἡ' ἑἱ ἡαν cῖonἡῑα
 ἡῖ ἄρ ἢαδ ἡαῑam * ἱονἡῑα ἄρῖρ.

ταῑαῖρ ἄρ mo ὅἄν (?) ἄ ὀῡῖἱἡῖ†
 ἄ ὀἑ neῖἡe, ἄ ἡἡῡῖρ μαρ ἡῖρῖἡ,
 cuῖρ mo ἡἡeanἡἡa ἱ ὅταοῖδ τοῖἱe,
 ἄ ἡαοῖρ neaἡῖὅα ὁ ταοῖ‡ τῖἡἡan.
 ὅῖ τῖρὀcaῖρεαδ ὅam ἄ ὀῡῖἱἡῖ†
 ἄ ὀἑ neῖἡe ἄ ἡἡῡῖρ μαρ ἡῖρῖἡ,
 μαρ ὅῖοῖρ-ρε ὅο ἡαδ ἡῖο εἰἱe;
 ἡαοῖ ἀν ἑἱ-ρε ἄ ὅρῡἱἱρ ρῖἡn.

* ὅ'εῖοῖρ = "ἄρ ἡὀὅ ἢαδ ἡαῑam."

† "ὀῡῖἱἡῖ," ὅὡδαῖρε ρεῖρεαν.

‡ Τά ἀν ροῖἡἡ ρεὸ caῖἱἱῑe ἀνοῖρ ἄῑτ ἀμεαρἡ ἢα ἡῡῖἡἡeαδ
 = τά tu.

Here is another curious verse from him :—

A LOW PRAYER, A HIGH PRAYER,

A low prayer, a high prayer, I send through space,
Arrange them Thyself, O Thou King of Grace.¹

Here is a beautiful Thanksgiving after Communion which I also got from Mr. O'Donnell. It is evident that this is a very ancient piece. It was, I am sure, composed hundreds and hundreds of years ago, and it is wonderful that it should be in the mouths of the people still. Some of it is not very intelligible.

THANKSGIVING AFTER COMMUNION.

May His Body make me safer,
Holy Wafer, deep my sigh,
Cleanse me from the stains that stain me,
Nor disdain me when I die.
Lord who enterest my members
Like the embers Thou dost shine,
Take my soul from out my bosom,
Cleanse from stain and make it Thine.

Great Creator, Lord of Graces,
Thou whose face is as the sun,
Grand artificer of heaven,
Make my will and Thine be one.
O Creator, show me mercy,
Thou whose face is as the sun,
And the body where thou lodgest
Take to Thee when all is done.

¹ *Literally.* A low prayer, a high prayer, and the arrangement [or solution] of them upon Thyself, O King of the Graces.

Δν κομπ ρυαη ρο α θρυσλ αν τρμονόιο
 Ο τά νεαμ-ξλαν, α έύιλ έαρ.
 Ό'ρ τρμυαλλ έλαον ί [ρην] το μ'αναν,
 Όίβιη α ριξ μ'παλα αρ.
 Α ηήειλ α αινξιλ υαρηλ
 Δν τ-ιύλ ύίρεαέ υέαν υαμ,
 Τύ μο έρεψε 'ρ μο έοη ύίονα,
 ηίρε αρ ρον μο ξηόηα ζαθ.

Δξ ρο ηανν βεαξ βιnn ειλ ό'η θρεαρ έέα'ονα.

Α ριξ ηα ερυνne.

Α ριξ ηα ερυνne
 Το θεη λοιηηη ρην ηξμείη ζο μοέ,
 Όίλτε τρμα
 Δξυρ τομαθ ηα ύιαύ ζο ζρσο,
 Σξηίοβαιμ έυζαο μο έυλπα,
 Δξυρ ρευέαιμ οηε,
 Δξυρ ηά λειξ ευιτιμ,
 ηίορ ρυιυε υαμ ρείη ραν ολε.

Δξ ρο ύά ηανν το έυαλαρ ζο μινιε αρ έοραέ Δξυρ
 αρ ύειρεαθ ηα ηειτε λυαύ'εαη ιοηητα.

ΤΟΣΑΕ.

Τοραέ λοιηγε—είάρ,
 Τοραέ άιτε—είοέα,
 Τοραέ ρλεαύεα—ράλτε,
 Τοραέ ρλάητε—εουλαθ.

¹ Accept my protection O Body of Jesus, O holy wafer, Thou art my treasure. Free my breast from the shower of the sins, nothing whatever has ever escaped Thee. O Lord, who art beneath my bosom Bless me, O countenance like the ember. Part my soul from my breast without crimes, so that I may never walk in them again (?)

Give to my poem (?) O Creator, O God of heaven, O countenance like the sun, place my spirit [right] concerning will (?). O heavenly artificer since it is thou who art powerful, be merciful to me, O creator, O God of heaven, O countenance like the sun, as Thou hast

See! the Trinity is hidden
 In the flesh, we know not how,
 Foul the sheath the soul is sheathed in,
 Cleanse, Oh cleanse its foulness Thou.
 Michael, angel high of angels,
 Hear the prayer we make thee now,
 Be our strength and bush of shelter,
 When our hands forsake the plough.¹

Here is another little melodious rann from the same :—

O KING OF THE WORLD.

O King of the world,
 Who lightest the sun's bright ray,
 Who movest the rains that ripen
 The fruit on the spray.
 I look unto thee ; my transgressions
 Before Thee I lay,
 O keep me from falling deeper
 And deeper away.²

Here is a rann that I have often heard—about the
 beginning and the end of the things mentioned in it :—

THE FIRST OF A SHIP.

The first of a ship—wood-sheeting,
 The first of a kiln—stone-heaping,
 The first of a feast—good greeting,
 The first of good health—sound sleeping.

been to every other thing : save this breast [of mine] in which Thou art Thyself.

This cold body in which is the Trinity, since it is unclean, O thou curled cút, since it is a perverse sheath for my soul, do Thou, O King, banish my enmity out of it. O Michael, high-born angel, show me the direct course, thou art my power and my bush of shelter. Me for the sake of my deed accept.

¹ *Literally.* O King of the universe, who bringest brightness early into the sun [who bringest] heavy floods, and fruit after them quickly. I write unto Thee my "culpa," and I look unto Thee, and do not allow me myself to fall further into evil.

Deireadh lóinge—bátao,
 Deireadh áite—lorgaó,
 Deireadh pleadóta—cáineadh,
 Deireadh pláinte—orna.

An deireadh ! an deireadh ! níor dearmuid na
 saeóil rin. Respite finem, is é rin focal do bíos
 go minic ann a mbéal. Imteodair shac níos tairt.
 Imteodair raogal na ndaoine aet mairfir a
 sclú ar feadh tamailt 'na ndiaid, imteodair
 cuimne na ndaoine aet b'eoir go mairfir
 rgnibinn, imteodair rgnibinn, aet b'eoir go mairfir
 leabair.

is buaine.

is buaine blát [=clú] 'na raogal,
 is buaine 'na ndaoine meabair,
 is buaine 'na meabair rgnibinn
 is buaine na rgnibinn leabair.*

Aet imteodair an leabair fein, imteodair clú aghur
 cáil, aghur ní b'eoir fíor agh éinne go maðamair ariam
 ann.

imteodair an fionnóisin,

imteodair an fionnóisin dearmeta liat,
 imteodair an fúireós is áille† ar plaid,
 imteodair an reanóir 'ra cáil na diaid,
 imteodair a bfuil beo aghur a oáinís riad.

* níl mé cinnte an bfuil an riann ro i gceart agham. is fada
 ó cuaidar é.

† Recte "áilne."

¹ Literally. The beginning of a ship—a board. The beginning of
 a lime-kiln—stones. The beginning of a banquet—a welcome. The
 beginning of health—sleep. The end of a ship—drowning. The end
 of a kiln—burning. The end of a banquet—reviling. The end of
 health—a groan.

The end of a ship—deep drowning,
 The end of a kiln—red burning,
 The end of a feast—black frowning,
 The end of good health—white mourning.¹

The end! the end! The Gaels never forget it. *Respice finem*, "Look to the end." This is a word which used constantly to be in their mouths. Everything shall go by. Man's life shall go, but his fame may live after him for a time. Memory of him shall go, but, perchance a writing may survive. The writing may go, but perchance a book may live.

MORE LASTING.

More lasting is Fame than the life of men
 For tradition then may keep it young,
 But more lasting still is the poet's pen,
 And the book that speaks with undying tongue.²

But the book itself shall go, fame and name shall go, and at last, nobody shall know that we have ever been in it.

THE LITTLE GREY SCALDCROW.

The little grey scaldcrow of bald head
 And the lark whose bed is the heaven's height,
 Must go where the fame of a man must go,
 Where himself has gone—to the long, long night.³

¹ *Literally.* More lasting is fame than life, more lasting than people is remembrance, more lasting than remembrance is a writing, more lasting than a writing is a book. [I am not sure that I have this verse quite correctly here, but if not correct it is nearly so.]

² *Literally.* The little shaven gray scaldcrow shall go, the lark most beautiful upon a mountain shall go, the old man and his fame after him shall go, all who are alive and who ever came shall go. [I often heard this rann in Connacht.]

Imteódaíó ríad, imteódaíó ríad go léir, na daoine
 agus a gcú, na h-úghdaí, agus na leabhaí, cáil na
 n-daoine do táinig, glóir na n-daoine a tiucfar, ní'l
 ádt don ruo amáin, a veir an Connactac, a bédar buan
 ar an t-aoisal ro—ghárta Dé.

imteódaíó a tiucfar.

imteódaíó a tiucfar 'r a veáinig ríad
 ní imteódaíó na ghárta go bédar ó dia.

Rádam anoir buad agus beannaét ag mo luét-
 léigte, agus cuirim veiréad ann ro leir an reat-
 náid caibidil d'Ábránad Cúige Connact.

Críoch.

They shall go, they shall all go, men and their glory, the writers and the books, the fame of those who have gone, the renown of those who shall come, there is only one thing, says the Connachtman, that shall be lasting in this world—the grace of God.

WHO CAME HAVE GONE.

Who have come have gone, who shall come must go,
But the graces of God shall forever flow.¹

I leave now a blessing and a victory with my readers, and I here put an end to the seventh chapter of the Songs of Connacht.

¹ They shall go, all who shall come or who have ever come, but the graces shall never go from God. [A common Connacht rann.]

THE END.

NOTES.



- P. 20.—I since got a small portion of this prayer from Father Flanagan, of Sligo College, who heard it from a woman in Co. Roscommon.
- P. 30.—Compare with these Irish Bed-blessings the “Coisrig Cadail” or “Sleep-blessing” in Carmichael’s *Carmina Gadelica*, which shows that the Scotch Highlanders had a body of prayer of this sort, very like our own, the offspring probably of the very early Church among the Gael. Here is how he gives it :—

Luighim síos an nochd
Le Muire min ’s le mac,
Le Micheal finn-gheal
'S le Bride fo brat.

Luighim síos le Dia
Us luigheadh Dia lium,
Cha luigh mi síos le Briain
'S cha luigh Briain lium.

Carmichael translates Briain by Satan. I have never heard or seen this very curious expression elsewhere.

Literally. I lie down to-night | with mild Mary and her Son | with Michael the bright-white | and with Bride beneath her mantle. | I lie down with God | and may God lie with me | I shall not lie down with Briain (Satan ?) | and Briain shall not lie down with me. |

- P. 32.—The Scotch Gaels have this prayer also :—Laighim an leabaigh | mar a laighinn san uaigh | *i.e.*, “I lie in my bed | as I would lie in the grave,” etc. See *Carmina Gadelica*, Vol. I.,

p. 94. Carmichael also gives us part of the Innismaan prayer which I gave on p. 26, with scarcely the change of a word:—

Guidheam Peadail, guidheam Pol,
Guidhim Moir' Oigh, guidheam am mao,
Guidhim an da ostal deug
Mo ghleidheadh bho bheud 's bho lochd
Gun mi a dhol eug a-nochd.—Vol. I., p. 88.

"Ostal" is *ἀστρά* or *εἰσβάτ*. "Gléidh" is "keep," "bend" is "hurt."

P. 43.—*Edward's Testament* This appears to be the *Anima Christi* of Saint Ignatius.

P. 47, ll. 18-19.—Mary and Bride are associated in the Highlands also with the raking or saving of the hearth-fire. Carmichael gives the following version in his *Carmina Gadelica*, Vol. I., p. 238:—*Cairidh mi an tula | mar a chaireadh Muire | Caim Bhride 's Muire | Car an tula 's car an lair | Co iad ar lian amuigh ? | Micheal grian-gheal mo luin | Co iad air meadhon lair ? | Eoin, Peadair agus Pail | Co iad re bial (béat.) mo stoc ? | Muire ghrian-gheal 's a mac. I.e., I will build the hearth | as Mary would build it | the encompassment of Bride and of Mary | Guarding the hearth and guarding the floor. | Who are they on the lawn outside ? | Sun-bright Michael of my trust. | Who are they on the middle of the floor ? | John, Peter, and Paul. | Who are they in front of my bed ? | Sun-bright Mary and her Son.*

P. 50.—"*Seacht bpáiríneacha*": There is a very curious piece given by Carmichael, Vol. II., p. 16, which shows that these "Seven Prayers" were well known through the Gaeldom: *Paidir Moire a h-aon | Paidir Moire a dho | Paidir Moire a tri | Paidir Moire a ceithir | Paidir Moire a cuig | Paidir Moire a sia | Paidir Moire a seachd. |*

*Seachd Paidriche Moire gu brath,
Eadar cradh agus ceart,
Eadar bonn agus braigh,
Eadar slan agus feart.*

I.e., Mary's pater one, Mary's pater two, Mary's pater three, etc. The seven paters of Mary for ever | between pain and ease | between sole and summit | between health and grave.

- P. 63.—“ Charm against trembling ” ; mention of Christ's crucifixion seems to have been used by the Anglo-Saxons also in repelling trembling or ague. Here is an example from Anglo-Saxon Leechdoms—“ In nomine domini crucifixi sub Pontio Pilato per signum crucis Xti. fugite febres sen frigora cotidiana sen tertiana vel nocturna [quartana ?] a servo Dei N,” etc.—Payne's *Fitzpatrick Lectures* for 1903, p. 127. W. Hone's *Everyday Book* (1878) contains the following English charm which the eldest female of the family had to speak up the chimney on the eve of St. Agnes :—

Tremble and go,
First day shiver and burn,
Tremble and quake,
Second day shiver and learn,
Tremble and die,
Third day never return.

- P. 63.—Tooth-charm. The Anglo-Saxons, too, attributed toothache to a worm. In the Anglo-Saxon Leechdoms, quoted by Dr. Payne (*Fitzpatrick Lectures* for 1903, p. 120), we find the following curious charm for toothache.

Sing this for toothache after the sun hath gone down :—“ Caio laio quaque voaque ofer Saeloficia sleah manna wyrm.” Then name the man and his father, and say Lilumenne, it acheth beyond everything, and when it lieth low it cooleth, when on earth it burneth hottest. Finit. Amen.” The “ wyrm ” is the worm that caused the tooth to ache.

- P. 72.—“ beannugáó an bó.” These first two lines are also often given in metre, and should run as follows :—

Cáig ariám aḡur ná iáig
Ari cáig míle do riornn Dia.

- P. 86.—“ Joyce's Repentance.” Domhnall O'Faherty of Connemara, also wrote down 11 verses of this poem from the recitation of an old woman, and printed them in the *Tram News* in 1890. My friend, Philip Waldron of Drombán, also sent me a copy which he took down from recitation in the Co. Mayo, so that this beautiful poem appears to have been widely known. I have been told that Joyce was a hermit who lived in the Partry Mountains, probably many ages ago. Some wanderer passing

through these desolate mountains in West Mayo found him in his hut dying, but before he died he made the stranger, who was one of the class known as "poor scholars," write down this poem at his dictation. The few people I asked about him in the Partry Mountains, however, did not seem to remember anything about him. Some one else told me that he was not a hermit, but a sinner who made this repentance on his death-bed, and that a poor-scholar passing by wrote it down. This is more likely.

- P. 116, l. 3.—"Cατᾶς" is "curly-headed," but the α is short in it.
- P. 153.—"The Burial of Jesus"; this story of the cock is told rather badly in a Highland Gaelic poem of four verses. See *Carmina Gadelica* Vol. II., p. 176 :—An coileach sin agad sa phoit | air a phronnadh cho broit ri cáil | cha teid an breugadair an sloc | go'n an goir é air an sparr—*i.e.*, "That cock which you have in the pot, pounded as fine as cabbage; the liar shall not leave the tomb until it crows upon the beam." I came across this poem in a M.S. made in phonetic Irish by one of the Hessians, early in the last century. He called it "An Assire," *i.e.*, *An Airetúige*. It filled three pages, but was undecipherable.
- P. 163.—"Teig O Ruairo." I found in this same Hessian's old MS. book a curious summons, apparently from this or another O Ruairo, to some one, that he was about to collect his tithes. I print it as a curiosity, just as I found it :—"Sir, take notice that I will on Monday, the 2d of Novr. Instan. and the succeeding days, weather permitting, remove from the lands of Ballynacregge (?) in the parish of Corofin, and Union of Moylough, in the County of Galway, and Dioces of Tuam, the wheat and oats now out and saved on said lands, my property, where and when you are required to attend to red. [redeem ?] your tithes or 10th part thereof, and you are also to take notice that should you or some persons on your behalf neglect or refuse to attend at the time and place and to the affect Aforesaid that I will, nevertheless, remove the said wheat and oats, and separate and sever your tithes or 10th sheaf thereof. Dated this 2d of Oct. To the Rev. Marques Armstrong, Rector or Vicar of Parish, and to the Revd. John O'Rorke, both of Moylough, in the parish of Moylough in the said County."

Somebody had written—strange juxtaposition—part of the Irish poem the “Baptism of Ossian” (of which I gave a version, Vol. I., p. 208), upon the back of this curious notice to pay tithes, and so saved it. There is also an allusion to this or another O’Ruairc in a very spirited Ribbon Song, in English called the “Brave Captain,” of which this is the first verse:—

We have an Irish champion called the brave Captain Leveller,
 Who will give us preference in states of the ground,
 He is entitled in Athleague a thunderbolt of heretics,
 Plucking the pin-feathers of Gunning and O’Rorke.
 Last New Year’s day he did arrange his regiments,
 He gave them the majority of the great renown,
 And I think it is near day with Presbyterians and Swadellera
 When he hoises up his pole going into Aughrim town.

The poet goes on to say, just as Raftery did (see Vol. I., p. 252), that the title-war would come to an end in ’35 :

The year 35 we will define all this mystery,
 And its then the Tree of Liberty we will plant in Roscrea !

The refrain is :—

It’s then we will have conacre for each creature that’s in
 misery.
 And where is the man that dar betray a Ribbonman.

- P. 170.—There is a song called *An Cataparc Bán* at p. 121 of O’Flaherty’s “*Siampara an Gheimhíó*,” but there is no mention of a friar in it, though some of the verses nearly resemble some of these.
- P. 212.—“*Δε φάσθαιτ έρίσείτ.*” I shall never forget the effect of these words, sung in Irish in the Catholic Cathedral in London by hundreds of trained voices and before the largest congregation that ever filled that building, trained by my friend the late much-lamented Father Moloney, who got up that unique Irish service.

- P. 214, l. 19.—This verse is found in the Highlands also. See *Carmina Gadelica*, p. 112.

Iosa mhiò Mhoire eighim air h-ainm
In air ainm Eoin otail ghrádhach,
In air ainm gach naoimh san domhan dearg
Mo thearmad san chath nach táinig.

- i.e., O Jesus, Son of Mary, I call upon Thy name,
And on the name of John, the loving Apostle,
And on the name of every saint in the red world
To protect me in the battle that has not [yet] come.

Miss Borthwick has since told me that the version she got in Derry was not from a Derry man, but from a Southern.

- P. 217, l. 18.—There are many forms of this pretty prayer still in use in England. The following, from *Notes and Queries*, 1st Series, XI., 206, is very good and like the Irish. Unfortunately the locality is not given:—

Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John
Bless the bed that I lie on.
Four corners to my bed,
Six angels lying spread,
Two at head and two at feet,
And two to guard me while I sleep.
If any danger come to me,
Sweet Jesus Christ deliver me.
Before I lay me down to sleep
I give my soul to Christ to keep.
And if I die before I wake,
I pray that Christ my soul may take.

- P. 218.—“Día h-Aoine.” It is very remarkable that Friday should be looked upon as, in some ways, an auspicious day in the Highlands of Scotland. Here is a verse from Carmichael’s *Carmina Gadelica*, Vol. I., p. 244:

Di Aoine lá na mbuadh
Thig dealt anuas a chur fáilt,
Air gach pór a bha n’ an suain
Bho na thainig fuachd gan bháigh.

i.e., Friday, the day of the victories (or virtues),
 The dew will come down to welcome
 Every seed that lay asleep
 Since the coming of cold without mercy.

Carmichael's comments upon this are: "The moistening of the seed has the effect of hastening its growth when committed to the ground, which is generally begun on Friday, that day being auspicious for all operations not necessitating the use of iron."

P. 221, l. 21.—These lines remind me of one of the many fine poems ascribed to Richard Rolle, of Hampole:—

Twa & thyrti zere and mare
 I was for the in trauel sare,
 With hungyr thrist, hote & colde,
 For the life both boght and solde,
 Pyned, nayled and done on tree,
 All man for the lufe of the, etc.

See *Library of Early English Writers. Richard Rolle, of Hampole.* Horstman I., p. 71.

P. 256.—"να ἡμαρτι." This verse, slightly altered, occurs in the "Διπειρησε," already given, Vol. I., p. 374.

P. 271, Note 5.—In English folk-lore, Friday and Sunday are the unlucky days for cutting hair or nails. In the northern counties the rann runs:

Friday hair, Sunday horn,
 Better hadst thou ne'er been born.

See Henderson, *Folk-lore of the Northern Counties.* On the other hand, Ray's *English Proverbs* (1670) bring Monday into it:

Friday's hair and Sunday's horn
 Goes to the D'ule on Monday morn.—P. 156.

P. 295, l. 21.—"Eels." But see story VI. in my *Sgeuluidhe Gaedhealach* of the eels that used to tear up and eat the corpses, and that carried the three brothers under the lake, so that eapzan, "eels," may be the right reading after all. In Eriskay in Scotland it is said to be dangerous to eat the head of an eel, as this fish is at times subject to madness which is contagious. See Forbes' *Gaelic Names of Beasts, Birds, and Fishes*, p. 359.

- P. 380, l. 8.—According to old Ned Gibbons, the word *leó* means “anything” like *pioc*, *blár*, etc., as: *Ói pé lom, bán, slan san leó* = “It was bare, empty, clean without a particle in it.”
- P. 380, l. 23.—In the Leech Book of Bald the Anglo-Saxon, which was written in the first half of the 10th century, but which was probably composed at an earlier date, we find the following charm for staunching blood, which is very remarkable on account of the Irish words contained in it, *struth fola* being evidently *rruť fola*, “a stream of blood:”—“To staunch blood some write this *aegryn, thon, struth, fola, aergrenn tari, struth on tria*, etc.” See the *Fitzpatrick Lectures* for 1903, p. 123.
- P. 382, l. 4.—This mention of Longinus is not peculiar to the Irish charms for staunching blood. Anglo-Saxon Leechdom I, 393, gives it thus “Longinus miles lancea ponxit dominum et restitit sanguis et recessit dolor.” “This charm,” says Dr. J. F. Payne (*Fitzpatrick Lectures* for 1903, p. 130), “is found in the *Compendium Medicinæ* of Gilbertus Anglicus, and I have seen it also in mediæval manuscripts. It seems to have been a very popular charm in the Middle Ages for healing wounds and staunching blood.” Northall in his *English Folk Rhymes*, gives several charms for stopping bleeding, but none of them refer to Longinus. One of the most curious may be seen—strangely enough—in *Pepy’s Diary*, under Dec. 31, 1664-65,

Sanguis mane in te
Sicut Christus fuit in se,
Sanguis mane in tuâ venâ
Sicut Christus in suâ poenâ.
Sanguis mane fixus
Sicut Christus quando fuit crucifixus.

- P. 387, Note p. 391.—This very charm is contained in the Anglo-Saxon Leechdoms, III, 64, in the charm *Contra dolorem dentium*, which runs thus:—Christus super marmoreum sedebat; Petrus tristis ante eum stabat, manum ad maxillam tenebat, et interrogabat eum Dominus dicens quare tristis es Petre? Respondit Petrus et dixit, Domine, dentes mei dolent, et Dominus dixit; Adjuro te migranea vel gutta maligna per patrem et filium et spiritum sanctum et per cælum et terram, et per XX ordines angelorum, et per LX prophetas et per XII apostolos et per IV evangelistas,

etc. . . . ut non possit diabolus nocere ei nec in dentes nec in aures nec in palato famulo dei," etc. Dr. J. F. Payne says that he has come across this charm in almost the same words in an English MS. medicine book of the 14th century. This same charm seems to be well-known in many parts of England. In Somersetshire the following charm is to be written on paper:—

Peter sat on a marble stone
When by here Jesus came aloan.
Peter, what is it makes you for to quake?
Lord Jesus it is the toothake.
Rise, Peter, and be heled.

—*Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, VIII., 275.

The rann used is nearly the same in Lancashire. In Cornwall the following is said:—

Christ passed by his brother's door,
Saw his brother lying on the floor.
What aileth thee, brother?
Pain in the teeth.

Thy teeth shall pain thee no more—
In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

—See W. G. Black, *Folk Medicine*, p. 77.

P. 397, l. 3.—Dr. Conor Maguire tells me he finds the substance of this beautiful verse in a manuscript catechism phonetically written.

K. Tore cohora seeltho gum go will 3 parsony so 3node agus
gun anty ach ean nia awaun.

F. Mur ta 3 halt er veir & gan an ach ean veir awaine.
3 filtee a mreadeen no an eadaoh & gan an ach ean eadaoh
awaine. Sucke snachta & Look Ira, & gun in so 3 nee shin
ach iska. Is mur shin ata 3 chooachta eg an anam, Movir

Tiskent & Tul, no 3 parsony sa 3node, & gun antu act ean
nia.

What a misery that the Galway people of fifty years ago were driven into writing this jargon! As the National Schools refused to teach them how to write their own language, and yet were not able to teach them how to express themselves in English, the poor people tried to write according to the analogy

of the English letters and sounds, the only thing which they had been ever taught. Their letters home from America used to be written in this frightful hotch-potch, everyone spelling for himself. It ruined all literature in Mayo and Galway. But Munster never lost its Irish traditions.

- P. 401, l. 11.—This beautiful poem was composed by Angus O'Daly Fionn, who according to Edward O'Reilly, was still alive in 1570, and was named the Divine. My friend, Rev. J. McErlean, S.J., sent me a complete copy of this poem from an old MS., and scarcely a word of it differs from this version, which is far the most remarkable instance in this book of a poem preserved on the lips of the people for some 350 years with scarcely the change of a word. Canon Burke in his Grammar gives 8 lines of this poem. O'Reilly mentions 15 poems of O'Daly Fionn, but, according to Canon Ulick Burke, the Rev. Matthew Kelly, D.D., of Maynooth, had a volume containing 28 poems by this O'Daly. No tribe has given Ireland so many poets as the O'Daly's.

- Vol. I. p. 248. Note ¹.—I have since found that the man who "put English" on Raftery's Cholera Morbus was called Keely, not Kelly. I was lucky enough to recover part of his English version, which will show the native idea of rhyming, even in English:—

O Jesus Christ and King most gracious
 Who created heaven, earth and nations,
 Who died on the cross to redeem and save us,
 Deliver us from evil death and danger.
 There are many priests, pope and bishop,
 Daily making their petitions,
 Perhaps an inferior would gain attention
 Who would shed tears with true repentance.
 It is my opinion, though I hate to mention,
 That there are times bound for vengeance.
 Let us pray to the Queen of Heaven,
 As the wrath of God by a scourge is given.
 Come all ye sinners and pay attention
 To the words I have to mention,
 As Christ doth say who is most gracious,
 That the converted will gain salvation.

How awful the intellectual state of that country must have been where the children were brought up to think that these barbarous lines were an improvement on Raftery's beautiful verses with their interlinear vowel rhymes! I submitted my own English version lately to an old Galway man, who was everything but pleased at it. He said it was no good, but that Keely's translation was magnificent!

Vol. I., p. 362, etc.—The White Prayer, of which I gave several variants, Vol. I., p. 362-6-8, and 370, appears to have been once known in England also under the name of the White Paternoster. John White, Vicar of Eccles, Lancashire, 1609, in his work—*The Way to the True Church*, London, 1624 (preface dated October 29, 1608), makes some very interesting remarks about his parishioners. "They know not," he says, "how to pronounce their daily prayers, or so to [do ?] pray that all who hear them shall be filled with laughter. And while superstitiously they refuse to pray in their own language they speak that which their leaders [Roman Catholic priests] may blush to hear. These examples I have observed from the common people. . . . This that followeth they call The White Paternoster :—

White Paternoster Saint Peter's brother
 What hast i' th' one hand? White book leavis.
 What hast i' th' other hand? Heaven gate keys,
 Open heaven gates and steyk (shut) hell gates,
 And let every crysme child creep to its own mother.
 White Paternoster, Amen.

—*Harland and Wilkinson, Lancashire Folk-lore, 1867, pp. 114, 115, quoted by Northall.* Chaucer alludes to the White Paternoster in the Miller's Tale :—

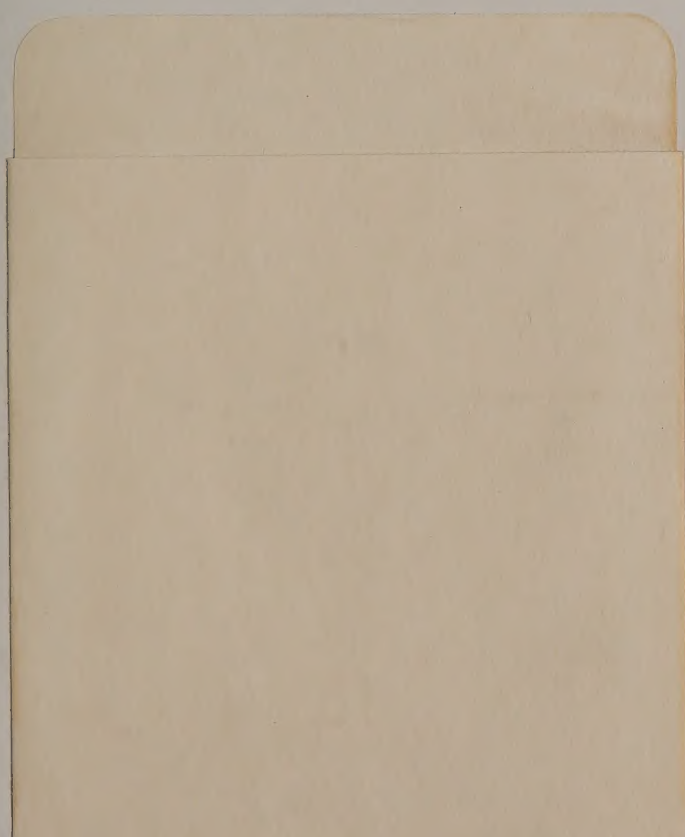
Lord Jhesu Crist and Seynte Benedight
 Bless this hous from every wickede wight,
 Fro' nightes verray, the White Paternoster,
 When woneston now Seynte Petre's soster.

An imperfect copy of Wynkyn de Worde's *Horace*, published at London in 1502, and "now in the Gough Library at Oxford," and described in Vol. II., p. 107, of Dibdin's *Typographical*

Antiquities, and in Vol. I., pp. 11, 12, of the second day of his *Decameron* contained upon the margins thereof certain written rhymes in an ancient hand of a strange, mysterious nature—to wit, “The Little Credo” and the “White Paternoster,” and the following curious spell:—

Peter's brother, where lyest all night ?
 There as Christ yod.
 What hast in thy hande ? . Heaven keyes.
 What hast in thy tother ?
 Broade booke leaves.
 Open heaven gates,
 Shut hell yeates.
 Eurie childe creep Christ over ;
 White Benedictus be in this house
 Eurye night.
 Within and without. This house round about.
 St. Peter att the one door,
 St. Paule att the other,
 St. Michael in the middle,
 Fyer in the flatt.
 Chancel op shott.
 Everie nangers bore
 An Angell before. Amen.

See Northall's *English Folk Rhymes*, p. 148. Quoting from the *Suffolk Garland*, 1818.



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